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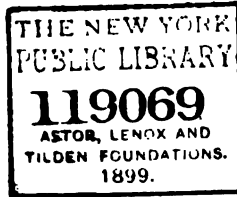
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The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
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OCTOBER, 1883.

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THE BELLES LETTRES OF POSITIVISM.

Notwithstanding the popular cry that positivism is the death-blow of poetry and romance, the new school of philosophy has its department of belles lettres, and this branch of its literature plays a most important part in the dissemination of its doctrines.

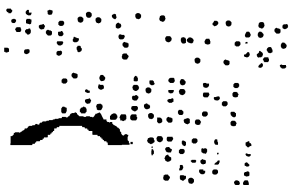
Poets and novelists write from the emotional and sentimental stand-point, and give the effects of theories upon life in general, rather than any discussion of the truth or falsehood of these theories. Thus positivism, that is more a philosophy than a religion, and nothing if it is not logical, is presented from an entirely new point of view in their writings. There we see not its causes, but its effects; those who write its "light literature" leave to the philosopher and the logician the task of proving its truth or false-

hood, and content themselves with representing nature and human life as they are unfolded under its influence. In number of readers, the verse and fiction of the new philosophy far surpass its argumentative works, and Matthew Arnold and George Eliot became powerful rivals of Herbert Spencer. As neither of the former has written in a didactic strain, or ever formulated his views, their argument or difference can only be inferred, but they seem to have a similar ground work of belief, although the details, and their expression of them, differ greatly.

One of the most obtrusive articles in the creed of the new school is the denial of personal immortality. Many of the disciples of positivism admit its possibility, but the hope of the barely possible is so extremely slight that they practically abandon it altogether, and banish with it all the consolations and comforts of the old forward-looking faith. The views of life of those who are thus thrown back upon their native strength of character are as diverse as their individualities; for their only point of agreement is the common limitation of their horizon.

The hopelessness of this outlook seems to have deeply impressed Matthew Arnold, and he does not show the strength that leads to a silent acceptance of the inevitable. While apparently yielding his assent to the logical sequence of the new dogmas, he breaks forth into many a cry of bitter despair. He seems unable to reconcile his vast desires to the narrow fulfilment that his reason leads him to expect; is continually reviewing the old ground, as though seeking some escape from his own conclusions. Many of his most beautiful poems are interrogatory, and imply a spiritual questioning, rather than a settled belief. He is at best but a faint-hearted disciple of the new order of things, when he can thus lament the failure of the old :

“ The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore



Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

The lack of any definite end or aim in life seems also to haunt him, and in giving voice to this mood he represents the moonlight as questioning,

"Hast thou, then, still the old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
Which whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possessed,
And never quite benumbed by the world's sway?"

and answers,

* * * * "I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield, and be
Like all the other men I see.
For must men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give.

* * * * *
And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
Listeth, will sail ;

* * * * *
And then the tempest strikes him, and between
The lightning bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck.
* * * * *
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom.
And he too disappears and comes no more.
Is there no life, but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one?"

The reply to this last despairing question is found in the last two lines of another poem.

“Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.”

In still another of his shorter poems, “The Future,” he utters the scant hope and comfort, which he is able to find, in glancing down the ages.

“A wanderer is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time.
* * * * *
This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
* * * * *
And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the river of Time.
* * * * *
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.
But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.
Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows * * * * *
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
* * * * * may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast.
* * * * *
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.”


The sadness of life is even more distinctly the *motif* of those poems which seem to have personal bearings. As far

as the man can be traced in his verse, he has no gay, no spontaneous moods. Endurance, more or less resigned, is his prevailing characteristic. He seeks rest, repose, relief, from his "unquiet breast" in the calm of the moonlight, the strength of the sea, or the peace of the infinite heavens. But nowhere does he find joy. The stars so steadily moving, each in its appointed course, proclaim to him the unquestioning spirit in which man should tread his narrow path, and by their influence he strives to still his own unrest; but the effort seems to result in failure, for ever and anon he breaks forth in the old restless strain.

Quiet acceptance of the inevitable, and complete adaptation of one's self to it, are usually regarded as masculine attributes, but in this case it is the man who laments what might have been, and the woman who silently accepts what is, and bends all her energies to make the best of it. George Eliot wastes no strength in complaints; she allows herself no such weakness. While Matthew Arnold is ever searching for some escape from the logical conclusions of his premises, she bravely accepts these results, and calls forth all her strength of will to bear them manfully. Her works also leave us with a feeling of sadness; indeed, this whole view of life is mournful; but the salient point in her attitude towards it, is a sense of its inevitableness. The irresistible, immovable, almost mechanical course of events, is insisted upon with never-ceasing iteration. Not in so many words,—she is far too much of an artist to label her moral,—but she makes her most innocent and pure-minded characters suffer, not because of conscious sin, but merely from the violation of laws which she recognizes as supreme. We may weep bitter tears over the frustrated lives of Lydgate and Dorothea, but we are utterly unable to suggest any relief for them. All things with their creator are under the reign of an impersonal law that has no exceptions. Infinite sorrow is the only rational emotion her novels can call forth.

The misfortunes of her men and women are the result neither of guilt on their part, nor of wickedness on the part of their enemies ; they are merely the inevitable issue of circumstances. We cannot take refuge in the charge of improbability, for alas ! the parallels of such tragedies are only too frequent. Indignation is thrown away ; we might as well rail against the force of gravity.

Her characters and scenes have as much reality as the people who live next door to us, or the events of our own lives ; so that, once read, Maggie Tulliver, Romola, Arthur Donnithorne and Gwendolen Harleth become our intimate friends, whose sufferings are not less real, and are almost as keenly felt as our own. No modern novelist has probed so profoundly the depths of the human heart, or shown so clearly the fearful tragedies of ordinary lives. She paints no blood-thirsty villians, and discloses no deeply laid plots ; her object seems to be the portrayal of common events ; but so high is her ideal, and so frail the humanity from which her characters must be drawn that their shortcomings are appallingly evident. She is herself deeply pitiful, and a spirit of charity, broad as the world, breathes through her writings. She never blames the people whose histories she relates ; but the power that presides over all their actions is pitiless and merciless ; it is, indeed, an utterly impersonal power, and has no human attributes of relenting. The penalties for breaking any of its laws are swift and sure, but there is no revenge in them, no hint that they are punishments ; a law cannot punish, and the only escape from its disastrous force lies in conformity to its workings. The utter loneliness of life under such circumstances has deeply impressed George Eliot, but having "built an altar to necessity," she never falters, and never complains. Fixing her gaze upon the goal,—the future happiness of the race, to be gained through its increased knowledge, and obedience to law,—she works steadily for



that end, and sinks all merely personal desires, or selfish disappointments in the great sea of altruism.

Her books leave us oppressed with a sense of solitude and of the terrible sadness of life ; a sadness that seems inevitable, and for which there is no relief. But they also call forth all our strength of will to bear bravely our share of that sorrow. Were the question "Is life worth living?" raised in her pages, the answer would probably be "No ;" but the question is hushed at its birth, for the same sense of the inevitable at once shows the futility of the query ; we live, and every precept, every influence of George Eliot is opposed to shirking responsibility. One feels that for such a sin she would have little charity. That life has another side she does not forget, and her sense of humor is exquisitely fine, but the mirth is of the surface only, and the serious business of life is always mournful.

That we shall read George Eliot is a foregone conclusion ; indeed a liberal education demands a knowledge of her novels ; that we shall admire them, and render them the praise that is their unquestioned due is also foreordained. If the moods they portray have already troubled us, if the questions they raise have made themselves heard in our own breasts, we find in them strength to bear our burdens, and the consolation of fellowship in misery ; and for such readers her books have really been written. To them they come as blessed friends, who comprehend their troubles better than the sufferers themselves, and utter them far more eloquently. They offer no unmeaning cant, and deal in no subterfuges. They go straight to the root of the matter, and lay bare all the sorrow, and all the suffering. But with the full view of the misery, comes the encouragement to bear it manfully.

Turning to Matthew Arnold, in the same questioning mood, his poetry also has a new significance, and although we do not find the indomitable strength and endless en-

durence of George Eliot, we do find a beauty that soothes us like the calm of a peaceful evening; and when we are striving to realize that

“Tasks in hours of insight will’d
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill’d,”

no one touches more tenderly our bruised heart-strings.

But if both poet and novelist minister so graciously to the darker moods of life, what is their effect upon those to whom existence has never shown its shaded side? Do they reverse the homeopathic maxim, and produce what they might otherwise cure? The answer to these questions depends entirely upon the character of the reader. Those whose spiritual depths have never been stirred read these writings in joyous ignorance of all their sorrowful meaning. George Eliot is, for them, a wonderful story-teller, whose novels are rather too long, somewhat hard to follow because of the number of characters, and seldom “end well;” while Matthew Arnold is probably scarcely read at all, or else considered as a poet singing the beauties of nature, and too often interrupting his song with uncalled for moralizing.

Any mental forcing process is to be discouraged, and that which makes one prematurely restless is especially deplorable. Those, then, whose spiritual peace may be disturbed, or whose youth renders them unable to weigh carefully all opinions before accepting any, had best avoid the “light literature” of the new philosophy, or take it in small doses at long intervals. The philosophic arguments themselves are not nearly as insidious, for their circle of readers is much smaller, and the entire view of the subject which they present is much less discouraging than the partial and more graphic pictures drawn by the poet and novelist. The philosophy, seen in its entirety, as George Eliot herself saw it, and, above all, sustained by her great strength of will, may be stimulating, but upon most people it has a paralyzing effect. The future good of the race seems rather an in-

tangible end, and the utmost that one can accomplish towards that end, during his whole life, and with his best endeavors, is such a very small drop in such a very large ocean, that discouragement is almost unavoidable.

It may be altogether high-minded and most loftily moral to point our arrows at the clouds, but there is a vast deal of satisfaction in hitting the tree-tops. It is well to remember, when reading George Eliot, that a novel is after all a species of fiction. If we are too deeply impressed with its reality to find refuge in that reflection, we may be sure that it is reality seen through her eyes. We need not, of necessity, borrow her spectacles.

G. P. D.

JANE SHEPHERD.

“You wasn’t to my weddin’ Jane,—you was a little girl then. I had on a circassian gown and we had real loaf sugar for our tea. Folks didn’t have this mis’able gradduwated sugar then,”—and Aunt Polly drops her knitting-work in her lap and swings thoughtfully to-and-fro. Jane Shepherd drops hers too, as the twilight gathers and deepens and the shadows of the firelight come out and dance upon the wall. I do not know why the squeaking of a rocking-chair should resemble the person who sits in it. But listen—Aunt Polly’s moves in a quick, nervous way, which is exceedingly like the gait that this brisk, active little body has taken throughout a life of almost ninety years. The other has a long, slow, deliberate, patient swing, which someway sounds just like the quiet little old maid.

The firelight dances and glimmers on the quaint figure in its old-fashioned print gown and primly folded kerchief, and lights up a face, subdued, pathetic, and almost mournful in its stillness. Something makes it gleam and flicker

strangely too, around the faded blue eyes, which I dare say see things invisible to us in the bright red coals. Perhaps they see the pretty, yellow-haired girl, singing at her spinning-wheel on those bright far-away May mornings, while the birds sang with her from the great maples around the little log-house. How lovely the old-fashioned New England maiden must have been in her youth, and hope as she spun for her bridal outfit and wove in with the thread the hopes and fears and longings of a life-time ! I cannot tell you why all this newly-woven linen was not used,—I do not know whether her lover died or was not, but I do know that Jane Shepherd never was married and that out of this disappointment grew the pathetic story of her humdrum life. I do not believe she complained much, she never was one of those lachrymose and injured people who make capital out of “a disappointment.” She only grew quieter and quieter ; the bright color slowly faded from her cheeks, and her quick step gradually settled into the slow creeping tread of the little old maid whom I knew. As the years went slowly by, her brothers and sisters married one by one and left the old log house, and at last her father and mother died and she was left to take care of herself. She lived a kind of nomadic life after this. In case of sickness or of extra work the still, deft-handed woman was immediately called in, and when there was nothing in the neighborhood for her to do she spent her time in visiting. Her peregrinations were longer than those of the pious Æneas, and for more than forty years she had no lasting habitation. I remember her as she came on her semi-annual visits to my grandmother, with her bundles, her satchels, her ancient bandboxes and her queer little reticule. I remember her as she departed after one of these visits, for she invariably left behind her spectacles, bonnet-strings or her best lace caps, which I was doomed to transport to her next place of abode. Jane Shepherd had a timid look as if she were al-

ways tacitly apologizing to people in general for intruding her small self upon the world. Her blighted affections seemed to have sprung up again in a sort of shamefaced love for cats and dogs and every kind of "small, cowerin,' timorous beastie."

"Sche was so charitable and so piteous
Sche wolde weepe if that sche saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were dedde or bledde."

I have even heard a robust farmer's wife exclaim, with unutterable scorn depicted on every feature, that she "had saw Jane Shepherd pick flies out of a milk-pail to keep 'em from drownin'." Did Tennyson know some one like her when he wrote of the maiden 'whose light blue eyes were tender over drowning flies'? A look of deep happiness came into the yellow eyes of her feline friends when she was put down with her goods and chattels at the front door, no doubt in anticipation of the saucers of creamy milk and the bits of "wastel bread" which they someway felt in their inner consciousness would now be pilfered for them from the sacred precincts of the "buttery."

The tea-kettle sings and sputters and the tabby which now inhabits the warm fireside nest, the descendent of a long and illustrious line of mighty Nimrods, purrs louder and louder as the two old friends talk and rock themselves back to days that were over so long ago. The shadows glimmer and flicker and grow darker and longer, and lurk in mysterious corners and make weird, fantastic shapes come out and dance upon the wall. They leap around the spinning-wheel in the corner until it seems to whirl and buzz once more. They carry everything back to the half-forgotten past, and now they flicker on a floor that is white and sanded, while a glorious fire roars in the great fire-place and the ancient clock slowly ticks away the minutes of a day that was dead and buried seventy years ago. The two old ladies with their wrinkled faces and trembling voices

vanish quite away, and in their places sit a busy little housewife with her foot on a blue wooden cradle, and a *red-cheeked maiden in a home-spun, blue petticoat and dimity kerchief*. What wonderful things these shadows are as they leap and dance and quiver! They people the room with forms and faces out of the dim memories of childhood, or the still dimmer memories of traditions. We think yonder long, lean shadow with flapping coat-tails and unsteady knees can be no other than he who bore the euphonious cognomen of Simms, the erudite pedagogue who taught our forefathers' young ideas how to shoot. I can see him now at the teacher's desk, that very throne of learning, with the dread insignia of his office in his hand, and his spectacles astride his nose. But the spectral Simms with wildly brandished ruler fades from the whitewashed walls, and into his vacant place with many a smirk and smile and curtsy trips Ellen Betts, the spinster, who whilom "walked in beauty" on this world of ours. She too, alas! with all her paraphrenalia of great puffed sleeves, gigantic hoops and dangling ringlets passes on into the darkness, and then limps forward the bent and crooked form of "Uncle Jim Gan'sy," a peripatetic individual whose sole occupation was to make periodical visits about the neighborhood. A warm seat in the chimney-corner was always kept for the kindly, gossiping old soul, who would sit there by the hour with his great hickory cane beside him and his superannuated silk hat perched on his knee, retailing old jokes and stale anecdotes. "Jim Gan'sy allus wuz a droll, good-for-nothin' sort of a fellow," as Aunt Polly said. But James too fades again into the forgotten past. Only the shadow of a corpulent "ombrell," and a faint vision of a hooked nose protruding from under what was once a green silk "bunnet" and Aunt Cinthy Lacey is before us, the awe inspiring ogress, who could concoct from all healing "yarbs" the most diabolical mixture that ever made an infant victim of the measels sigh for an early grave. Peace be with

the shade of Aunt Cinthy ! May she in Paradise find some secluded corner where catnip and spearmint, and "pep'-mint" grow, and may the manes of all small sinners who did not love the Sunday Schools be consigned to her for their proper punishment. If I mistake not, yonder little form with head all awry belongs to the small boy upon whose flattened ears all the just tenderness of the maternal soul was wont to be poured in one overwhelming box, and when the good woman saw her offspring knocked all sideways, she boxed him on the other ear and knocked him straight again.

The shadows crowded so thick and fast, shadows of men and women, of country maidens and of bashful, rustics wains, shadows of quaint little children who learned how to spin and work samplers and drop curtsies, that I cannot even name them all. Only glance at yonder aged couple who are of somewhat erratic tendencies, inasmuch as they are both afflicted with the "megrim," as Aunt Polly calls St. Vitus dance. Mrs. Perry shook and wiggled nervously through a long life, the guide and helpmate of her better half, who was prone to be seized by an irresistible impulse to go sideways. When they started out on their frequent visiting expeditions, the head of the family with a look of helpless despair always made for the nearest fence, whence his loving spouse after she had hobbled and squirmed over to him, pulled him out and headed him in the right direction, though he invariably started obliquely for the other fence, where the same operation was repeated.

Faster and faster the shadows hurry, and very faint and far away sounds Aunt Polly's voice as she murmurs something about getting a candle. Weird and strange are the ghostly forms, and uncanny things seem lurking under the claw-footed chairs and tables—when, lo ! all suddenly fades away and here are only two old ladies preparing to go to bed by the tremulous light of a tallow dip.

M. S., '86.

THE WIDOW MARVIN.

I wonder in what crooked London street Dickens first saw the immortal Mr. Micawber. In what small parochial town did the original of Mr. Bumble pass him with dignified step? Did the upright Pecksniff ever bestow religious consolation upon him? And who was the maiden who had the face and lived the life of Agnes? I should like to see Thackeray's acquaintances too, and know Thomas Newcome and Captain Costigan, and some of those queer old withered bel-dames such as Countess of Kew and Madame de Bernstein. And who would not like to follow the steps of Goldsmith to the quiet English village with its mouldering church and sunny green, where the Vicar of Wakefield and his wife once lived?

But I doubt whether we should recognize these personages if we should see them. If the clearer eyes of one of these great students of human nature were given to us, perhaps we should suddenly discover that we had been living all our lives with a Mr. Dombey or Mrs. Gummidge, a Pendennis or a Madam Esmond, or even a Miss Carolina Amelia Wilhelmina Skeggs.

Dull as we are, we can still see our neighbor's faults. How often have we longed to see this one's vanity, or that one's hypocrisy, or some other one's idiosyncrasies described by some master's sarcastic pen! What rare opportunities for an artist lay in the character of our good, old, widowed cousin, a Covenanter by persuasion and a miser by practice, who starved herself in a garret and preached charity and liberality to her neighbours!

There was our venerable neighbour, Deacon Crossman, who saw visions and dreamed dreams and panted after "immortal glora," and our worthy washerwoman, an American Mrs. Gamp, who had a worthless husband afflicted with a

lingering, incurable disease. This visitation of Providence drew forth from the bosom of his wife the touching remark that 'she didn't know what she would do if Nick'lus lasted through the winter!'

My sister and I came one day to a little seaport town and set up our Penates in the house of one Widow Marvin. She was an ancient dame of somewhat bony aspect. Her deeply sunken black eyes were overhung by a high forehead, upon which some locks of thin gray hair were parted, and the whole countenance was continually illumined by an immeasurable extent of sweet yet acidulous smile.

She did not lead the common, every-day life to which most of us are doomed; but she rather existed in a world of sentiment and reflection, of vague longings for the ineffable and strivings after the unattainable. She continually spoke of the grandeur of trying to crucify the flesh, and mentioned innumerable Baptist brethren,—for she was of that damp persuasion,—who had brought their portion of mortal clay completely into subjection.

There was something incongruous in the fact that this spiritual creature was obliged to prepare food, so that ordinary people could obey the "clay-given mandate, 'to eat and be filled.' " Feminine curiosity led me to penetrate even into the arcana of the kitchen, and there was something weird and uncanny in the sight of her ministrations at the household altar. Even there her conversation was filled with religious phraseology and figures of speech. Sitting at the breakfast table with her hand upon the coffee-pot, the good woman would lose herself and her thirsty hearers in developing some intricate process of speculation, in threading mazy labyrinths of pious hopes and yearnings, or in guiding them to the stake of the lamented John Rogers and to certain appetizing massacres of the Waldenses. What boarder, be he ever so carnally minded, could eat and drink in the face of such unutterable woe?

There boarded with her at this time a fat little Baptist lady, an indefatigable worker in Sunday-schools and a frequenter of camp-meetings. Sister Moore sympathized deeply with Sister Marvin's views, and the two taken in conjunction were irresistible. But Mrs. Moore possessed a childlike and unsuspecting nature, quite opposite to the really keen and business-like mind of her amiable hostess. The simple old soul, sitting there in her chintz "double-gown," her beaming face surmounted by a funny little cap, never suspected that the smiling Mrs. Marvin was darting disapproving glances at her as she liberally helped herself to the good things of this life, for which she professed herself devoutly thankful.

But neither our landlady's yearnings for the spiritual, nor her taste for economy were equal to her knowledge of things unseen and invisible. She understood the workings of nature, the mystery of existence, the judgments sent upon the wicked, and the final destination of all her neighbours. For instance, when Mr. Brown was caught in a rain storm during his Sunday ride, the widow clearly recognized the finger of Providence in his opportune drenching, though she was obliged to pass over in silence the lamentable facts that the Sunday clothes of good old Deacon Johns were dampened by the same shower, as he came home from prayer-meeting.

"See!" she said one day, pointing to a picture on the wall, "that is my dear sainted brother who is now in glory. He was here three years ago, just before he was taken down." I smiled as I thought he must have discovered a new path leading to Paradise if he took a downward direction. "And there," she continued, pointing above our heads, "is my beloved pastor who is *gone*—right up behind you." We looked at the place indicated on the wall, and surely her beloved pastor was "gone," picture and all. But the dauntless widow, after a long hunt, at last succeed-

ed in finding his reverend visage which had modestly retired behind the door, and our doubts as to his whereabouts were dispelled.

All things considered Mrs. Marvin lived in a high state of nervous excitement. She was continually dissecting and analyzing her emotions. Her dear pastor had once told her that she possessed the most exquisitely sensitive nature he had ever known. This sensitive nature she resolved to cultivate. A favorite theme of conversation with her was an elderly maiden lady, who was one day "caught up," and did not know whether she was in the body or out of the body. This immaterial spinster our hostess set before her as a bright and shining light and seemed to think that when she, herself, had worked her mind into a like enviable state her mission on this sublunary sphere would be accomplished.

I think the widow Marvin must have been a slim, sentimental girl, fond of musing and possessed with the by no means uncommon idea that she could write poetry. I have no doubt that some of her demented relatives told her that she was "spirituelle." She probably read about St. Elizabeth of Hungary, about Florence Nightingale and other noble women, and sighed for war that she might nurse the wounded. Perhaps she even thought of abjuring the world, the flesh, and the devil, and entering a convent. And when the lamented Mr. Marvin appeared on the scene, I suppose her whole soul overflowed in Byronic odes and Shakesperian sonnets, where "breath" rhymed with "death," "love" with "above," and "rest" with "blest." She must have clung to him like the clinging vine. And when he died and she had no longer anything round which to twine, she probably gathered together her worldly possessions and settled down with the full purpose of making the most of her afflictions.

Be it far from me to insinuate that Mrs. Marvin was insincere in her religious convictions, or that she did not

mean what she said, when with tears in her eyes, she one day deplored the fact that Enoch, who lived to be so old, never had any experience-meetings or prayer, circles to attend.

The deprivations of the poor old patriarch are no doubt most lamentable, and he is greatly to be pitied inasmuch as he never heard the fervent paryers and nasal exhortations of some of our camp-meeting divines. But perhaps it is best after all that he existed when he did, for certainly if he had boarded with the widow Marvin he never would have lived so long.

M. S., '86

De Temporibus et Moribus.

“Dr. Breen” and “Dr. Zay” are twobooks, both treating a subject of the day, each differing so widely from the other, one written by a man, the other by a woman, yet alike in one respect. They are both written with a preconceived opinion, a theory, a philosophy. The man in his superiority, assured of his position, and having no personal interest involved in the result, deals with the subject after the manner of an outsider, coolly, logically, adding artistic touches here and there where he wishes to heighten the effect of some nice little point. While the woman, her sympathies aroused for suffering fellow-creatures, feeling that a question of generations, perhaps, is to be decided, writes as if with her very heart’s blood. No regard nor need has she for clear logic, or for well rounded sentences to bring out what she means, but she blurts it forth in words that come warm, straight from her heart. Mr. Howells, in depicting the character of Dr. Breen, has shown a mannish spirit if *not* a manly one. He regards the study of medicine by women as a freak, like wood-carving, china-painting, and so forth, which she undertakes in trying to reach that state for which, in Mr. Howells’ opinion, all women strive namely, that of happiness. In giving it up after a while, she is merely following the same course, for it does not give her what she wants, it only affords occupation, and she required happiness. Yet on the other hand, while he does not think medicine the right calling for women, Mr. Howells would have it under-

stood that he is sufficiently broad, and generous, minded to think it commendable in a young and charming female to have aspirations above balls and dresses. The fault lies in her attempting to grasp at so large an object as the medical profession, in her desire to fulfill the aspirations. That this trying to be a physician is entirely a mistake on the part of women Mr. Howells tries to show in his work of Dr. Breen, not so much by making her appear incapable, as by having her make demands of the profession which it cannot satisfy. What he *would* have her do, besides marrying, one can infer from the last few chapters, where Dr. Breen is represented as frequently attending picture galleries, and oratorios, in her attempts to make herself more proficient in the arts of music and painting. So thinks the man, perfectly satisfied with his wife and daughter who find sufficient occupation and pleasure in painting a flower so that it may not be mistaken for a bird, and in playing Chopin's waltzes well enough to delight the ears of a select few. The woman does not think so, to whom life perchance has presented a phase where such gentle amusements were not sufficient; and, as the once long-suffering invalid hastens on his recovery to acquaint others with the healing power, so does Miss Phelps long to show women, to whose life the same moments of longing may come as to hers, how they may be satisfied. Not only, however, does she wish to aid the class of persons just mentioned, but she also wishes to arouse a longing in sluggish hearts, believing that if women had some noble work to occupy their minds, they would no longer be content to sit passively by while waiting for husbands, in the meantime criticizing their friends, dresses, and making spiteful remarks about their actions. She accepts with Mr. Howells the fact that women sooner or later in their lives generally marry; but unlike him, she does not think marriage to be the only state for them, or that should be the chief aim of

their existence. Marriage is only an event which may occur in the course of time, while in the mean while there are many idle years to be considered. It is how these years may be best occupied that Miss Phelps tries to show in her book entitled *Dr. Zay*, and how, also, if a woman does marry, her work done in the preceding years will serve only to raise her in man's esteem, since she is not going to become a burden to him, but a strong, loving helpmate. She allows her heroine, *Dr. Zay*, to marry in the end, but endowing her with a noble and unselfish disposition, she first makes her resolve, when quite a girl, to become a physician, because she has seen relief afforded to a much beloved but invalid mother by a lady-friend who followed the medical profession. Although the character is a fine one, and well portrayed, there are some places here and there where Miss Phelps' own personality juts out, and *Dr. Zay* is only a mouth-piece for the author's opinion. And in such places as these where Miss Phelps "gets started," she allows her enthusiasm to carry her away, and makes *Dr. Zay* say things somewhat out of keeping with the rest, or else clothes her in a dress which the author conceives in her mind's eye as very effective, even though it be not appropriate for the occasion. White gloves for driving might be given as an instance where Miss Phelps's enthusiasm has over-ruled her judgment. But in this matter of dress, perhaps the criticism arises because *Dr. Zay* is confounded with other female physicians, who have already started out upon their medical career; and fault is found because, unlike them, she did not start clothed as if for gymnastics, a seven-mile walk, or some thoroughly manual labor.

If nobleness of character is the point to be brought out in the comparison between *Dr. Breen* and *Dr. Zay*, the decision would certainly be made in favor of the latter; but in artistic style, and in showing appreciation of woman as she is, Mr. Howells' work is superior. With practical good sense,

and a knowledge of what pleases best, he has portrayed Dr. Breen as a charming young woman with a sufficient amount of brains, and enough good qualities to make her lovable, but not awe-inspiring,—in short, a very good evidence of the truth of that old adage “it is human to err,” upon whose head everyone is wont to lay the blame of all his faults. Mr. Howells has made no action of Dr. Breen seem wonderful, has given her no noble purpose for taking up the study of medicine, but has simply accounted for everything by the unaccountableness of the matter in hand, a woman. That she should take up medicine after a long consideration of the matter, would not, in his opinion, be at all consistent with her woman’s nature; but that an unfortunate love affair should make her resort to it, would be the most natural thing that could happen. So the unfortunate love affair takes place, wherein Dr. Breen has her faith shaken in both love and friendship, for the man whom she loved and woman whom she had trusted, deceived her. Then it is that she seeks comfort in the study of medicine. But the medical profession was not originally intended as a refuge for jilted maidens, in Mr. Howells’ opinion, so everything goes wrong with her from the time she enters it until she leaves. Her one patient has no confidence in her, and to tell the truth, she has none in herself. She moreover constantly feels that every one regards her with disfavor, thereby betraying a lack of interest in her work. After being allowed to fret and fume through some months and chapters, wherein one can almost hear the author laughing, she becomes engaged, and finally marries a young man, somewhat her inferior, and whom she at first regarded as frivolous, but who serves the purpose of proving to Mr. Howells’ readers, that marriage, not medicine, is the proper state for woman. What a difference is shown in the two authors’ treatment of the matter. The man has made the entire work tend toward the marriage of his heroine as the cul-

minating point, like her he has made everything secondary to this result. Marriage is made to seem the only state suitable for the women, the one for which every one of them longs, and the only one in which each finds what she seeks; while Miss Phelps has made marriage seem a sacrifice, almost the ruination of a noble career, certainly the giving up of a calm, contented life, for one in which there can be many storms. A more gratifying aspect surely for a woman ambitious for her sex, but is it the true one? Does not Dr. Zay belong to an ideal type, one to be desired, yet unreal? On the other hand, does not Dr. Breen represent the real woman, would not most women have acted as she did under the same circumstances? It is safe at least to assert that Dr. Zay possessed many of those qualities which are attributed to men, and that the higher education might produce such a woman, but she is yet in the future. But Dr. Breen is a woman through and through, with all her inconsistency, all her varying moods, —a being we all know, and belonging decidedly to the present generation.

C. J. H., '85.

THE LOST MOLAR.

ADAPTED FROM L. E. L.

A story of a tooth; or rather one
Of toothsome fable from this modern time
When young imagination is as fresh
As the fair world it peoples with itself.
The poet's spirit does so love to link
Its feeling tho'ts with art and nature's workings;
And hence the dentist's chair, his nippers bright.
His gentle arm, and soothing tone do all
The mind with vivid pictures fill, while the heart
Becomes interpreter, and in language makes
Known its own warm, sad sympathies for those
Who have not felt this pleasure.

He was weary of wielding his pincers of steel,
 He was weary of digging a tooth out to fill ;
 He saw the new teeth on his office-stand
 But was in no mood for the work at hand,
 Tho' the plate was made of the best celluloid
 Which never, no never can be destroy'd ;
 Of that lovely crimson, the last on the sky,
 Whose blush only fades in the moon's cold eye ;
 Tho' the sigh of the tooth-powder rose sweet on the air—
 For the breath of Sozodont was there ;
 He looked from the set in its beautiful frame
 Well branch'd with many a life-like vein,
 And down on his couch of raspberry hue
 Flung himself in a fit deep-dyed with blue,
 Hoping he might coy slumber woo.

There lay Prince Forceps, and his mood
 Made harmony with the solitude.

O pleasant is it for the heart
 To gather up itself apart ;
 To think its own tho'ts, and to be
 Free, as dentist never yet was free
 When servant to the aching teeth
 Of crowds who groan the pain beneath,
 With frozen feelings, tutor'd eye,
 And smile which is itself a lie.
 O, but for lonely hours like these,
 Would every finer current freeze ;
 His kindlier impulse that should glow
 Whene'er the patients blood must flow,
 Would best in crystal find a birth
 Pure and unsoil'd with stain of earth ;
 Since he forsooth must learn his part,
 Must choose his words and school his heart
 To one set mould, and give again
 Flatt'ry to ease the victim's pain.

But I have wander'd from my tale,
 The ivory teeth, the plate so frail,
 The couch on which Prince Forceps lay
 Content in dreamy bliss to stay
 At least a while. By nightfall shaded,
 The red lights from the clouds are faded :

And so young Forceps was lull'd to sleep
By the silent darkness deep.

Every artist loves his work ;
So the dentist likes to jerk
Teeth from out their bed of red
That he may put in their stead
Some well fashion'd by his hand,—
Which the wear and tear will stand—
Made of agate or ivory
As white and beautiful as can be.
He looks upon earth's loveliest teeth ;
What are they to those he makes ?
He knows they cause their owners grief ;
How can nature make such mistakes !
" O no, my eyes," he mournful sighs,
" To thee she that dear boon denies.
Dame nature, ne'er will make a tooth
So fair as mine, and which, forsooth,
Will not give a single ache
To him who owns it—like this I make
Could I but fashion such a jaw
As that which I dream of but never saw,
Then I'd snap my fingers in Fortune's face
And be free from her freaks in a moment's space."
Thus young Forceps had tho't full many a day—
Was thinking again as there he lay.
It was not long, ere, wild and deep,
The same tho't came once more in his sleep.

Was it the spell of the twilight hour
That o'er his orbs had shed its power,
Clearing the earthly mist away
That erst like veils before them lay ?
Whether fair dream or actual sight,
It was a vision of delight ;
For free to his charm'd eyes was giv'n
A vision as it were from Heaven.

He saw a maiden with beautiful hair
Long and wavy, silken and fair—
All golden like the pheasant's wing.
And curl'd like the hyacinth flower in spring

Her eye was of a beautiful blue—
That lovely, witching, entrancing hue.

But hush, the maiden has taken a seat,
Started the dentist to his feet ;
Those eyes that, drooping like summer flowers,
Told they could change with shine and showers,
Did they bring Prince Forceps to his knee?
No, but the maiden full of glee,
Had smiled and shown a pearly line
That made his heart with hope to shine.
'Twas such a pattern for which he'd long'd—
Such exquisite teeth must be perfectly form'd.

Surely her blue eye met his own ;
But, ah ! the lovely dream is flown.

I need not tell how long the day
Pass'd in its weariness away ;
I need not say how the Prince's sight
Pined for the darkness of the night :
E'en darkness came and with it bro't
The vision which the watcher sought ;
Again the blue eyes met his own—
Again the lovely dream is flown.
Night after night, day after day
In joy and sorrow pass'd away.
Often and often by his side
He saw the pearly phantom glide ;
For 'twas not the maiden at whom he stared
It was only her teeth for which he cared.
But she knows it not,—those rapturous gazes
Her inmost soul with transport crazes.

In his little office laid
Midst the twilight's gather'd shade,
The air haunted with sounds and sighs
Of the hand-organ's melodies,
The breath of flowers, the dainty cruise
Of perfume the dentist loves to use,
And murmurs from the music hung
Ever the tapestries among,
There he lay, with all his powers

Dreaming away the ~~fitless~~ hours,
And the blissful solitude
Suited his visionary mood,
Those dreams so vague, those dreams so vain,
Yet iron links in ambition's chain.

Why starts Prince Forceps from his dream ?
There, in the shadow, is a gleam,
There is an odor on the air ;—
What shape of beauty fronts him there !
He knows her by her clear dark eye,—
Touch'd with the light that rules the sky
Those teeth deep in the red gum set—
Her beauty's glistening coronet,
Her white arms and her silvery vest,
The lovely maiden stands confest.

No more they parted till the night
Call'd on her starry host for light ;
Then came the wanderings long and lonely,
As if the world held them, them only.

Said I not that the young Prince long'd
Not for the maiden, but to know
How each of the pearly teeth was prong'd
That made up that glistening, gleaming row ?
To him the charm of teeth was all
That bound his heart in woman's thrall.

And she now lingering by his side—
His bright, his half-immortal bride—
Tho' she had come with him to die,
Share earthly tear and earthly sigh ;
Left for his sake her Heavenly home
And come to earth with him to roam,
What matter'd that ? He cared not to be
With her, it was only to see
How those pearls were fast to the bone,
Of what they were made, and perchance to own
One of those exquisite molars, to make
Which perfectly, is, and no mistake,
The hardest thing on earth to do.
But if he might this maiden woo

And gain her teeth for patterns true,
His fortune would be certain too.
And so mid the silence he made love
With looks ten thousand words above,—
That fond, deep gaze, till the fix'd eye
Casts each on each a mingled dye.

And she, the guileless, pure and bright,
Whose nature was like morning's light,
Who dream'd of love as it was given
The sunniest element of heaven,—
She little asks of language aid ;—
For never yet hath vow been made
In that young hour when love is new ;—
She feels its bonds so strong so true,
A promise is a useless token
Since she ne'er dreams it can be broken.
Thus she was easily woo'd and won
And no happier couple was under the sun.

But alas ! at night e'en while she slumber'd,
He sat by her side with tools unnumbered,
Gently he stretched from ear to ear
Her mouth, that he might in it peer :
He saw in each jaw and on each side
That two sharp incisors did abide,
Of canines one, bicuspid's two,
And—yes—there are three molars too ;—
Such molars as he ne'er had seen
Unless it had been in a dream.
So long in ecstasy he gazed
His moral eye became quite dazed,—
If but he might—of course he could—
Why should he not ? he should, he would,
The wish was master to the tho't,
So he his ether bottle sought,
And nippers of the best steel wrought.

A tooth has left its native gum—
A molar of transparent hue,
A perfect mass of pure dentine from
Its enamel-coated crown to
Its fang with cementum o'erlaid.

Ah ! the artist felt well repaid,
No longer need he Dame Fortune court
Nor depend upon her in any sort.
The road to wealth is in his grasp,
He holds it with an iron clasp.

But the woman whom he had forgot?
She awoke to her wretched lot ;
At first 'twas like a frightful dream,
A view of Sorrow whom she ne'er had seen.
Her tongue has felt the vacant place—
Oh ! of that molar there's not a trace,
Again—again—it cannot be !
Woe for such wasting misery !

“Thou false one, go !—but deep and dread
Be woman's curse upon thy head !
Go, be the first in the perfumed line
Where science sweeps and false teeth shine .
Go thou to dental festival,
Be there the peerless one of all ;
Let every sunken-faced deplorer
Bless thee, the famous cheek restorer ;
Be thine all in that honor'd name
You hold to emulate is fame.
Yet not the less my curse shall rest,
A serpent coiling in thy breast ;
Weariness like a weed shall spring
Wherever is thy wandering ;
But blessed sleep thou shalt not know
Because thou'lt fear and tremble so
At a vision which thou hast bereft of youth
By pulling out a single tooth.
Go, with the doom thou'at made thine own !
Go, false one ! to thy grave alone.”

He went, a lonely man who knew
That 'twas himself who made him so.
Coy slumber, tho' long he did her woo,
Ne'er did his heavy eyelids know.
If but one moment he dared to nap,
He was awakened by the flap
Of something, what he could not tell,

And then, as 'twere by magic spell,
He seem'd to see the once beautiful cheek,
Now pallid and wan, of her who did speak
That terrible curse,—one finger aimed
At the cavity whose coveted molar he'd gain'd.

Weary of life, he died begging all
Dentists to shun ambition's thrall ;
That their hearts may never lonely be—
A shrine with no divinity.

E. S. L., '85

JOSEPH.

Our gardener is a very good example of what in chemistry is known as allotropism, for he appears under different aspects at different times. When in his every-day clothes, we address him familiarly as Joe, and take all sorts of liberties with him ; but when he has donned his Sunday best, he has such a stand-off, don't-touch-me air, that he inspires awe in the breasts of the most frivolous beholders, and is mentioned with respect as Joseph. He is a big, freckled, good-natured, poky Irishman, who came over from "Ould Ireland" when only a boy. He stands about five feet ten in his stockings,—if indeed he wears such things,—stoops a little, and bends his knees when he walks. His face resembles a shrivelled red apple, so round, rosy, and seamed is it ; his beard is a brownish red, with a few gray locks here and there, and covers the whole lower part of his face. His forehead is high and rounding, and when he takes off his hat to scratch his head, as he has a habit of doing, you can see it is made higher by the fact that he has no hair on the top of his head. In fact, the latter article is conspicuous for its absence, except just at the back of the neck, where there is a slight fringe. His eyebrows are bushy, and almost conceal his eyes, which, to use the poetical expression of Augusta Evans Wilson, resemble "violets fringed with

quilled lace." Winter or Summer, rain or shine, he appears on week days in blue overalls patched with brown, a pair of boots reaching to his knees, and a fur cap, which he wears either cocked over one eye in a most rakish fashion, or else so far on the back of his head that you wonder how it manages to keep its place. Occasionally, however, the cap is replaced by a straw hat, elegantly fringed around the edge, and furnished with a large hole in the top, possibly for ventilation. No one has come to a definite conclusion as to why he wears this hat. Sometimes he appears in it on a cold winter morning, when his only object can be the desire to catch cold in his head. Then again he will wear it when the thermometer stands at 90° in the shade, for the purpose apparently of having a sunstroke. It may be that he is fond of variety, and as he is not a girl and therefore cannot wear a different necktie for each day in the week, he consoles himself by occasionally changing his head gear.

But it is on Sunday that Joseph is in all his glory. Then is his craving for the beautiful satisfied ; then he appears in an immaculate suit of broadcloth ; a large, black, slouch hat ; and a sky-blue scarf, with a diamond as large as a pea in it. His boots shine so resplendent, that they make you wink when you look at them ; and his hair is beautifully "slicked up" to use his own expression, with pomade. The first time I saw him thus bedecked, I had not the remotest idea who it was. I am a little near-sighted, and the creature who took off his hat to me was so unlike the Joe of every day, that I did not realize it was he. To tell the truth, as he is not here to have his feelings hurt, he looked like the jackdaw in the fable, decidedly uncomfortable in his unaccustomed plumage.

Although Joe is required to black the boots and see to the fires every morning, and is expected to go on errands whenever it is necessary, he regards these minor occupa-

tions with scorn and devotes all his energies to his garden. He is one of those persons who can fix their mind on only one thing at a time, so that it is rather hard for him to be called off to go on an errand just when he is trying to decide whether to put potatoes or peas in the asparagus bed, and he is therefore not a success as an errand boy. One morning Ella, the cook, wanted an extra waffle-iron as we were going to have company to tea, so she sent Joseph over to get one at my Grandfather's, across the way. In a few minutes Joe came back saying they could not spare it. Ella, knowing Joe's peculiarity, went to see what the reason was and found that instead of asking for the waffle-iron, he had demanded the refrigerator.

As a compensation he is the perfection of a gardener ; he hoes and digs to that extent indeed that the only wonder is that anything manages to grow. But, alas, I am afraid he is not inspired thereunto by the unselfish desire to provide us with fine vegetables, but merely by the ambition to surpass my Grandfather's gardener.

Another of Joe's peculiarities is his dislike of anyone else interferring in *his* garden. When Mother mildly suggested one day that she wanted a flower-bed, and that the southern corner of the garden would do, he strongly objected. "Sure, ye's wouldn't beaspilin' of the rhubarb bed?" In vain we tried to explain to him that he was raising enough rhubarb to kill forty families and to supply the neighborhood with pies for a twelve-month ; he could not be appeased, and retired in high dudgeon when he found us determined. After brooding over the matter for some time he finally came to the conclusion that the thing for him to do was to get up a rival flower-show that would put Mother's in the shade. Cheered by this happy thought, he decided on sun-flowers as the brightest and biggest flowers he could get ; and accordingly he planted them in such numbers that the effect from the kitchen door is that of a

company of soldiers in yellow and green uniforms mounting guard over the beds.

It can easily be seen from these few facts that Joe is both ambitious and self-willed, but these characteristics are entirely thrown in the shade by a greater one, his slowness. It takes him so long to say anything, that by the time he has finished his sentence you have forgotten what the first part was. His mind works with such rapidity that if you ask him a question at ten o'clock, he will understand it by twelve; and his gait is such that a snail might race with him and have a fair chance of winning. Only once was he known to run, and that occasion has been noted as one of the most remarkable events in our family history. We were seated at the dinner-table, when we heard some one shout, "Hi there!" My brother Donald looked out and said, "By thunder, Joe's running!" "Why, Don!" said my mother reprovingly; but before she had time to say any more, the family had risen *en masse* and rushed to the window. Sure enough, there was Joe, skipping across the lawn in a most lively style, waving his cap, and shouting at the top of his voice to attract the attention of a cart-driver. When he had succeeded in doing so, he dropped once more into his caterpillar-like crawl, looking as if he could hardly forgive himself for having been hurried out of it. Why he had exerted himself to such an extent, we have never found out. It is certain he was never again induced to change from his usual walk; not even when the chimney was on fire, and he was requested by my humble self, to run and get some water. While he was trying to decide which pail would hold the most, we had the fire under control; and all that remained for him to do was to perform a sort of slow dance upon the coals which were still glowing.

Since he is so slow, it may be wondered why we still keep him, but the strangest part remains to be told; in spite of

his slowness, he accomplishes more work in a day than any other man around. I suppose the reason is that while most men work very hard for a short time, and then stop and rest, Joe plods right along. It is fortunate that he does so ; for if he should once stop, he is so slow that it would take him until next day to get started again.

We never knew anything about Joe outside of his work until a short time since, for he does not live with us, but comes every morning and goes away at night. When we first employed him, he used to stay all by himself in a house near Chesnut Lane, but one day he informed my father that he was getting lonely, and thought he would like a change. "Going to marry, eh?" questioned my father. "Guess not," said Joe, with a grin ; "but I'm agoin' ter board with a widder-lady, who lives in Oakville," mentioning a little village not far from our home. Remembering the experience of the elder Mr. Weller, we prophesied a sudden ending to his bachelorhood, and sure enough : he had not been living with the "widder-lady" long, before the report came that he had married her. None of our questions, however, could elicit any satisfactory answers from Joe. He would smile and give a delighted chuckle and go steadily on with his work ; not even my father could get any more out of him. We finally came to the conclusion that he had done so, but was ashamed to tell us ; but since then we have decided that he liked the reputation of a married man better than the reality, for one fine day he fell in love with our cook, and thus conclusively settled our doubts. Ella is a pretty French-Canadian about twenty-five years of age. Although slightly deaf, she is very bright, and an excellent cook. Probably she first found the way to Joe's heart by the present of some dainty tid-bits for lunch, and after that it was easy enough for her to complete her conquest. Our former cooks always had to go to my mother when they wanted any vegetables, as Joe would

never do anything for them unless compelled to. But Ella has only to say "Please Joe," and he will do anything under the sun for her. The consequence is that we have no trouble in the kitchen, and "all goes merry as a marriage-bell," though sometimes my mother has forebodings, and says that everything is too good to last long. She is afraid that Ella and Joe will marry and spoil it all, but I don't think there is any danger of that yet.

Ella is very much tickled with the sweet things Joe says to her, and always tells them to my mother, who one day said, "I suppose you are very fond of Joe, Ella?" "Oh yes, ma'am," said Ella simply, "he'll do very well for the country, when there ain't any one else 'round." I fear from that speech that Joe's courtship will not prove successful. But he is a most faithful lover and never seems in the least discouraged by any of the rebuffs he receives. Perhaps Ella may grow so tired of snubbing him that she will marry him in self-defence. Who can tell?

L. D., '85.

Editors' Table.

Why is the *Miscellany* so long unseconded by another paper from some sister college? From out the growing number of colleges for women only one paper comes to us from what may be called, properly, a woman's college. We say this with the kindest appreciation of the numerous exchanges which adorn our list, but which come from the many excellent schools for women making no pretension to collegiate work. Again we do not forget the *Review*, so far away that Atlantic waves must drift it to us, but so earnest, bright and entertaining that the *Miscellany* may well feel that she has not only a companion, but a rival. Still, among American colleges, Smith, Wellesley and Vassar, may, without too much confidence, consider themselves largely representative of womens' collegiate work, and Vassar is the only one whose students plead guilty to the possession of an editorial pen. Why is it? We can imagine many answers of greater or less reasonableness, though we have heard only one, and that from the lips of an unenlightened student at ———, who politely "presumed we had time for the *Miscellany* because our studies were less severe." Possibly: but the charge of light-mindedness can hardly be preferred against Girton students, and—but there is a limit to editorial compliments. Certainly every right-minded maiden would scorn the suggestion that the margin of her college working hours is less than that in which a Harvard or Yale student rejoices. Neither can we flatter ourselves that we are the

only ones who have conceived the idea of a woman's college paper. We will not believe our success has been such that others fear to follow. Smith is deep, why cannot we have a ripple from its surface? Wellesley is practical, why does she not leaven the frivolity of college journalism by a common-sense paper?

College students are usually first-rate critics—of other peoples' sayings and doings. This is conceded to be one of our few privileges, consequently everybody expects us to be croakers minus the green coat, white vest, and an extra pair of legs. Now, fellow-students, we would not have you disappoint the world in any respect. No one shall be able to say that the curriculum of Vassar College is imperfect in anything for which we can find a remedy. Far from it. So if the world wants critics, critics it shall have, and those too of the best type.

Now, in order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to find the weak spot in our present method of training, and then proceed at once 'to make that jest ez strong ez the rest.' We have found it. It was the other day when we numbered the twelfth in line at the post-office window and waited patiently while seventy-five girls walked up ahead of us and carried off their mail before our eyes—we counted that many and then stopped from sheer weariness combined with the feeling that that phase of mathematics had no charms to "soothe our then savage breasts,"—it was then that we made the important discovery that all our critical training needed was a new and wider range of subjects for criticism. The old ones, the faculty and teachers, are hackneyed,—worn so smooth, in fact, that they no longer make good whetstones. The want was no sooner felt than supplied,—it is *self*. Such a convenient sharpness, always with us, and then so full of friction too,—

why had we never thought of it before? Why, indeed! But now at least we need never be without it, and with our accustomed good nature, we hasten to tell all our friends about it, so that they may share in our good fortune.

Now, we need not stop using the old ones unless we choose. It may be useful to look askance at the teacher whom urgent business compels to break through the line at the Lady Principal's office, or even to force her, by an audible comment, into apologizing for her unwelcome intrusion by mentioning her important errand. This is usually effective so far as it goes, but the new sharpener is destined to be still more effective if we are not afraid of wearing it out with use. Stop and think for a minute. If we were to criticise our own actions one-half so severely as we do those of our superiors and with as good results, what a heavenly time we soon would have. No more disgraceful crowds at mail time; no more selfish wasting of our neighbor's time by depriving her of her rightful place in the line; no more prevaricating on the part of those who have not the moral courage to own that they really "do not want to ask for our mail;"—but instead, a long and orderly line which moves quickly up in single file, while each young lady is either her own representative or, at the most, that of her parlor or a small group of absent friends. What happiness for us! What bliss for the distributor! It would not be long before he would know just what to expect when each face presented itself at the window, and then he could distribute the mail in half the time it takes at present. Eureka! We feel as if we had discovered the 'philosopher's stone.'

In the midst of covering window-boxes, tacking up peacock feathers, and imploring the janitor to drive a few nails, comes home to our mind the fact that there is an

Editorial to be written, a duty which will brook no delay. And what more fitting now while the school year is still a white page before us than to do our humble best to remedy one of the evils which do so persistently beset us? We mean the I'll-stand-off-and-look-at-you manner in which we greet our new students, and old ones, too, who do not chance to be counted among "our friends." Reserve in the proper place is a very good thing, and chief of the weapons in a dignified young lady's armory; but it is not half so essential an element of college life as most of us think. Our self interest, if no better motive, should prompt us to avoid excessive reserve among ourselves, for contact and acquaintance with different kinds of people broaden our views of life, round off the little corners of our hobbies, which our friends, wishing to indulge us, are apt to respect, and make us more self-dependent and less self-conceited. When we hear stories of ye olden time, when two girls parlored together for a year, yet never became sufficiently acquainted to speak, and others never knew their next door neighbors, we proudly feel that we are an improvement upon our ancestors in college life. But our social intercourse with our class-mates and fellow-students in general still falls short of the desired measure of cordiality, and we are too much given over to clans and cliques. We are perfectly justified in choosing a circle of intimate friends, but this does not compel us to look upon all outside from the standpoint of armed neutrality. We should at least regard them as peaceable beings who have come here for much the same purposes that brought us, and not run away from them until they have shown some desire to injure us. We might even go farther, and without winking at sponging, give a new girl a little assistance now and then in a lesson which was once such a bug-bear to us, and do our best in many ways to promote a better state of feeling among us.

Politics and Phisiology are subjects upon which the average girl is, I venture to say, equally uninformed. If I should say that an intelligent, not unambitious girl of my acquaintance had lived for twenty years in the belief that each of the United States had forty senators, the stain of even a white lie would not be upon my conscience ; and in stating my conviction that many girls cannot locate heart, lungs, and liver, I know that I am stating the facts less strongly than truth warrant. To remedy the former evil is an easy task, if one is only judicious in the choice of newspapers. But ignorance of our own bodily structure, is often involuntary, and blame cannot attach to students who break down because they do not know how to care for their health. This may put us in the light of helpless creatures, but it is a fact that we cannot keep healthy unless we know how to apply the laws of health any more than we can study to advantage without first learning how to use our minds. In this world it is no less than a sacred duty to preserve and increase our health and strength to the best of our ability. If we err through carelessness and imprudence, our failure to become strong women is our fault ; if we err through ignorance, the result is our misfortune. Our lectures in the chapel are most helpful, but too infrequent to teach us all that is absolutely necessary for our good. We are hoping that before a very distant day study of the elements of Phisiology—practical Phisiology—will be compulsory in the Freshman year. This regulation does prevail to some extent among American Colleges, at Yale and Williams Colleges for instance, its results being most satisfactory. Until this plan becomes practicable, let every student in Vassar College feel bound by every law, and especially that her mind may do the best work possible, to make and keep herself as strong as a student needs to be.

HOME MATTERS.

We are happy in being able to give our readers the following letter from an alumna.

BASINGSTOKE, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND, Sept. 2.

Dear Professor Mitchell :—

Last spring I did not pay my share towards the Class Fund that '78 arranged to give to the Professors in turn. This was not owing to forgetfulness, but to principle rather.

The more I see of the world, the more I realize the neglect women are subject to on account of sex merely, so that any indication of such a tendency calls forth my especial animosity. Will you please use the enclosed money-order in your department. I offer my pittance to the Observatory, not because it is presided over by one for whom I have the highest esteem, but because at its head is a woman.

Since coming to England to live I have made efforts to pursue my mathematics, but the Universities are here more conservative than in France or America, both about admitting women, and about receiving degrees conferred by foreign institutions; so I shall possess my soul in patience, and hope that light may flow in upon these benighted colleges.

Sincerely,

HARRIET STANTON-BLATCH.

The dearth of news for Home Matters gives us an opportunity to propose a plan which was suggested to us during a recent visit to Wellesley. Perhaps there is nothing which strikes us more forcibly on our return to college than the bareness of the corridors and the unattractiveness of the parlors. Coming directly from our homes, the staring white

walls and black wood-work give us but a cold welcome, and suggest little of cheer and comfort.

We, as loyal Vassar students, would be loath to acknowledge that Wellesley is superior to our own college ; but even the best will bear improvement. Of course we prefer our age to modern architecture, and we would not for the world give up our thoroughly established reputation even to be able to exchange our dark-stained wood for polished oak. But there are some things which are not incompatible with age or dignity. The "Browning Room," with its stained glass windows, its easy chairs, its rich drapery, its books and pictures and general air of elegance, made us wonder why we could not have a gift-room here. It need not necessarily be arranged with all the elaborateness of furniture and decoration which would constitute a memorial room, but as a pleasant parlor where students who are not Seniors could take their friends. We know that there are many improvements which need to be made, but if such a room were once started, people could easily be found who would contribute to it ; in fact, every one would be interested in a work which would add so much to our pleasure and comfort, and before long a pleasant parlor could be arranged.

COLLEGE NOTES.

College opened September 21.

2148 guests visited the college this summer.

On account of the unusually large number of students, several guest-rooms have been converted into students' parlors.

A new student inquires of a sophomore the way to a certain parlor, and is directed to the south wing. "And

please, is there a south wing in the north end too?" is the puzzling reply.

Miss Abbey Leach, from the Girls' Latin School in Boston, is teaching in our Classical Department. The positions in the English Department left vacant by the resignation of Professor Backus, Miss Hiscock and Miss Scott are filled by Professor Drennan, formerly of Harvard College, Miss A. Johnson, of Cornell University, and Miss Clark.

Mademoiselle See is teaching French at Wellesley College. Miss Cowles is her successor at Vassar.

Mrs. Raymond, wife of Dr. James Raymond, former president of Vassar College, has left her college home. Her many friends in Vassar sincerely miss her, and hope that "auld acquaintance" will not "be forgot" by her, while wishing her many pleasant associations in her new home.

Was it a Condensed French student or a Prep. who called at the office for "an *idiotic* French book?"

Miss Hubbard, one of the most successful teachers in the music department, has resigned her position on account of ill health.

Both the safety and convenience of the Fifth Centre corridor have been increased by two additional flights of stairs, opening from the Fourth Centre.

Miss Hussey has been obliged to resign her position as President of the Dickens Club, and Miss Barker was elected to fill the position.

Mr. John Guy Vassar has presented Vassar College with \$25,000.

PERSONALS.

'72.

Miss Brace, of '72, is studying elocution in Paris.

'73.

Married, July 16, 1883, at Syracuse, N. Y., Helen C Hiscock, of '73, to Truman J. Backus, of Poughkeepsie.

Miss Ella Weed has recently published a novel entitle "A Foolish Virgin."

Married, at Newport, R. I., June 13, 1883, Harri Swinburne, of '73, to William Gale.

'74.

Married, at Portland, Me., July 1883, Miss E. W. Barrett, of '74, to Dr. A. E. Macdonald, of New York City.

'76.

Miss Scott, of '76, is occupying a position in the English Department at Packer Institute, Brooklyn.

'77.

Miss Cornelia Stevens, of '77, who has been studying music in Germany for several years, has returned to America.

Married, June 7, 1883, at Irvington-on-Hudson, Susan W. Bryan, of '77, to Rev. Eugene W. Lyttle, of Elizabeth, N. J.

'78.

Married, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 20, 1888, Marti Innis, formerly of '78, to William Hopkins Young.

Miss M. M. Abbott, of '78, has opened a coeducational school in Waterbury, Conn. The object of the school is to prepare young men and women for college.

'79.

Miss Bertha Hazard, of '79, who has been teaching chemistry at Miss Abbott's school in Providence, is teaching in Packer Institute, Brooklyn.

Married, in Jersey City, Sept. 17, 1883, Miss S. T. Blake, of '79, to Mr. J. H. Drummond, of Portland, Me.

Helen Fiske Banfield, of '79, is teaching in Rutherford, N. J.

Married, in Nashville, Tenn., Mary Ballard Burch, to Mr. Charles Schiff, of London.

'80.

At Titusville, Penn., June 20, 1883, Evelyn S. Fletcher, (Art School of '80) was married to Charles L. Alvord, of Winsted, Conn.

Married, July, 1883, at Dorchester, Mass., Louise L. Brockway, of '80, to Thaddeus P. Stanwood, of Boston.

Married, at Unity, Me., August 11, 1883, Helen Hussey, of '80, to Charles Severance, of Oka, Montana.

Miss Ada Thurston, of '80, is teaching gymnastics at Packer Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Claire Rustin, of '80, is studying music in Boston this winter.

Miss Carrie Canfield, of '80, has returned from Europe.

'81.

Married, June 6, 1883, at Elmira, N. Y., M. Adelaide Pratt, of '81, to Mr. J. Fremont Thompson.

Miss Emma Hodge, of '81, is teaching in Miss Abbott's school, Providence, R. I.

Miss Lillie Stanton, of '82, is teaching music in Albany, N. Y.

Married, June 27, 1883, at South Bend, Ind., Winifred Learned of '82, to John Wilson Brown.

Miss Susan B. Coleman, of '82, is teaching in Miss Liggett's school, Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Lucy Case (Art School, '82), and Miss Mary Case, of '82, have returned from Europe.

Miss Skinner, of '82, has returned from Europe.

'83.

Annie Blythe West, of '83, has gone as a missionary to Yokohama, Japan.

Miss Mary Stevens, of '83, is teaching Latin and Greek in Miss Conway's school, Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Cornelia Raymond, of '83, is preceptress of the Delaware Academy, a coeducational institution in Delhi, N. Y.

Miss Lena Bostwick, of '83, is teaching in Miss Porter's school, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Jennie Yost, of '83, is teaching in Bay City, Mich.

Miss Susan F. Swift, of '83, is teaching in Morristown, N. J.

Miss Sara Cecil, ex-83, has returned from Europe.

'84.

Miss Louise Cornwell, of '84, has returned from Europe.

'86.

Miss Ramsay, of '86, is teaching in Pine Grove, Kentucky.

Miss Potter, of '86, was married Aug. 15, 1883, to William E. Witter, of LaGrange, N. Y. They sail in October as missionaries to Assam.

Died, at Cape Cod, Mass., Sept. 6, 1883, Mary Markham, of '76.

Mary Markham died Sept. 6. Every repetition of these words will add another to the friends who grieve over their sudden loss. The class of '76 parts, sorrowfully from one of its most valued members. We have all known the practical ability, relied on the calm judgment and loved the warm heart which now make it necessary to judge her life by what she did rather than by its few years. Our sorrow must always be second only to that of her family, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Commercial Traveller's Magazine*, has a decided flavor of the "drummer." It is a new departure, and it is to be hoped that it will not grow older. We can give our

candid opinion of the journal in a very few words:—it is the poorest in literary style, the lowest in moral tone, yet withal one of the best printed of all the magazines upon our table.

With a sigh of relief we take up the *Century*. This at least is always good, always suited to the "many minds of many men." Here is an article full of delightful reminiscences for all who wish to tread "in the footsteps of Thackeray," and Richard Grant White's description of "Old New York and its Houses," cannot fail to interest those who know the New York of to-day. The lover of biography finds something new about Martin Luther, Longfellow, and Thomas Bewick; the novel-dreamers may revel in "The Bread-winners," and "A Woman's Reason," (which is concluded in just the way that everyone expected it would be), while one who is fond of travels can but enjoy "A Foreigner in Venice," and "Through Waterspout and Typhoon." The poetry is, as usual, mediocre, but the illustrations are very fine.

The *St. Nicholas* is as clever and as funny as ever.

In the current *Atlantic*, F. Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer," continues "to make a most bewitching figure," and George Parsons Lathrop's story of "Newport" to be very tiresome; but "A Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlement," by Craddock, is very bright, and "Amiability: a Philosophical Romance," is good. In the line of deeper subjects there are interesting papers on "Heredity," "Knowledge," "The Mutilation of Ancient Texts," "Volcano Studies," and "Maenadism in Religion." In the latter article, Miss Robins very clearly shows that "the power" so strongly desired in "revival meetings," particularly of the Methodist Church, is always granted to men and women with badly balanced minds, or extremely nervous tempera-

ments, "who concentrate their thoughts upon religious belief which does not concern itself with works."

The *University Quarterly* contains an interesting article on "New York City as a Location for a University." In it we are told 'that in such a city as New York the very atmosphere inspires with the restlessness and activity and practical force which best equip the young for the practical contests of after life, and that the teacher also must breathe the same atmosphere, and necessarily affected by it will be yet more successful in his vocation.'

In addition to the *Quarterly* very few College journals have yet made their appearance. A new exchange from London, called *Our Magazine*, is published quarterly, by the "Association of Old Pupils" belonging to the North London Collegiate School for Girls. While there is nothing pretentious about it, it is unusually bright and entertaining. We shall be very happy to make its further acquaintance.

The only striking thing in the *Amherst Student* is an ode to "A Summer-School-Girl's Belt Found in my Room." Its peculiar merit lies in its length, which is but a few feet longer than its title. The method of rhyming is unique, for instance, in the first stanza the first and third verses rhyme; in the second, the third and fourth; while in the last stanza the first verse rhymes with the third and the second with fourth. There are three stanzas of four verses each. Poor fellow! We sincerely hope that he will never feel so badly again.

The *Yale Record* and *Courant*, as well as the *Argo* have begun the year with the usual amount of slang, and interesting facts concerning base ball.

We are glad to see the *Oberlin Review*, but would wish that it were a member of the I. P. A., so that it might get its news first hand instead of through the daily papers and other uncertain mediums.

We welcome heartily everything which gives a little insight into the life of the College-girl in England. We were rather inclined to think her somewhat less frivolous than her American cousin, but, in this number of the *Girton Review*, we read of "Lawn Tennis," "Fancy Dress Balls," and tableaux, and our spirits rose. To be sure the tableaux all represented scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey, and the fancy costumes were mainly classical, while Tennis was treated of in a very scientific style, yet it is evident that they as well as we relish a little variety now and then. But on the whole it seems to us that we find more real recreation in the enjoyment of our lighter pastimes and that they leave us the readier to make a fresh and more vigorous attack upon our College work. When we play, we play; but when we work, we work.

If *The Modern Age* possesses one good quality above another, it is perseverance. If its print was not execrable, and if its selections of stories from foreign authors was as good as its last three departments;—"Sayings and Doings," "Books and Book Men," "Stage and Studio," we should be compelled to consider it a compilation second only to Littell's. As it is we are quite willing to exchange with it, so long as it grows no worse.



I. P. A.

Every community, whether large or small, has certain customs and features which differ from the customs and features of other communities. It would seem that life



within different colleges of one country must be much the same, yet even in our American colleges, all carried on according to the same plan, individuality crops out. A Williams College student writes what may be interesting news to the enterprising Vassar girls who not infrequently take a ten mile walk in the afternoon,—"in groups of not less than four."

"There is a feature of our college life—an important one to us—which, if not unique, is at least without many correspondents so far as I know. This is the holiday given us in spring and fall for the purpose of allowing extended pedestrian trips. We, as you may know, pride ourselves on our mountains, and make it a point to become acquainted with them. The man who has not climbed Greylock, Berlin, Petersburg, Williams and half-a-dozen other peaks is a curiosity. The faculty recognize and approve this propensity of ours, and to afford more scope for its exercise, they give us forty-eight hours at a time most convenient to us, during the early part of October when the foliage is well turned, and again in May when the mountains are green. The men sometimes go to considerable distances on these days. Bennington, 18 miles and return, and places 33 miles and return are common trips. I myself tramped to Northampton with a companion last year. The distance there is fifty miles, and we were back within the forty-eight hours. The fall holiday is called Scenery Day, the spring holiday Mountain Day.

♦♦♦

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, we have received : "Studies in Literature," and "Studies in Biography," two compilations of interesting valuable essays from the leading English reviews.

Also from the same publishers "X. Y. Z." by the author of "Leavenworth Case," and which is if anything worse than its predecessor.

The Bureau of Education sends us a circular on "Co education in the Public Schools of the United States."

Steel & Avery, Rochester, are the publishers of "God Out and Man In," a pamphlet which is supposed to knock Robert Ingersoll out of existence.

The Friends' Book Store sends an essay upon "Judicial Oaths and their Effect," which asserts 'that for society to set up a distinction, which is not in the Christian code between lying with an added oath and a lie without it, and for judicial tribunals to support the distinction, weakens the public conscience, both by undervaluing the naked truth and by disregarding and express command of Christ'

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We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Adelphian, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Beloit Round Table, Berkleyan, Boston Weekly Advertiser, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Press, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Concordiensis, Cornell Review, Sun, Dartmouth, Dicksonian, Weekly Enterprise, Girton Review, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Crimson, Daily Herald, Lampoon, Haverfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, University, Modern Age, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Our Magazine, Penn. Coll. Mo., Princeton Tiger, Nassau Lit., Princetonian, Rockford Sem. Mag., Rutgers Targum, St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusean, The Collegian, The Tech, Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Quarterly, University Civic, University Mag., William's Argo, Athenæum, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.

The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
M. F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK,	E. S. LEONARD,	L. H. GOULD.
A. BLANCHARD.			
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER, M. E. EWING.			

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 12.

POET'S HOMES AT CAMBRIDGE.

"Our houses shape themselves palpably upon our inner and outer natures," says Dr. Holmes, and to know a man's house is, to a degree, to know the man himself. It is a kind of acquaintance which does not need the formality of an introduction. It advances you at once to the stage where conversation is unnecessary. Three of Cambridge's famous houses, those of Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes, have an historical as well as a literary interest. It needs but a half-imagining to bring back the old English Tories, the famous generals of the Continental army, and the statesmen who have occupied these houses,—they seem their fitting occupants. I confess that I never pass by the Longfellow house, and look up through the gateway in the lilac hedge toward the ample front of the mansion, with its terraced grounds,

and the white wooden railing marking the edge of the lower terrace, without a mental picture of Washington in the midst of the scene. The old houses have a dignity and a stateliness which demand historic associations as their complement. Any description of Longfellow's house seem superfluous. Everyone must, in imagination, at least, know its square-built shape, its broad porches on either side ; its ample grounds, its wide stretch of lawn to the right, upon which the poet's study windows open, with the fringe of willows at the farthest edge, and the high hedge of lilacs which in summer almost screen the house from view. Every one must know, too, its place in Revolutionary history ; know that Washington, coming to Cambridge in July to take command of the Continental army, made this house his head-quarters and occupied it for eight months ; that Mrs. Washington held her levees and gave her dinners there, and that many of the noted patriots of the day gathered there for councils of war and state. In these later years, it has been made "eloquent with the speech with which the poet's pen has endowed it." Here is the "Children's Chair" made from the wood of the tree under which the "Village Blacksmith" had his forge ; here is the picture of his three daughters : "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair ;" here the pen made from the "wood from the frigate's mast," the old clock on the stairs that "points and beckons with its hands, from its massive case of oak." We all know these, if we have never seen them.

Farther out of town, on the road leading to Mount Auburn, is Elmwood, the homes of James Russell Lowell. In general style the house is like Longfellow's, a large double wooden house, two stories and a half high, and painted a strong yellow, with white trimmings. But Elmwood has the advantage in situation. It has no near neighbors, and stands isolated in the midst of its acres. I saw it first on an autumn day, when it stood out boldly among the bare

branches of the trees, and the ground was thick with the fallen leaves ; the only sound was their rustling as my footsteps stirred them, or they were lifted by the October breeze. By force of contrast, I thought of one scene in its history. Here lived Thomas Oliver, the last of the English lieutenant governors, and the records give us not only the fact of his residence, but the cause and order of his going. It seems that, as it was judged desirable by the Americans that he should leave, a number of citizens went to inform him of their decision. By the time they reached the house, their number had increased to four thousand, and presented a very forcible argument in favor of their demand. The lieutenant-governor may have been prejudiced in favor of a continued residence at Elmwood, and may even have felt some determination to stay, but he was open to reason, and handed in his resignation on the spot. Later, the house rendered a patriotic service in sheltering the wounded after the battle of Bunker Hill.

Its heavy front door stands open, and the entrance is closed by one made of small panes of glass. Through it you see the wide hall with its polished hard wood floor, and the double staircase, with a broad flight starting from either end of the hall and meeting on a common landing in the second story. At the other end of the hall a door opens out upon the lawn, which is almost a field in extent, and contains the elms planted by the poet's father. Like many of the old-fashioned houses, Elmwood was built so that either side could be considered the front of the house. I know of nothing better calculated to give us a high opinion of our ancestors than this fact that they needed no back doors to their houses.

In the hall stands the old-fashioned clock, and the walls are hung with family portraits, among them one of the poet himself, taken when he was a young man. At your left as you enter are the rooms which Mr. Lowell uses as

his study. The two connect by arched openings on either side of the open fireplaces, where you hear the

“ Elmwood chimney’s deep-throated roar.”

In the room at the rear stands the poet’s writing table. The walls are lined with book cases, and from the deep, small-paned windows you look out upon the wide lawn. Your gaze falls upon absolute quiet, almost on absolute solitude ; the only signs of life are furnished by some cows placidly chewing their cud under one of the trees. It is like a stanza from one of Wordsworth’s poems, or a picture by Rosa Bonheur.

Every place has its peculiarities, and one of the first tendencies of a stranger is to generalize. The stranger in Cambridge comes to his generalization soon ; he reaches the conclusion that there is a significance in colors, and that bright yellow is associated with distinction. The Longfellow house, Elmwood, and the Holmes homestead are all of this strong shade of yellow. The “ Annex ” rejoices in a coat of the same color, and if the old President’s House does not, we feel that it is because it has fallen from its high estate and become a student’s dormitory. This color test identifies a small house, set quite far back from the street, and almost hidden by evergreens. In the reputation which his later works have made him, probably few remember that Mr. Howell’s first writings were in verse, and that when, like the hero of a religious novel, he set out to make his fortune, he was armed, in addition to the conventional stout heart, with a small volume of poems. Patience and poetry have had their perfect work, and Mr. Howells has a home in Cambridge which resembles, in the one point, those of the distinguished poets. But the resemblance is of color, not of kind. This house has no history, and a carping critic may find a proportion between its size and its probable distinction. The novelist has, however, hit upon the one effec-



tual plan of securing himself against interruption when he is at work. His study is of such a size that a visitor would be almost a physical impossibility.

But "the worst of a modern stylish mansion," says Dr. Holmes, "is that it has no place for ghosts," and he claims as one of the merits of the "gambrel-roofed house" in which he was born, that it was built with a view to accommodat-ing this class of occupants, and had a garret "fit to lodge any respectable ghost." If any spectres ever availed them-selves of this opportunity to secure comfortable lodgings, we imagine they "gave notice" some time ago, and moved to a more congenial neighborhood. The house is now col-lege property and stands near the northern limit of the college grounds, hemmed in by the great University build-ings; the Hemenway gymnasium is at its left, and close behind it stands the new Law School. It was built about one hundred and fifty years ago, in the days when beams and rafters were of such a size that a dozen of them would furnish the timber for a modern Queen Anne cottage. But, though its constitution is sound, and it bids fair to outlast many of the younger generation that have sprung up around it, it begins to show superficial signs of age. There is a wrinkle or two on its kindly, dignified face. It has "set-tled," apparently, and its lines are not as true as they once were. It still holds as its own a small portion of the yard which was once a children's play ground, and the irreve-rent imagination pictures here the Autocrat himself, as a small boy in a hat very much too large for him.

"I was once equipped in a hat of Leghorn straw, having a brim of much wider dimensions than were usual at that time, and sent to school in that portion of my native town which lies nearest to this metropolis. On my way I was met by a 'Port-chuck,' as we used to call the young gen-tlemen of that locality, and the following dialogue ensued :

The Port-chuck. Hello, you sir, joo know th' wuz goin' to be a race tomorrah?

Myself. No. Who's goin' to run, 'n wher's 't goin' to be?

The Port-chuck. 'Squire Mico 'n' Doctor Williams, round the brim o' your hat.

These two much respected gentlemen being the oldest inhabitants at that time, and the alleged race-course being out of the question, the Port-chuck also winking and twisting his tongue into his cheek, I perceived that I had been trifled with."

But the house has its ancient as well as its modern history. In the floor of "the study" are dents said to have been made by the butts of the Continental muskets, and we are told "that military consultations were held in that room when the house was General Ward's headquarters; that the Provincial generals and colonels and other men of war, there planned the movements which ended in the fortifying of Bunker Hill; that Warren slept in the house the night before the battle; that President Langdon went forth from the western door and prayed for God's blessing on the men just setting forth on their bloody expedition."

But there is yet one more occupant of the house on record who has added to its reputation. Here lived, in early times,—he was its recorded proprietor,—a certain Jonathan Hastings, a farmer to whom we are indebted for the word Yankee,—a term he invented to express excellence.

It would seem, with its varied store of traditions and its years of honorable service, that the old mansion had earned the right to live out its life in the place it has filled for a century and a half. But in its present position it interferes with the architectural effect of the new Law School, and sentiment stands no chance against the demands of brick and mortar. It is to be pulled down, or, worse fate still, moved away, and soon the "Old House, with the Long

Entry and the White Chamber, (where I wrote the first verses that made me known, *stans pede in uno*, pretty nearly), and the Little Parlor, and the Study, and the old books in uniforms as varied as those of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company used to be," will be but a matter of memory, and will live for us only in the pictures of it which have been given us by its most distinguished son.

E. M. H., '82.

OUR POOR AND WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM ?

Social science can afford no more baffling problem than this question : What shall we do with our poor ? Its every aspect is puzzling. In the first place, why are people poor ? Why is it that in every country and in every city so many human beings are ground down beneath this crushing load, with all its attendant misfortunes ! Why as one class rises in wealth and importance, does another always sink to deeper degradation and suffering ? Why are so many innocent children born into the world with poverty and sin as their only heritage ? Philosophers and theologians have been for ages beating their heads against these knotty questions, and for the most part have brought away nothing but bruises. The problem remains as mysterious as ever, and the most sensible disposal we can make of it, is to trust the solution to the Infinite mind which alone can fully comprehend it. But if we cannot understand or explain the *why*, there remains a more practical field for investigation in the *how*. If we can neither entirely prevent nor remove poverty, we can yet do much to alleviate its wretchedness ; and how to do this is a question only a shade less puzzling than the other. As with all questions of a practical nature,

our only hope of solving it lies in acquainting ourselves as thoroughly as possible with the nature of the subject. This, on the one hand, will prevent our underrating its evils, and on the other, it will remove from our minds much of the sentimental nonsense which is so prevalent on the subject. It will enable us to avoid the use of those superficial remedies which are so often applied, and which only serve to make matters worse ; at least we shall not be likely to treat dyspepsia with fever-remedies.

Beginning with poverty's aristocracy, we find the class to which have belonged the parents of so many famous men, the "poor but respectable," for whom life is a hand to hand struggle, to whom a new book or a picture means the absence of cake or a new winter bonnet, but who will have the book, who wear their clothes threadbare on both sides, yet contrive somehow to present a decent appearance. This is the class of poor which we cannot afford to do without, for out of it come some of the stoutest sinews, the truest hearts and the clearest brains of which our land can boast. By no means so desirable, however, is the multitude of tramps which has swarmed all over the country for a few years past ; they are usually strong, able-bodied men who have found the struggle of life too hard for them, and have accordingly given it up ; but deciding that the world owes them a living, have started out with a determination to take it in the easiest possible way. There is a strange fascination about this sort of life ; a long stretch of smooth road, a fragrant hay-mow for a bed, the certainty of somewhere being able to get a breakfast for nothing, a cool, shady spot by the roadside for a nap. These soon come to satisfy the whole ambition of a professional tramp, and it is very seldom that he settles down into an honest, industrious citizen. Many touching little ballads and romances have been inspired by the tramp ; but he does not easily awaken sympathy in those who have seen him chalking his

way from one gate-post to another, ordering his food and then throwing it away before he is fairly out of sight, and ready to steal, burn or kill upon what often seems very slight provocation. The tramp question has always been a perplexing one to statesmen and philanthropists. Athens banished all sturdy vagrants, and claimed the right to know the occupation of every citizen ; in the time of Queen Elizabeth, stringent laws were enacted against all vagrants and strolling players. But notwithstanding all the legislation which has been expended upon it, the question still remains an open one, however conclusively settled for one part of New York State which was suddenly and almost entirely relieved of this nuisance when it became known that "tramping" meant ninety days in Albany at hard labor.

But the poor who appeal to us most strongly for sympathy and assistance are found chiefly in our large Eastern cities and manufacturing towns. No such class existed in the early days of the country ; the men who came here expected to meet obstacles, and to overcome them too ; they were frugal, industrious and ambitious, and as a result they lived honest, self-respecting and self-supporting lives. But since the idea has spread among the laboring classes of Europe that America is a sort of earthly paradise, where food is cheap and wages high, where work becomes play and a man will grow rich in spite of himself, all this has changed. Emigrants arrive at Castle Garden with as few definite plans for the future as they have dollars in their pockets, vaguely hoping that somehow prosperity will be inevitable now that they have reached free America. It never occurs to them that the law of supply and demand is not regulated by political freedom. Many find employment in manufactories, where they receive such wages as enable them to supply themselves with more beer and their wives with more cheap finery than was possible in the old

country; they become "free and independent citizens," too, and they join a trades-union. In a few years it occurs to them that they are not rich, while their employers are; then comes a "strike." The workmen are out of employment until cold and starvation drive them back to the factories; sometimes they gain their point and obtain slightly higher wages, but even with this advance a long time must elapse before their loss is made good. Then some accident or sickness comes, and the family is brought to the deepest poverty. The children grow up in some unaccountable way, and the same story is repeated: ignorance, want and degradation combine to kill every noble impulse which may come to them. This external change is by no means the only one; since they left the shores of Europe their minds have made,—in some respects,—a wonderful growth; they have learned to want many things whose possession they never dreamed of before; their appetites, their desires, their necessities have all increased. But, sad to say, they are no more able to procure all these things than they were before, and the only effect of their new ambition is to make them grumble at their lot and try to conceal it with mock gentility. What can be done for such people? "The gods help those who help themselves," but how are we to help those who not only do not help themselves, but are unwilling to be helped? Philanthropists who expect to reap the reward of their labor in the overwhelming gratitude of the poor themselves, are likely to meet with sad disappointment. As a rule, poor people are very tenacious of their luxuries, and to deprive them of their dirt, their bad air, and their unwholesome habits of life, is to offer them a serious affront. "All very fine for rich folks," they may admit, but such changes would never do for them. Their stolid, lazy content is inexplicable; they can curse others for occupying a higher position than theirs, but they will not lift a finger to attain it for themselves. They have as little

logic as ambition, and arguments and sermons which are directed to them with a view to improving their condition are but a waste of breath. Still the cause of his poverty cannot always be laid, either directly or indirectly, at the door of the poor man. The division of labor which produces the wonderful results attained in the various industries renders his employment precarious. The shoemaker used to be master of his whole trade, from cobbling a man's boot to making a baby's shoe; the blacksmith did every sort of work upon iron, but now a man spends his whole life in punching holes through hammers, or in putting heels to a certain kind of shoe, knowing no more about the rest of his trade than would a carpenter. Of course he can do his work better and more quickly, and hammers and shoes are correspondingly cheaper; but suppose he is thrown out of employment, what are the chances that he will find another place where he can do the only kind of work that he understands? The effects of this system upon the workmen themselves are no less lamentable. The man who spends his life in making watch-screws cannot be expected to develop much breadth of mind or strength of character, and perhaps if he possessed them they would only render his situation the more deplorable. After a few years he becomes a mere machine, and no machine can be expected to do any work other than that for which it was designed. Thus there is growing up in our free republic a caste of poor, ignorant, narrow-minded laborers, which cannot help being injurious both to the spirit and to the prosperity of the country. The strife which results between labor and capital is daily becoming more serious; no doubt there is fault on both sides, but the fact remains that a large proportion of the laboring class of this country, however industrious and economical they may be, are not able to provide decent food and clothing for themselves and their families from the wages they receive. When these

two opposing factions, each so necessary to the other, shall be reconciled without wrong to either, our country's millennium will be near at hand. But how is the happy day to be hastened ?

In view of all these perplexing facts, many and various plans for the relief of the poor have been proposed. The demagogues of the laborers themselves clamor for an unlimited supply of greenbacks, or for some form of communism which shall force the capitalist to divide his wealth equally with his poor employees. The people of the Pacific coast demand the restriction of immigration, and the Chinaman is driven back from our "free shore." The settlement of the free government lands in the West is proposed ; but how are the poor in our Eastern cities to get there ? and how many of them would go if they could ? they evidently prefer to starve where they are rather than 'fly to evils that they know not of.' The fact that miscellaneous, hap-hazard charity does more harm than good is conclusively proved by our experience with the tramp ; yet soft-hearted individuals, who are sure that they can judge correctly of a man's character from his appearance, continue to be victimized by the professional beggar. Though nearly all agree that systematic, organized effort is the only effectual kind, there is much disagreement about the method of organization. Sometimes such an extensive plan is laid out that, after a little, it requires more attention than the object for which it was framed, and the cumbrous machinery squeezes out all the life originally inherent. Still, many of these organizations are achieving grand results : the asylums, the lodging-houses, the soup-houses, the flower-missions,—all have their own place and work ; and best of all are the various institutions for children, for, if much can not be done for the adult poor of our cities, the children can be saved. Some of these institutions are doing a noble work in sending children to homes in the West, while others

care for those at home. Take, for example, the Fresh Air Fund. Besides the advantages of pure air and good food, their two week's stay in the country brings to the little waifs an amount of good impossible to estimate. Many of the little fellows return to the city with a firm determination to "*live* in the country sometime, and have mamma there, too," and even such an ambition as this, when it supplants the vacant listlessness of the city poor, is not to be despised.

In Elberfield, Germany, has originated a system of poor-relief which has worked to a charm in that city, and has been successfully initiated in different parts of this country. The city, which has about 80,000 inhabitants, was divided into over two hundred and fifty portions, each of which was provided with a visitor. No one was allowed to have a burdensome field: some had only two poor families to look after. Each visitor kept himself informed of the needs of his particular district, and reported them to a higher committee. This system has reduced the paupers of Elberfield from one in ten to one in eighty of the population. There would be many obstacles to the success of such a system in one of our American cities. Perhaps the most annoying is the habit of indiscriminate door-step charity which is so prevalent and which would entirely frustrate the workings of the system; then there is the fact that every organization, every denomination, and every church wants to do its own work in its own way, and to obtain the requisite co-operation would require a broader Christian sympathy than, I fear, exists. The most stubborn obstacle of all would, undoubtedly, be the lack of sufficient popular interest in the plan to carry it through. When Yankees are interested or excited upon any subject they are the most forcible proof in the world of the old adage, "*Where there's a will there's a way*"; they contain plenty of gunpowder, but what they need is a spark to touch it all off together.

The tax on tea did this pretty effectually in 1773, and the capture of Fort Sumter in '61, and until such vital interest is taken in the condition of our poor we can hope for grand results.

This fact, too, must be especially borne in mind in systems; the poor have just as much, and perhaps a little more, of genuine human nature about them than have those who are trying to help them; pride is not killed by poverty; it may be rendered more sensitive or more stolid, but in either case it is equally hard to deal with; and the obstinacy which seems to be inherent in humanity is still more stubborn when it has never been disciplined by reason. The would-be reformers who virtually proclaim the poor to be poor and degraded; "Look, how far above you *we* stand. Perhaps, if you are very careful to do as we direct, you may sometime stand almost as high,"—these are likely to find astonishing ingratitude among the poor, and to decide that they probably deserve their fate and are not worth helping, after all. You can never help a man by smothering his every remaining spark of manhood and self-respect, and any plan for the relief of the poor must make liberal allowance for the perversities of human nature, both in the reformers and in those to be reformed.

B. J. S. '85.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

Send a letter three thousand miles for two cents! Buy the *Herald*, the *World*, or the *Times* for two cents! What a two cent country this is getting to be.

Think of this daily history as black and white in substance as in appearance;—the one side telling of battle, murder, and sudden death; lightning and tempest; plague, pestilence, and famine; sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; false doctrine, heresy, and schism; and of all the rest of the crimes, casualties, and falsities from which we pray to be delivered; the other chronicling tales of heroism, charitableness, high purpose, lofty deeds; pleading for true doctrine, and exalted virtue; recording the spread of commerce, the discrimination of the Gospel, the progress of science. See, the good and the evil are as thoroughly mixed in the newspaper as in the great globe itself while the cost is,—*two cents*. We live in the nineteenth century, and this is the modern method of accounting for unaccountable things, the masculine equivalent for the feminine “because.”

But, jesting aside, is this warring of the newspapers a benefit to the reading public? Let us see.

We live in an age when startling events are of almost daily occurrence, not to speak of the anniversaries of those which happened years ago. We are a people determined to keep pace with the times, a nation fond of knowledge,

and especially of that knowledge which pertains to the day's doings. In short, every American has an unquenchable thirst for *news*. So the daily paper is a necessity. How else could men hear of the coming horse-race, the latest pearls of wisdom dropped from the lips of some political favorite, or the last dynamite plot which might have killed some one? Then men will have the daily news. You cannot prevent them from taking *some* daily newspaper. If a man is unable to pay for it himself, he will let the publishers send it gratis, or else borrow his neighbor's copy. Consequently it is money in his pocket if he can get for two cents, that for which he once paid five.

Another thing, if up to this time he has been compelled by "circumstances over which he has no control," (the lazy man's high-flown expression for poverty), to take a trashy sheet, hitherto sold for a cent or two, what a relief to find himself able to subscribe for an honest, reliable paper! I speak comparatively, of course, for allowance must always be made for the editors' individual bias. But then who could expect, or of what use would be a perfectly independent paper in this republic of ours, so notably partisan? It would be uninteresting and unpopular. I mean a paper honestly without a party,—a paper which should confine itself entirely to constructive criticism in politics and never advocate any candidate's election. Would it not be stupid? But this is a digression.

The news dealers are grumbling over the "decline in newspapers." Nor is it wonderful when one compares their past with their present gains. A fall of a hundred or two per cent. in a single day is enough to make any proprietor's face grow long. They get but little sympathy, however, for the "consumers" do not care, while the publishers say that the "middle-men" are making a fair profit.

But do the publishers themselves gain or lose by the operation? Just now they are undoubtedly losing what they

might have gained had they kept up their old prices. Yet I am inclined to think that they, like the news managers, are making a fair profit. It must be remembered that the price of white paper is not what it once was; that the printing press has attained to a wonderful state of perfection; that the type set for the daily, answers in a great measure for the weekly and semi-weekly editions for which there is little cost in the way of editing, composing, and proof-reading, and which are exceedingly profitable because of their advertisements. Taking, then, all these things into consideration, I see no reason to look for the immediate bankruptcy of the *Herald*, *World* and *Times*.

Again, the circulation will surely be increased, and with a wider circulation, necessarily comes an increase of advertisements, so they need hardly fear for the future. If only the standard of quantity and quality be adhered to faithfully, one who is not a whit a prophet can easily predict the result;—that, like all similar enterprises, it will pay in time.

The cause of the war is uncertain, but that all parties were in a state of expectancy, is shown by the readiness with which they accepted the challenge, and rushed to combat. That they fully understand what they are about, is scarcely to be questioned, and until they themselves cry for quarter, they surely need no sympathy. Then let us not waste our pity, but instead, cheer them on in the good work until the great weeklies shall feel compelled to follow their shining example. The sooner we become a two cent nation the better, if we only get good daily newspapers at a fair price.



A FOOLISH VIRGIN.

We had heard rumors for a long time that a "Vassar novel" was to appear; one that should really have something in it, and should not be mere trash, with the name "Vassar" tacked on at conspicuous corners to make it sell; and so we eagerly awaited the appearance of "A Foolish Virgin." Never was novel more fitly named; although the title was apparently selected as being effective, and the story was conscientiously held to its standard, regardless of the detriment thereby occasioned to Vassar, women in general, and one poor heroine in particular. It is possible to conceive of a girl—yes, even a Vassar girl—who should be foolish to a marked degree; for such accidents will happen in the best regulated colleges; but surely such a supremely foolish virgin as "this nice Elinor of ours," is a phenomenon who should have been judiciously crushed in comparative infancy. To think that, after Vassar has safely struggled through other calamities, she should again be dragged before the public as, in some inexplicable way, responsible for this stylish inanity!

If Elinor had only been definitely bad, it would have been a relief; but her characteristics seemed to be chiefly negative. "She was pretty, perhaps something more;" (doubtful apparently) "with a complexion so charmingly changeful that it almost acquired expression." Pity it did not; that would have been one thing original at least! She was the embodiment of selfishness, but she achieved that vice by not being generous; somewhat as pins save peoples' lives by not being swallowed. Added to her apparent mental incapacity is a painfully deficient moral sense; and "this unscrupulous young heroine of ours" proved that she lacked the right of being considered a characteristic Vassar girl by the very fact of her dishonesty. "Our dear Elinor" must have been cordially des-

pised during her college course; for her principles were such as to admit of deliberate cheating and persistent deception, for the mere gratification of her vanity.

Max Halliday lacked principle to an equally marked extent. But his want of honesty was a trifle more endurable, since it was usually called forth by a desire to put some one else at ease, rather than to make himself appear uncommonly fine. Heath "could not understand why Halliday was willing to perjure his soul, even in the matter of china, simply to please a pretty girl. Halliday could not understand how a man could throw away the opportunity to please a pretty girl, for so slight a thing as a china scruple." One can imagine Halliday as being lovable from a pitiful sort of standpoint, because he was so absolutely dependent on other people; but he did not possess one quality which should call for respect. He was less exasperating than Elinor, because for him the author makes no pretension. While we are continually called upon to love "our dear Elinor," to admire "this nice Elinor of ours," when she has given us no cause to feel anything but disgust at her insipidity. It is possible to conceive a girl with all her displeasing characteristics, as still having a few of those indefinite redeeming qualities which are expressed by "good-hearted," or "well-meaning," but the story contains not even a hint of warrant as to their existence in Miss Morgan's interior mechanism.

If selfishness can combine on the plan of negatives, it was not a bad idea to make Elinor Morgan and Max Halliday fall in love with each other with the expectation of thus neutralizing at least one bad quality in each. In fact, Brother Ned and Mr. Heath are the only characters in the novel who do not regard themselves and their personal interests as paramount to every other consideration. Brother Ned is very good, what there is of him. One could wish that he had figured more prominently, except for the mer-

cenary feeling that if he had, he would have developed into something as unpleasant as the people around him. Heath is fine. It is easy to respect him thoroughly. And yet the undertone of the story brings continual criticism of "poor fellow, what a pity he was so honest" upon him. Throughout the novel there is an uncomfortable failure to give due recognition to fineness of character. With all sympathy for Heath in his bitter disappointment, it is rather a matter of relief that so fine a man was not condemned to life-long endurance of the petty selfishness and inherent weakness of a disposition like Elinor's.

The paragraphs devoted to Elinor's house are amusing. The portières, "upon the slightest provocation," form a picture in one's mind whose truth is confirmed by Mr. Morgan's naming the house, the "Last Waltz of Clarence Cook." The chapter in which we are introduced to Mrs. Bryce's art class, is decidedly entertaining, and uncomfortably true to life in the unflattering view it takes of one class of ladies who pursue their "artless studies." Mr. Heath, with his thorough earnestness, stands in relief against this crowd of would-be art students who are possessed of more "gift of gab" than artistic genius. As Elinor said: "He made me feel as if I were joining a church. He asked if I was fully prepared, and if I realized what I was going to do, and if I was willing to give up the pleasures of the world, and so on." We can appreciate the reason for his discouraging remarks, however, when Elinor's teacher came over for a final inspection of the jar, and "smiled and smiled, and made some carefully elaborated remarks which she had worked up for these trying occasions."

The story of the love affair between Elinor's friend, Miss Freeman, and Mr. Howland, is brightly told, as is its climax: "'But what do you suppose she made him read by way of converting him to poetry?' 'What?' 'Red Cot-

ton Night-cap Country. Poor Mr. Howland!' 'Did she convert him?' 'Oh dear! I don't know; I have always believed he offered himself just to change the subject.'"

The Dramatic Club is interesting in detail, although the attempt to be funny involves a serious strain occasionally. Many of the points are good, though; as when "Portia told Bassanio that she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed; and Bassanio roared in reply, that she had bereft him of all words."

If Miss Morgan, Mr. Halliday, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, and Miss Masson were destroyed together with the plot of the novel, the remaining portion would be enjoyable. Miss Weed has a faculty of happy expression, which makes her personal "asides" very entertaining. The bright remarks which some of her characters make seem to belong to her far more than to them. And still the query is: "Why did unfortunate Vassar have to be dragged in by main force, at the beginning and end of the tale, to witness another failure in representing a characteristic Vassar girl?"

Some months ago, a leading New York journal suggested that the "Corruption of the English Language" would be a suitable theme for the collegiate pen. It is, indeed, a singular and deplorable fact, that, while the collegian, carefully surrounded by the refining influences of music, art, and literature, lives in an atmosphere of study, and in contact with the master minds of all the centuries, the "classic halls" of his Alma Mater resound with slang phrases which would make boatmen and car-drivers turn pale with envy.


One species of slang is the actual mutilation of a good English word, so that by decapitation or dismemberment a new word is formed with its own separate place in the

dictionary, and only the bar sinister of "Low," "Colloquial," or "Vulgar," to mark its doubtful origin.

Another variety of slang is like dirt ; it is good material out of place. For instance, "cake" is an irreproachable English word of respectable Latin descent ; "take" is a pure Anglo-Saxon derivative, while the definite article is welcomed in the most exquisite of literary circles, but "Takes the Cake" is a combination over which the editor of the New York journal would sadly shake his head, and solemnly state his views in regard to the corruption of the English language.

Another kind of slang phrase might be called the corruption of an idea. We can no longer with safety observe that it is a cold day ; if we are left by car or steamer, we must not say so, at the risk of provoking a smile from our sympathetic friend. There is no method in the madness of this last species of slang. Popular caprice may thus at any moment invest any common everyday expression with new and startling significance. We cannot tell how soon our most cherished classical quotation will become the prey of the ruthless spoiler of the Queen's English. Shakespeare spoke of the "*too too solid flesh*," but we may not. "Let it slide" is modern slang, but the expression is used in all good faith in an old English play.

No one defends the use of slang word or phrase. All agree that the "limpid" English of Washington Irving, for example, is the "*ultima Thule*" to which we aspire. That a girl should use slang is especially deprecated. "Pure and undefiled English never sounds so musically as it does from the unadulterated lips of a young girl. Let us talk French if we can, but let us avoid slang as we would pestilence and famine," pleads a poet urged into prose by the exigencies of his theme. Every collegian has friends who do not, perhaps, appreciate sonnets but who can fully sympathize with this expression of the poetic frenzy.



But if lips "adulterated" by slang were to speak in their own defence, they might say: "Slang, at least, is forcible." Force includes clearness and conciseness. There is also in most college slang, a dash of humor, coarse though it may be. A clear, concise, humorous expression is dear to the American heart.

Just now, our favorite novel is a subtle analyzation of character carefully wrought out after a study of French models, whose poisonous breath may or may not have tainted it with dull badness, wretchedness or despair. Then, too, we must study the page of our favorite poet as if it were so much Greek or Latin. Delicate thought is carefully hidden under apparently meaningless words. Mystical, aesthetical, critical, the age is full upon us. What wonder that we rebel against the too finely drawn lines, and in our longing for what is strong and healthy and "not too good for human nature's daily food" that we even welcome, use and approve of slang phrases where coarse humor and obvious meaning is a relief from the delicate art of the novelist, and the unsearchable greatness of the poet.

The use of slang points the need which is felt for a return to concise expression. Dickens originated a style of language which has been most dangerous in the hands of his imitators. Macaulay introduced a fashion of rhetoric, brilliant when he used it, but having a most vicious effect upon the literary style and taste of his admirers. Says Mr. Hale: "Mr. Dickens, in his wonderful use of exaggerated language, introduced a fashion of writing, and now just as the boy who writes the village locals says "subriquet" without knowing at all what it means merely because he has read it in another newspaper, everybody gets entrapped into using wrong words, with the wrong senses, in the wrong places and making himself ridiculous." Thus we fell into the habit of using such large words as "splendid," "horrid," "awful," upon small occasions, while long Latin deriva-

tives have come into general use and abuse. The followers of Macaulay, devoid of his peculiar power, in the conscious or unconscious effort to imitate his style, are prolix, verbose and feeble. This fondness for exaggerated language and exaggerated rhetoric makes written and spoken English weak. It may be that the use of slang is a straw showing that the current is setting toward a time when we shall prefer a short "straightway" to a long "immediately," when we may use the strong Anglo-Saxon word "shove" without an uneasy feeling that some long-syllabled synonym would have been more elegant.

Editors' Table.

One can accomplish almost anything, if she only goes at it in the right way. If we have a point to gain, we shall never gain it by being clumsily hasty, clamorous, and obtrusive. Such conduct will only breed a storm of indignation against us ; will only excite determined opposition to us and our projects. No, it is not the boisterous wind, or rough contact with surrounding agents, that wears away the rock ; the gradual disintegration is effected by the quiet, continuous, irresistible power of heat and moisture. It is not always the battling with wind and storm that causes the oak to decay and die. It may be the silent, gentle creeping up of the mistletoe, enfolding trunk and branches in its close embrace, gaining strength and nourishment at the expense of the life of the tree.

Here, in our college life, we often fail to get what we want,—what we might obtain, if we would only work openly, but quietly and persistently, without a sound or gesture to provoke criticism. Try it and see.

In this age of "realism" when our novels are filled with everyday people, when the devil-may-care villains and heart-thrilling adventures which used to curdle the blood of our great-grandmothers, have been banished to the domain of the "yellow-backs," when girls encase their dainty feet in common sense shoes, comb their hair simply, and

dress their bodies in plain frocks,—why do they persist in clothing their thoughts in such startling epithets as might have graced the lips of the fair Belinda with her cosmetics and her patches? Of all the terms in the Vassar vocabulary “perfectly” is the prime favorite,—not the ordinary “perfectly” of the vulgar outside, but a “perfectly,” capitalized, underscored and italicized. “A perfectly fiendish lunch!” Now, we regard our lunches as entirely too innocent for such epithets, and we see the meek little spirit of the bread-and-butter rise in honest indignation to resent such calumny. “A perfectly beastly examination” is the verdict applied to every slip of paper bearing a question that comes from the teacher’s hand. In order to keep up with our neighbors we are obliged to tell our hostess on leaving that we have had an “awfully royal time.”

This habit of exaggeration has taken such a hold upon us, that when we go home we use the same expressions. Our “revered elderly relatives” look at us askance and shudder at our lack of sisterly feeling when we say that we “fairly detest” a girl, meaning only that we dislike her. This is all nonsense; we never gain a new sensation by this rechristening old ones. Why not reform and have the credit of truthfulness at least?

A casual observer scarcely notices on our walls the unobtrusive green board which dot them here and there. To the old student these bulletin boards, now primly spotted with neat official cards, now bristling distractedly with scraps of student’s note paper, are very significant. We learn from one what measure of time our superiors can give us, from another what old furniture, old books, old clothes (who has not a second-hand chemistry apron?) our equals will sell us. A bulletin board is to us a dictionary from which we learned as “Preps” the meaning of certain mysterious

College terms ; it is a time table by which we may learn —when the trains of College office hours collide. It shows, in a small way, the small rise and fall of College trade, overflowing, at the beginning of the year, with would-be answers to the fresh demands for volumes of Cæsar, Virgil, and Chauvenet ; stripped at the end of the year of all but the meagre signs of a lost penknife or missing ring. One bulletin board should rather be called a shrine to which we come with beating hearts, before which we offer up our peace of mind as a sacrifice to the cultivation of our brains. For do we not learn from that board at what times we must mysteriously descend to the “catacombs” to indulge in those painful rites whose end and aim is the production of essays ? Here must inexperienced Freshmen learn that the accompaniment of “the higher education” is five essays yearly ; here must the literary Sophomore find topics intended to suggest ideas concerning the stars of English literature ; here the saddened Junior reads that she must have ideas concerning Hebrew poetry, or of Athens in the time of Pericles ; here the happy Senior reads “elective.”

But, often as we have speculated on the usefulness of bulletin boards, we have never, until this moment, reflected on the supreme end for which they were evidently intended. Our College bulletin boards have now achieved that end ;—they have passed through the ordeal which all college property is destined to suffer ; they have become “the subject of an editorial.”

If the plan is feasible, it would be pleasant to have a set of tennis in the gymnasium this winter, both for a pleasant amusement and for a sort of supplement to gymnastics. Members of the Tennis Club might be glad to keep in practice slightly during the winter, and if the net could be so arranged as not to interfere with gymnastics, many of us

would be more than pleased to have an opportunity of playing tennis. An apparent incongruity exists between winter and tennis, but in cold weather it is certainly more comfortable to expend the energy needed in wielding a racquet. Speaking of winter exercises, possibly all the students do not yet know that under the recitation room in the Museum is a bowling-alley. Last year there was every requisite needed by lovers of this game, except ball and pins. I do not know whether the deficiency has been remedied. If not, it certainly will be if the students wish to bowl, unless their favorite hours should coincide with Professor Dwight's recitation-periods. Anything for exercise on the cold, wet, homesick days between December and April.

HOME MATTERS.

On Friday afternoon, October 19, we were entertained for an hour by Mrs. Winnemucca Hopkins, a daughter of one of the chiefs of the Piutes. She was introduced by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who said that Mrs. Hopkins had left her Western home for the purpose of petitioning Congress to set aside some of the unjust legislation which threatened the extermination of her tribe.

The lecture to which we afterwards listened hardly justified this description, as it dealt chiefly with the private life and customs of the Indians. Our orator gave us a sketch of a girl's life from childhood to womanhood. Beginning with the time when her childish fingers were first taught to weave the willow-baskets, she spoke of the annual Flower Festival which in her early youth she was allowed to attend, and of her life after she became a woman.

She showed us a pretty little picture of boy-life also, telling how the incipient warriors found their chief delight

in going off on mock hunts to slay the mud deer and antelope which their own hands had moulded.

On Friday night, October 26, we listened to an illustrated lecture on ancient and modern Greece by Mr. Leotsakos, who stated that his purpose was to conduct us in imagination to Greece, to depict its periods of growth and decay, and to contemplate the life and culture of its inhabitants. To three cities, he declared, is the world indebted more than to all others ; to Jerusalem for religion, to Rome for government, and to Athens for science, literature and the fine arts. To Athens, then, were we to direct our attention. A picture of this city in the second century was followed by one of the Acropolis, and by one of sphinx-crowned Athenia holding winged victory in her hand.

Different styles of Greek houses and the popular fashions in dress were next shown. A beautiful picture represented a lady of high rank with her hand-maidens about her engaged in spinning and embroidery, their common occupation. After the pictures ; the description of the musical instruments and of the theatre, the great place for instruction and amusement ; a series of illustrious men were marshalled before us for inspection :—Sophocles, the prince of Greek tragics ; Pericles, who drew to Athens all the literary men of promise ; Demosthenes, who by perseverance “re-moved mountains,” and Socrates, the greatest Athenian of all ages. Several pictures representing the Olympic Games, were followed by some of the most famous statues.

The lecture closed with scenes from modern Greece, and portraits of her royal family, and men of renown ; prominent among these was the handsome face of our English Byron. Among other remarks upon the present condition of Greece, Mr. Leotsakoz said that she spends more money

on education, in proportion to her revenue, than does any other country.

If anyone had said to us six weeks ago, when home-sick and awe-stricken, we set foot in Vassar College parlors for the first time, that these would some day assume for us a festive guise, and that we should be not only negatively comfortable, but even positively happy in them, we should have doubted the statement; but we had not then heard of the Sophomore party. It is too little to say that the anticipations roused in our minds when we did hear of it, were fully realized on the evening of November 3.

As we entered the parlors, we were supplied with programmes and dainty souvenirs of the occasion. Singing by the Glee Clubs was followed by Miss Ricker's spirited address of welcome, and Miss Cleveland's graceful response. After a short interval, refreshments were served in Room I; dancing ensued, and when the stroke of the last bell announced that the pleasures of the evening were terminated, we went home wiser, because happier, Freshmen.

The lunar eclipse of October 13 was an unimportant one, and almost entirely devoid of spectacular effect. However, it was especially interesting to the Senior Astronomy class, as it was one which they computed last year. The untimely hour at which a lunar eclipse occurs, renders it most inconvenient phenomenon for observation; but impelled by a love for science, and an invitation from the head of the Department, the entire class assembled at the Observatory at an hour on the border line between very late and very early. Those who were fortunate enough to

have drawn the use of the telescopes took their observations for the contact of the moon and deep shadows, while other students assisted at the chronometers. The observations were, of course, crude and valueless. A sharp distinction between umbra and penumbra is at best difficult to obtain, but with inexperienced observers and poor instruments, observations could hardly approximate accuracy.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The lunar eclipse of October 13 was observed by many of the Astronomy students.

The Society of Religious Inquiry held its monthly meeting October 14. Mrs. Layyah Barakat, a Syrian, addressed the meeting.

Rumors are afloat to the effect that a burglar was in the building one night last month.

Translation in condensed French class: "Il est louable de travailler, et blâmable de ne pas le faire. "Student translating: "It is praise-worthy to travel, but blamable not to pay fare."

Miss Lester has resigned her position as leader of the College Glee Club. Miss L. M. Stevens is her successor.

Mrs. Winnemucca Hopkins, a Piute Indian, delivered an informal address in the chapel, October 19.

On Friday, October 25, Mr. Leotsakos, a native Greek, delivered an illustrated lecture upon ancient Greece.

The trustees of Vassar College have forbidden the driving of nails and tacks in the walls, except under the supervision of the proper authorities.

The statement made in the October Miscellany to the effect that Mr. John Guy Vassar gave \$25,000 to Vassar College during the summer is a mistake. The money was presented to the Vassar Institute.

Miss Barker was obliged to resign the Presidency of the Dickens Club. Miss Cummock was elected to fill the position.

The Senior Class celebrated Hallowe'en in the Gymnasium on the Saturday preceding October 31. The Junior celebrated the same evening, and also the following Friday.

The Sophomores entertained the Freshmen in the College Parlors, Saturday evening, November 3.

The Sophomore class were guests of the Seniors at the opening of the Senior parlor on November 7.

The subject for the October meeting of *Qui Vive* was Martin Luther. After the literary exercises the President of the club treated the members to ice cream and cake.

The officers of the Freshman class are as follows: President, Miss Cleveland; Vice-President, Miss Briggs; Secretary, Miss Skinner; Treasurer, Miss Sheldon.

Mrs. Fred Hinkel has been spending some days in College.

Wanted: Volume VIII., Nos. 1 and 7 of the Miscellany.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Married, in Salem, Mass., Oct. 11, by Friends Ceremony Pauline Waddington and R. Henry Holme.

Sarah E. Daniels has received from Rutger's Female College the Honorary Degree of A. M.

'76.

Married, in Brooklyn, Oct. 30, Laura M. Mangam to Adam H. Fetterholf, President of Girard College.

'77.

Miss Gardner is teaching at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Miss Jessie Woodward is teaching in the New Haven High School.

'78.

Miss M. A. Whitman has sailed for Tokio, Japan. She goes under the auspices of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society to teach in Miss Kidder's school.

Born, in Berlin, Prussia, Sept. 29, a son, Arthur Siegfried Milinowski, to Mrs. Harriet Ransom-Milinowski.

Born, in Bassingstoke, England, Sept. 30, a daughter, Nora Stanton Blatch, to Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch.

Miss Putnam is teacher of gymnastics at Vassar College.

'79.

Married, in New Bedford, Mass., July, 1883, Abby C. Hayes to Professor G. W. Gillette, of Schuylerville, N. Y.

'80.

Miss Drury has returned to take a post-graduate course.

'81.

Miss Barnum is teaching at Bradford Academy, Mass.

'82.

Miss M. B. King is teaching in Miss Howell's school, Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss L. F. Glenn has returned to College to study music and metaphysics.

Miss Semple is teaching in Louisville, Ky.

Married, at Vassar College, Oct. 17, Marion Johns (Music School '82) to Charles Hickok, of Poughkeepsie.

'83.

Miss Sherman is preceptress of the Washington Academy, Salem, N. Y.

Miss Foos is teaching in Dr. Chenault's school, Louisville, Ky.

Miss Wheatley is teaching in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Harriet Evans is teaching in Newburgh, N. Y.

Married, Oct. 17, in Poughkeepsie, Emily Whittingham Rollinson to Mr. M. Poucher, of Chicago.

Married, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, N. Y., Oct. 16, Jeannie Ryder to Mr. Archibald Montgomery.

The following students have visited college during the past month: Miss Thurston, '80; Miss Peck, '81; Miss Sanford, '82; Miss Slee, Miss Wygant, Miss Cooley, Miss Dewell, Miss Morris, '83; Miss Winne, Miss Hawkins, Miss Fulton, Miss Dickerson, Miss Berger, Miss Powers.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

We are glad the *Williams Athenæum* has taken our advice at last, and concluded not to allow its reputation for literary ability rest upon its editorials alone. The subject a "Sad Experience" is decidedly novel and entertaining, and there is not the slightest hint of its having been written "to fill up." There are touches in "A Fire-light Reminiscence" which remind us of Irving; "What Did It" is not in the least trite.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* is remarkable for one thing at least,—the number of purposes it serves, answering for a circular, a catalogue, and a paper all in one.

We are sorry that success has had such a bad influence upon "*The Dartmouth*." But, to say the least, the editorials are written for a purpose. We wish we could say as much for the rest of the present number. Perhaps it is our own dullness, but we fail to discover any point in "One Evening" unless that of displaying the author's proficiency in slang. We would suggest that the division of the poem entitled "The Fates" into at least two sentences would be beneficial.

We wonder that the University of Penn. can support no better paper. *Chaff* reminds us most forcibly of a quack medicine almanac, minus the valuable information.

The Pennsylvania College Monthly certainly deserves credit for its efforts to fill its pages, even though the material is not just what we might expect. We have heard of all sorts of expedients, but never of one so novel as that of inserting an advertisement for an editorial; but perhaps the author is an agent for "Bell's Indispensable Book Rest," and this may account for his zeal in making its virtues known.

The last *Nassau Lit.*, is decidedly interesting. To be sure we never did hear a party of college-boys use so little slang as is served up for us in "The Student at the Breakfast Table," but the fact only tends to enhance the pleasure which the story gives. We have always stood up for college students,—because we belong to the species. Again, and again, have we asserted that the student in vacation is not to be compared with the same individual during the days of college work. Then he throws off classic restraint, but now, while he is within the sacred precincts of his *Alma Mater's* classic halls he is—what we see him in the first article of the *Lit.* Behold and take pattern, all ye journals who persist in giving us stories which verge upon coarseness, and insist that they are in accordance with the tastes of the average student. "Faith and Poetry" is good, but "Henry D. Thoreau" we always skip. Few can do more than call him a charming writer, and for the rest, silence is best.

The *Amherst Student* has tasted the delights of crabbing; now he knows what to do with himself when summer hours are long.

"A College Reminiscence" in the *Indiana Student* is well written. Generally speaking, the quality of the journal is good.

The current *St. Nicholas* begins a new volume which promises good things for the coming year. As always, appropriate to the season is this magazine with its harvest poems and Thanksgiving stories. Long reign the Saint, say we.

The *Century*, too, begins a new year. Perhaps the most charming contribution to the current number is Alphonse Daudet's reminiscences of "Tourgueneff in Paris." Be-



sides affording the fine estimates of the Russian novelist as an author and a man, it gives a delightful view of literary fellowship in the French capital. Mrs. Oliphant contributes a sketch of the life of Queen Victoria, a paper chiefly valuable for its analysis of character. Cable begins a new romance; Lafcadio Hearn writes of the "Scenes of Cable's Romances;" Joseph Pennell etches them. Henry James begins a novelette, and the author of "Gwerndale" furnishes the short story of the number. If the number is a true index of the coming year, we may expect numerous treats in the way of reading matter and illustrations.

To the November *Atlantic*, the Rev. Brooke Herford contributes a paper on "The Trustworthiness of the Hebrew Traditions," and Mr. Langdon a second chapter of "Recollections of Rome during the Italian Revolution." Henry James continues his studies of provincial France, this time writing of Narbonne, Montpellier, and Nimes. One of the most entertaining articles is a biographical sketch of Dr. Ezra Ripley, of Concord. While it is perhaps less characteristic of Mr. Emerson than some of his essays, few of them are more thoroughly delightful than this sketch. Other sketches, bits of poetry, and the serial stories, together with reviews of new books, and the Contributors' Club, make up a number of this magazine, which, though excellent in comparison with *Our Continent*, fails to compete with the *Atlantic* of yore.

I. P. A.

It is difficult to discover what proportion of time college students spend in study, for so "many men of many minds" and varying ability are collected together that in college as elsewhere the average is hard to strike. Recitation hours

at Ann Arbor University are about as follows : for Freshmen, sixteen hours ; Sophomores, eighteen hours ; Juniors, eighteen hours ; Seniors, twenty hours. At Harvard they vary from eight to twenty-one hours, fourteen being a fair average. The same is true of Williams and Amherst and of Brown University. The scheme is very elastic however. Apparently (as well as in reality) the generally accepted belief the Seniors are people of leisure is a mistake. The reason for their studiousness is doubtless, as has been suggested, the desire of Professors in the various departments to make their elections valuable ; hence the probability that the work will be somewhat arduous.

About a third or half more time is spent in study than in recitation and lectures ; although our Harvard correspondent writes that it is possible there to accomplish all of one's year's work in two months of hard labor, the semi-annual examinations being usually the sole tests of work done. The figures do not surprise us. Our own hours of recitation are somewhat less than the above, — being about twelve per week, but study hours are about the same as at other colleges. In all colleges the time of recreation varies inversely as the hours of study. Amherst students rejoice in "*at least* three hours of recreation." The inference is that—they study better. Various motives govern the hours of study, and the large number of electives granted in many colleges makes them uncertain and varying, but these figures are approximately correct and indicate that young Americans, whatever they may be, are not book-worms.

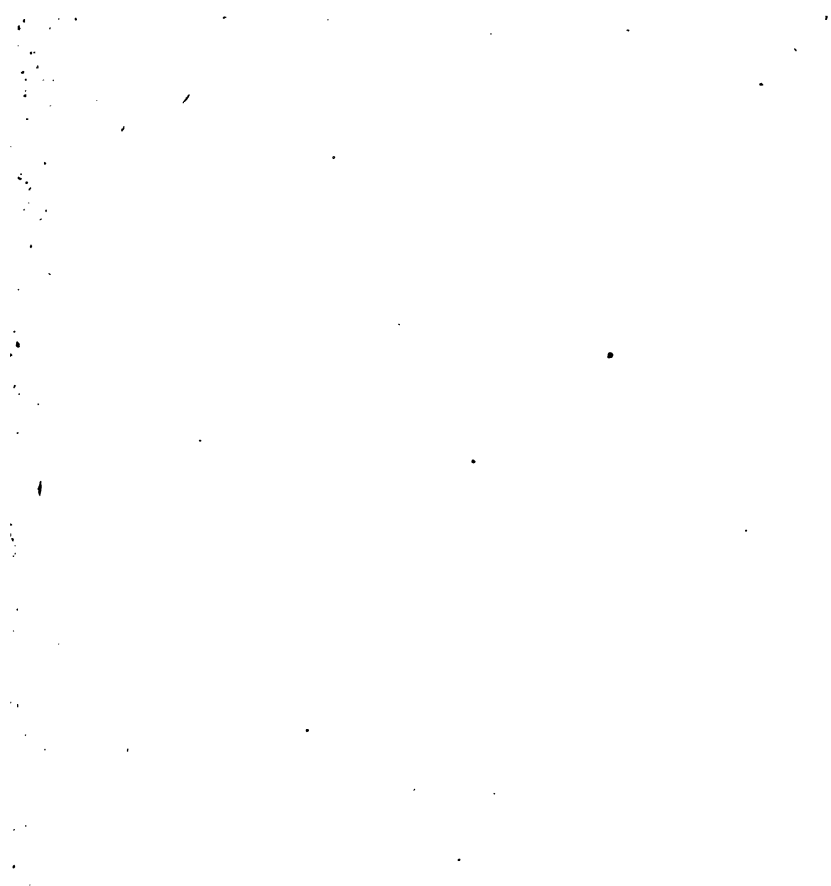
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BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin and Co., numbers one and three of the "Riverside Literature Series ;"—"Evangeline," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

we acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Alephian, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Bit Round Table, Berklegan, Bordoin Orient, Brunonian, Curry, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Press, Columbia Spectator, Ecta Columbiana, Concordiensis, Correspondent, Sun, Era, Dartmouth, Dicksonian, Weekly Enterprise, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Ecate, Herald, Crimson, Harvfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, All Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argosy, Chronicle, Modern Age, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Penn. Coll. Mo., Nassau Lit., Princetonian, Rockford Mag., Rutgers Targum, Richmond Lit. Misc., St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusan, The Argonian, The Tech, University Quarterly, University Review, University Mag., Williams Argosy, Athenæum, Nassau's Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.



The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.	Editors from '85.
L. L. HUSKEY, JUSTINA H. MERRICK, A. BLANCHARD.	E. S. LEONARD, L. H. GOULD.
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER. M. E. EWING.	

XIII.

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 3.


THE ROMANCE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

The sun is setting on the ancient town of Edinburgh. Its quiet streets and unfrequented shops prove that it is no longer a city of kings. Its work-hours, like those of an aged veteran, must be short that it may relive its glory in a long dreamy twilight. On the outskirts of the town stands a quaint old mansion with weedy garden and dilapidated palings. The sunbeams are playing queer pranks upon its venerable frame, and one, more venturesome than the fellows, penetrates a narrow window and lights up a low, scantily-furnished room. It makes more distinct the forms of a harsh-featured, quaintly-dressed woman sitting before the hearth, and of a child leaning upon her knee. For a moment it lingers as if to listen to the tales of Highland clans, of ancient seers, of enchanted maidens, and of

princes haunted by strange shadows, that the boy is drinking in so eagerly, and their faces, figures and legends fade into the dimness of memory.

Ten years later Walter Scott, now a delicate, sensitive lad, lies day after day upon the smooth slopes of Bruntsfield Links or the crags of Arthur's Seat, and pores over the black letter pages of ancient legends or watches the shades of evening steal over the purple hills of Braid, seeing in every dusky pine a Bruce, a Wallace, or a Douglas, and in every stunted bush, an aged dwarf or a stooping antiquary scraping the moss from the inscription on a broken tombstone.

Thirty years more have passed and Scott is still a legend-lover, still a dreamer; but now his magic pen is giving to each well known tale of white-haired nurse or ancient poet a reality which it never before has known, and which will for all time cast about Scotch history such a charm as has never glorified the annals of the world's proudest nations. Scott has indeed done all that poet or romancer can do to make a nation's history and tradition immortal, and yet those traits of character, that manner of life that make the Scotch a unique people are of themselves by no means unromantic. The Scotland of antiquity was an unexplored region. The wild character of its inhabitants, its dense thickets, lofty mountains and treacherous morasses rendered it impenetrable alike to the warrior and to the missionary. The occasional visit of a half-naked, ferocious-looking Highlander to a border town, and vague rumors of deep lakes and romantic glens in the midst of mountain ranges suggested all that our English ancestors knew of the wild region north of the Tay. There gathered about Scotland and the Scotch the romantic interest which always attaches to the unknown. Long after the barbarous usages of Celtic and Saxon and military prowess had died out among the English,




and they had become a peaceable, comfort-loving people, the Scot still retained so strong a tincture of the manners and sentiments of an earlier age as to make him an object of interest and of awe. In our days of crowded towns and conventionalized costume how interesting a picture he affords to the imagination as his tall athletic frame, clad in gorgeous kilt and plaid, stands out against the purple back-ground of heath-covered peaks, or as his strong muscles and swift strokes propel his frail boat across the dangerous waters of some mountain loch. The origin of the Scotch and the English was identical, and yet from the time of that Roman invasion which drove the boldest spirits of the Celts to the impenetrable fastnesses of Caledonia, the line of demarcation between the two peoples has been sharply drawn. Even were there not this race-distinction, their opposite characteristics could be explained by the difference in the countries which they inhabit. The fertile, well-watered lowlands of England furnished their owners all the comforts of life, even when agricultural implements were for the most part unknown, while the Scotch with the greatest difficulty extracted a mere subsistence from stony hillsides and unproductive pastures. Their constant struggle against nature itself and their entire ignorance of enervating luxuries have made them giants in strength and stature. Scott has taken advantage of the universal admiration that fine physical development commands, and has added no little to the interest of such novels as *Rob Roy* and *The Fair Maid of Perth* by making their heroes men of remarkable personal prowess. With the Scots as with all primitive nations, strength of body has been accompanied by courage and fortitude, and although these qualities may have done little to advance them in mechanics, in science, in literature, they have produced fine soldiers and made Scotch history world-renowned for deeds of heroism and of daring. William Wallace, with his little band of foot soldiers, armed

only with lances and bows, proved at Falkirk and Stirling that tough sinews and brave hearts could well be pitted against English horse and English armor. In the long years of border warfare, the Scots, mounted on small, light horses, would swoop down upon their opponents, and disappear before their luxurious, baggage-laden enemies were ready for pursuit. Even to-day when so much of their ancient intrepidity has been lost in consequence of the inroad of civilization, the Highland regiments form the most valued part of the English army. But hardihood and courage are not the only nor the most influential factors that make up the heroic soldier. The bravest man is always he who fights in defence of some principle, and no little of the success that has attended the armies of Scotland has been due to religious enthusiasm. In a country where there must be a constant struggle for life itself, where nature shows its harshest features among a people whose natures are correspondingly unrelenting, we must expect a severe unmerciful theology. The Scotch have been the most devout, the most enthusiastic Calvinists of the world. However little value is attached at the present day to the soul-searching tenets of Calvin and Knox, we must acknowledge that the very terror which they inspired made their followers sternly conscientious and upright: and the consciousness of being the chosen people of God lent them a fiery zeal in which life and self sank into insignificance beside the welfare of the Lord's anointed. But Scotch history does not appeal to the harshest side of our natures alone. It has its soft, attractive features as well as its bold, heroic ones. No little of its enchantment and romance is due to the number of beautiful and gifted women who have mingled conspicuously in its political life, and have exerted a powerful influence upon its national development. In almost every crisis of the nation's fate we find that some woman has played an interesting part. The Scotch are remarkable for

the tenacity with which they cling to long-established custom. When Robert Bruce was ready to be crowned as king they would acknowledge him only on condition that some descendant of the Macduffs who for centuries had placed the crown upon the royal heads of Scotland should take part in the ceremony. Isabella of Buchanan, the wife of Bruce's bitterest enemy, was ready to sacrifice her home, her husband's esteem, everything that was dearest to her heart, that she might uphold her family right. Bruce's coronation was followed by defeat and excommunication, and while he was wandering an outcast in the Highlands, Isabella, beautiful and gifted, was growing old and feeble in the loathsome prison of Berwick Castle. Four hundred years later another monarch is a fugitive and a wanderer, and another woman is his protector. Charles Edward lives for months in a wretched cave in daily anticipation of discovery and death, his only means of subsistence the food which Flora McDonald smuggles to him ; and his only hope of safety, the expedients of her woman's wit. In all history what figure commands more of heartfelt and tragic sympathy than Mary Stuart. Such were her personal charms that even Lindsay who visited her prison-house that he might accuse her of her husband's murder and deprive her of her kingdom, acknowledged that he left Castle Leven with feelings less of hatred than of love. Historians have painted in glowing colors the prowess and the zeal of the little army which marched into the town of Langside, that May morning that decided Mary's fate. The sounds of music, the waving of banners and of pennons, the youthful faces in the ranks, the beautiful woman who rode in their midst, made it look far more like a cavalcade bent upon a tournament than an army upon the eve of battle.

The most unpromising son is often dearest to the parent, and we often find the warmest patriotism in the most un-

productive, unattractive countries. No nation has been more bravely defended than Scotland, no line of monarchs has received more affection and devotion than its royal families. Douglas, leaving home and friends that he might carry out his monarch's last request, and dying with Bruce's heart bound about his neck : the faithful Highlanders following the Young Pretender to the field of Culoden though they knew it was to defeat and death, are instances of that patriotism which has made the Scot, the prototype of unselfish devotion, of unswerving fidelity, of exalted enthusiasm. Harsh as were the natures of the Scots, they were quick to recognize the picturesque and romantic. Nothing could seem more incongruous than the union of the Scot, stern, uncompromising, upright, with the artistic, beauty-loving, Frenchman ; and yet we continually find them fighting side by side against a common foe. The unrivalled architecture of numberless majestic abbeys and lofty castles, proves how strong an influence the light-hearted Frank exerted upon his fierce ally. Each of those great families that in turn swayed the destinies of Scotland was represented by a stately architectural pile, whose moss-covered ruins to-day furnish only a hint of their former magnificence. On many a precipitous rock or beetling crag rises a stronghold unsurpassed in solidity of structure and beauty of ornament. Such romantic memorials of departed greatness as Melrose Abbey, Stirling Castle, or Holyrood, are well-fitted to be the abode of the supernatural beings with which Scotch imaginations have peopled them. The Scots themselves seem to have been proudly conscious of their own leanings to fancy and romance, and have treasured jealously every marvellous tale of ancient wizard, family spectre, and restless spirit. To their eyes every solitary nook was haunted by beauteous maiden or ghostly spectre, every churchyard witnessed nightly the unearthly revels of its occupants, every greensward displayed



its ring worn by fairy dances. To them, countless beings of surpassing beauty or supernatural wisdom made the rugged hillsides and marshy glens of their native land more picturesque, more fair, than the sunny fields of Italy, or the fertile meadows of France. The facts of Scotch history are unique. To the utilitarian they may seem of small importance, for Scotland has not even competed with its sister nation in agriculture, in manufacture, in popular learning, and has done its part toward civilizing and advancing the Anglo-Saxon race through individuals rather than through broad currents of influence. Its history has had but little influence upon the world at large, and yet in itself it possesses a high degree of interest. We first hear of Scotland when Julius Agricola after subduing England, finds the men of the woods invincible. In vain does he build walls and fortresses. Hardly are they completed before the fierce Caledonians fall upon them and not one stone is left upon another. From that time until Scotland became a part of the United Kingdom, it was unconquerable. Many English kings have congratulated themselves upon its subjection, but before their armies could withdraw, it has once more declared its independence.

To the credit of human nature, sympathy is always upon the weakest side, and it excites no little admiration that hardly one army has been raised in Scotland during its entire history but has been from our modern standpoint a forlorn hope, hardly a victory has been won except at fearful odds. Nor has Scotland fought for any petty object. Common suffering and common struggles have made the Scots one people. Notwithstanding the clan conflicts that have sometimes agitated the land during times of national peace, civil wars have disgraced it far less often than any other equally warlike nation. It has been united, although not united as England has often been, to extend its empire by conquest. Its only battles have been fought in defence of political or religious liberty.

The rapid advance of civilization is depriving the Scotland of to-day of much of its romantic interest ; but the Scotland of the past, with its heroic men, its beautiful women, its romantic tales, its dreamy legends, is worthy of remembrance ; for strength, unselfishness and heroism can not fail to charm an age in which these qualities are fast disappearing before the inroads of a luxurious civilization.

M. J. G. '84.

A PRESBYTERIAN BEOWULF.

Jonathan Burr was a Presbyterian farmer ; Beowulf was a heathen pirate. Jonathan Burr walked in the light of the nineteenth century ; Beowulf groped dimly in the darkness of the fourth. Jonathan Burr had a home in the rolling hill-country of eastern New York ; Beowulf spent his life in fighting dragons in a land of "misty moors" on the swampy coast of the north sea. Jonathan Burr drank cold water from a little blue earthenware pitcher ; Beowulf probably imbibed mead from the skulls of his enemies,—and yet after all the two men were very much alike.

Each possessed the sullen perseverance and self-reliance of a Saxon,—each took life with the wonderful earnestness peculiar to the Teutonic race,—and both started out in life with a purpose, devising "what for the strong-souled it were best against the perilous horrors to accomplish." They came apparently to very different conclusions. The hero "girded himself with noble armor," took down his "old, gigantic sword," "vowed that he would a conflict seek and gloriously accomplish," then went forth and slew the monster Grendel. Jonathan Burr clad himself in his homespun coat, grasped the plough-handle or the flail as the case might be, and for eighty long years fought out a harder battle than the "victory-blest" Beowulf ever dreamed of.

Nothing could be more prosaic than the story of his childhood and youth. He was one of the ten sons of a poor Connecticut farmer, and his small-boyhood was but a succession of corn-plantings and journeys to the grist-mill, varied now and then by a run to the top of one Sloop-hill, whence he could see the far-away line of the ocean skirting the horizon. When he was twelve years old the family moved to New York, and our small Jonathan, after taking a last farewell of the old farm and the dim, mysterious sea, took up his position behind a flock of sheep that had to be driven to the new home. Old Summers Burr, like most of the descendants of the Puritans, was a thrifty, hard-working man, and better days began to dawn on the family. The ten boys grew up, settled on farms of their own, and prospered in the goods of this world.

Jonathan married like the rest, became an elder in the old, white meeting-house, taught his children the shorter catechism, and passed as uneventful an existence as one could imagine. We see then that poverty was not his enemy. He had a comfortable old-fashioned house, with a broad, stone door-step and a great sunny kitchen, where his wife sang all day long at her flax-spinning. He cherished no melancholy dislike for the good things of this world. He did not have the weight of any crime upon his soul, nor was he especially and continually buffeted by some grand besetting sin. What then in the name of common sense did he have to fight? It is all contained in two words: Jonathan Burr belonged to the Teutonic race, and Jonathan Burr must fight.

Fifteen hundred years ago Beowulf went out from home and friends to find his enemy and fight him,—fight him hand to hand and face to face, to strain every sinew and muscle of his God-given strength until he or the monster fell. *Our* Beowulf leaves all behind him too, and quietly sets forth to fight in his own mind the battles of his life, to

grapple with the stubborn fact of existence, to win the victory that no man could help him win. These fifteen hundred long years have taught the fierce Saxon much. Grendel is no longer a visible fact, a bodily reality, a cruel beast, easily tracked to his lair,—his Grendel is an impish, invisible, intangible creature, that follows him in lonely places, and attacks him in unwary moments,—now looming up great enough to shadow his whole life, and again disappearing, until he fancies that the monster was but a dream. To find out where he is and what he is, is the work of a lifetime, of a life spent under the unmoved sky, in solitary fields, on lonely country roads.

It took the human race many years and cost them dearly to find out that what they had to fight was a spirit which had made its lair in their own souls. When fire-breathing dragons were no longer to be found, man, with a soul of sublime self-conceit, began to think that whoever differed from him in opinion was the creature whom he was divinely commissioned to slay. Hence Englishman, and Frenchman, each with a prayer on his lips, conscientiously hewed and backed each other for the love of Our Lady. Then came the transition period when they dimly saw that their adversaries were not of this world, and, tried to do their duty by killing witches or their opponents in the faith. Luther in hurling his ink-stand at the tempter, revealed to us the problem of the age and of preceding ages, and showed us the Teutonic yearning for the tangible, the "hittable." Here we can easily trace the struggle of the spiritual for predominance over the real in the people whose hero long ago seized the very "heart-throbbings of his enemy with his great hand-grip."

But our hero did not go forth unaided and unadvised, for in the intervening centuries many of the wise of the earth had evolved various ingenious theories for solving the enigma. In one corner of the aforesaid sunny kitchen

stood an ancient cherry book-case, containing divers leather-covered volumes, on whose yellow pages some of the disciples of Calvin had recorded their experience with the monster and their opinions as to how he could be best subdued. Here sage D. D.'s, having taken counsel together in times of respite from the onslaught of the foe, had collected all the theological ammunition they could find, and had left exhaustive directions as to its use. Here was quaint Baxter, who crawled, as it were, into a secluded corner beyond the scent of the beast, and spent his life in devising what he would do after Grendel was slain, as he trusted he would be in some way or another. Here the melancholy Boston, too, had jotted down minute statistics of Grendel's size, and would have stared in blank amazement if he had been told that the dragon did not always seem the same, and that his claws had perhaps seemed longer to some one else. And here the sainted Jeremy Taylor had laid down the most careful directions for the fight, gravely informing the poor bewildered sinner which side he must attack first, and when he must parry the blows of his adversary, even appointing the times and the seasons when he must call for help.

Furnished with such weapons, a living man went out to an actual conflict. Need it be said that the missiles of the good theologians went all astray? that Grendel came at an entirely different hour from that in which the Rev. Mr. Taylor had warned his fellow-beings to look out for him? and that, when the protean enemy did appear, he bore no resemblance whatever to the beast that tried to claw Boston down again into the abyss of total depravity.

But when doubt and despair assailed the soul of Jonathan Burr, when even Watt's moral hymns palled on his ear and Calvinism itself seemed tame, he betook himself to the one thing he was still sure of—the old, brown family Bible. He was not in the habit of putting appreciative pencil marks about the passages that appealed to him, but the

worn look of the leaves in St. Paul's epistles and parts of the Revelation, and the pathetic dog-earedness of the pages in Isaiah and the Psalms, plainly show whence he drew his consolation. It was a remnant of the feeling that long ago roused the warrior to a frenzy of courage, as he listened to the recital of his ancestors' warlike deeds,—for did not a Saxon's courage still tingle in the rough, brown finger tips of the Presbyterian farmer when he read about the good fight of faith and the fiery darts of the wicked?

This matter-of-fact, every day life was essentially a religious warfare, and indeed could not be otherwise. When Christianity dawned on the Teuton it swallowed him up, and brought all the powers of his mind and body to bear upon the one absorbing idea of his life,—that of translating his creed into action. They generally narrowed down into prejudice and bigotry, it is true, but judging from the results, even the bluest Calvinism is better for the practical purposes of living than the beliefs that have nothing except their indifferentism to recommend them. Furthermore, it was a solitary life. No one on earth knew anything about the daily struggle that went on under the weather-beaten face. He was a good farmer, a good husband, a good elder, and the minister is reported to have said that 'it was astonishing how much Mr. Burr knew for an uneducated man'—he must have had an uncommon mind. In his self-repression he resembled the Saxon hero, for Beowulf, too, was reticent. To none of his bosom friends did he confide the deep motives of the soul that led him to seek out Grendel. He only acted and left them to draw their own conclusions as to his inner man.

Jonathan Burr, in short, was one of those good, old-fashioned Saxon patriarchs who are becoming rarer every day, men who hid themselves away in secluded nooks and thought out their own education, men whose word was as good as their bond, men, who, hated a braggart and a tell-tale, and

were content to take the creed handed down by their fathers, believing and living out all they could, and quietly keeping to themselves any misgivings they might have had as to the rest. They probably thought that any average human being was capable of evolving from his inner consciousness all the doubt and disbelief strictly necessary for his passage through this world without any of their help. And here again we see the spirit of the pagan hero. For when he was struggling for life with the grim monster, not a word of misgiving that could dishearten his fellow-warriors, no sign of that agony of doubt and fear which must have possessed his soul, escaped him.

There is a strange likeness between the souls of these two men, who, fifteen centuries apart, found that their path in life was "an unknown course, over steep, stony slopes," and who started out on it with a sad, grim earnestness, each feeling that he was "fated to abide the end." The same peculiar traits of character which united to make Beowulf a lawless pirate in the fourth century, produced in Jonathan Burr, a stalwart, common place farmer. There was the old Teutonic pertinacity, the stubborn determination, by no means modified by time. When Beowulf started over the sea on his errand "the prudent men somewhat blamed him," says the ancient chronicle, but he did not therefore stay at home. Our hero's convictions, too, were deep and strong, and, when he had once felt their force he was not a man to change them, or allow them to be changed. But deeply rooted in this often troublesome obstinacy was one of the noblest traits of the Teutonic race, a sense of personal responsibility toward both God and man. In simple self-reliance he stood up, willing to take the consequences of all he did and all he was. A Frenchman or an Italian throws aside care with a shrug of his shoulders, and hands over his demerits to the priest to be settled with heaven as best they may. It took the Teutonic race to originate

the representative system of government and the Protestant religion. And as for the duty between man and man, whenever there is anything to be done, some crying evil to be put down, the Anglo-Saxon does not stop to question who will do it. It probably never entered Beowulf's head that somebody else might just as well dispose of Grendel: he simply took down his sword and went and killed him.

There is a sort of homely sublimity in the lives of men like Jonathan Burr. Setting aside not only the praise or blame of men, but even the intervention of saints and martyrs, they wrought out in their lives what they deemed was right, and held themselves responsible to the Infinite alone. The idea never entered this plain farmer's mind that there was anything heroic in what he was doing, or in fact that there was anything else he could do. It was what the old Saxons called "soul greatness."

But if he did not allow his own good opinion of himself to come between him and his conception of duty, far less did he regard the praise of others. Such an almost contemptuous indifference to the world's opinion, seems strange in a man whose forefathers long ago gathered about the body of their dead hero and said of him, as the highest encomium they knew, "of all men he was to his people gentlest, and of praise most desirous." It was only a part of their hero-worship, for to them bone and sinew were a revelation of the Infinite, and they would have measured divinity by its avoirdupois. No wonder then that they yearned for the praise of the highest that they knew. When this hero-worship died away before a truer conception of the Infinite the yearning for man's praise, and the dread of man's censure, naturally died away too in the noblest souls.

But, when the tide of conflict turned inward, what became of the Saxon's bitter, revengeful unforgiving cruelty? Once convinced that what lay before him was self-annihilation, he spent all the pent-up fierceness of his nature up-

on himself. Day and night he fought what he called the "Old Adam," the unregenerate man in himself, took him captive and enslaved him, scourged him, humiliated him, compelled him to fight against what he had before loved, browbeat him generally, and at last, when the soul was strong by reason of the welcome drawing-near of death, laid his life-long enemy low in the dust of earth, beaten, trampled on, overcome.

* * * * * The quaint old Saxon tale relates how Beowulf grew aged and weary with fighting, and how Wyrð, the death goddess, came and stole away his spirit as he lay on the sea-shore, wounded in his last battle. And when his warriors found him there, "soulless," they lamented their beloved lord, and made a great pile of earth, whereon they laid him and kindled a fire.

Then the wood-reek ascended
Swart from the Swedish pine
The roaring flame,
With weeping mingled.

Then they wrought on the hill a mighty mound that could be seen far over the waters of the northern sea, buried in it gold and "the treasures of earls," and then in rude pomp, rode about the pile on their war beasts, saying "such things as it is fitting that a man should say of his liege lord when he shall go forth from the body."

There was no such pomp or public mourning when the soul of Jonathan Burr parted from its worn out body and pressed on its "unknown course" to find what else remained for it to do. On the quiet Fall day when they buried him, red sumac leaves were all ablaze with glory along the country road; the little squirrels, racing in and out along the grey rail fences, found no difficulty whatever in keeping up with the slow-moving funeral procession; and the cows, pasturing in meadows that bordered the road, lifted their heads with a look of mild inquiry at the not unwonted sight, and then went

back to their grazing. The long train of wagons halted at the entrance of the old, neglected church-yard. Then so many white-haired farmers carried our hero over the dry, brown grass to the open grave, and listened with reverently bowed heads, while the minister repeated some solemn words about them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his mark, and over his image, and over the number of his name."

M. P. S. '86.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE TEUTON IN HIS NATIVE FOG AND IN DR. CLAUDIUS.

Our profound veneration for antiquity, a relic too often suggests to us but one question, "is it genuine?" We prize that the intrinsic beauty or value of an article is lying beside the odor of sanctity always clinging about thing which has served its term, and so we try to resurrect the spirit of the past in a few fragments of its substance. So this successfully the authenticity of our relic must not be doubted, for what year-old bric-a-brac or factory-made antiquity is a talisman powerful enough to transport us to the age to which it ought to belong? We very prudently hesitate as to how much respect is due the Cesnola Venus and it is settled whether she is the result of ancient art or modern ingenuity, though neither conclusion can make her more ugly or more intelligible to the ordinary and unartistic comprehension. In spite of Barnum and his assertion to the contrary we dislike to be humbugged, and we are not very suspicious where our perception is likely to be found at fault, but resent the attempt to impose upon us the more seriously because it is unsuccessful.

The test we use for Cypriote statues and Satsuma jugs seems hardly a fit one for a novel hero, but Dr. Claudius is living if not a relic, and we shall very justly feel injured if we find that instead of a living Teuton he is merely a

skeleton reconstructed from fossilized ideas, even though this is done on the most scientific principles. As a representative Goth we may use him as a measure of the progress of the race from the time it sang sagus to the days in which it writes society novels, otherwise, he is merely a big Swede whose most Teutonic characteristic is a fondness for pretzels and sausage for his supper.

If our ideal required only that Dr. Claudius should be a heathen he would certainly stand the test, for it is beyond the power of even American millions and German philosophy to make him anything but a thorough pagan. He has been conventionalized but not civilized, and his treatment of Mr. Screw proves that he belongs in spirit to the days when a man first killed his foe, and afterwards meditated upon the possibilities of not having done so. Dr. Claudius could drop his dearest friend into mid-ocean should his inclination and savage sense of justice suggest it, but would rescue his worst enemy from a similar plight if only for the questionable purpose of himself taking vengeance. The old doctrine "might is right" is strong in him. It requires no stretch of imagination to see him furthering a cherished purpose as King Olaf introduced christianity, or settling troublesome questions by force of arms,—a primitive but, after all, most practical method.

His strength is the single weapon he possesses, but he has no need of any other since he can turn this with equal ease to the accomplishment of every end. It is to him what taste is to Mr. Bellingham, shrewdness to Mr. Basher and social position to the Duke. This force is too unconscious to be called bravery, it is rather the inability to understand fear, the true valor of a son of Odin who thinks this a sort of genuine virtue in which all smaller ones begin and end. His "Consecration of valor" was complete. Anything he undertook from love-making to philosophy was worthy the exercise of the whole of his mighty strength. Indeed,

he could hardly do otherwise, as he seems to have no idea of compromises or half-measures of any kind. Dr. Claudius would live and die without any comprehension of the glorious possibilities of a makeshift, and we cannot imagine him dodging consequences, however disagreeable. His ability to stand any amount of pressure inspires with confidence so far that we find ourselves taking his strength as the pledge of his sincerity, since we can see no reason for his being otherwise.

Like his ancestors Dr. Claudius was teachable, and willingly learned what he lacked, even from his inferiors. It did not lower his dignity to be taught by Mr. Barker how his coat should be cut, much less by Mr. Bellingham how his Russian expedition should be conducted. Yet his sense of his own importance is considerable, and he plainly holds himself accountable to no one. "What is the use," says Kingsley's Goth, "of being a son of Odin if one has to be always giving reasons like a rascally Roman lawyer?" Dr. Claudius has the advantage, rare among moderns, of being able to appreciate himself, without being conceited.

But his most Teutonic characteristic is his earnestness, which the smallest obstacle develops into determination. Dr. Claudius never made a joke, it is doubtful whether he often appreciated one. He will "say grace on the whole barrel of pork" or omit that ceremony altogether, and would die fighting for the whole loaf but would never accept the half. He does everything with equal thoroughness and good faith, and would set out for Asgard as confidently as he started on his half-chivalric mission to Russia. He is not particularly faithful to any one end, but takes life one thing at a time as systematically as his ancestors upset Europe,—with this difference, that he seems already to have reached his Ultima Thule, and as we close the book we wonder what next he will find to do.

And just here it is that we find why Dr. Claudius is less picturesque than the Teuton enshrouded in his native fog and reveling in the halls of the Vikings. The time of Skalds and Sagas is past, and in these degenerate days to be the heaviest drinker at the feast means only to be put under the table. When everything is done at long range we have no practical use for physical strength but in the circus ring, and Dr. Claudius' social position shuts him off from a successful career as a heavy-weight. A somewhat shadowy sphere is outlined for him, it is true, but we can only hope it is not to rule, for as a ready-made tyrant he is unexcelled, and would administer justice in a summary manner which though thoroughly conscientious would leave a broad margin for mistakes.

The reason for this is found in his total lack of sympathy with the rest of mankind. Dr. Claudius would never die of other people's troubles or go far out of his way to prevent them dying of their own. His selfishness is purely negative, and it would never occur to him to do a mean action any sooner than it would a generous one. He is capable of a grand sacrifice should the occasion require, but is too much a man of one idea at a time ever to become a useful member of ordinary society. He is the man for an emergency, and to dispose of him till the occasion requires is like keeping a fire-engine on the front porch. His want of sympathy may be only the result of his solitary life, and perhaps its electric current will come to him in his contact with a broader sphere, but this is doubtful, for he has "lived little and thought much," and as a result tolerates only those failings to which he is himself subject, and has made theories to fit. However, it is hardly fair to quarrel with the man of the Past because he is not also the man of the Present, and if Dr. Claudius does not succeed in finding a place in the world he will be as interesting in looking for it as another man in his proper environment.

C. G. L., '86.

A VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

Several years ago, my uncle took my two sisters, my brother, and myself across the ocean to Paris to meet my mother who had already spent a year in Italy and Germany in a search after health. Having arrived in safety, although somewhat the worse for wear, we found my mother overflowing with health and good spirits, and decided forthwith that the next four months were intended for our enjoyment.

Our *pension* was kept by an English lady who employed French servants. The house was, for the most part, filled with foreigners, there being only two French families in it. There were several New Yorkers and Baltimoreans, Americans like ourselves; an English family, an Australian family, a Spanish family, and one German lady, - making our dining-room altogether a veritable tower of Babel.

We had pleasant rooms which overlooked the court, and as we were never allowed to leave the house except when our governess took us for our daily walk, we spent much of our time in looking out of the window at the people in the house across and in the court below.


The window commanded a view of an ell of our own house which was at right angles with the rest of the building, and in the top story of this ell a young American lived. This countryman of ours was one of the New York family, and as he was learning to fence as well as play the flute, he and my brother not infrequently exhibited for our benefit, in front of the window, at the imminent risk of throwing each other over the narrow balcony. But to the practice of the flute, our neighbor devoted several hours daily, sitting in the open window. We thought him a very handsome and a very gay young fellow, inclined to indulge in all the pleasures of Paris, guarded rigorously by his mother and sisters who kept an anxious watch lest he should be seri

ously led astray. But when he took up his flute he was safe. Nothing could entice him from it and he was perfectly happy, though, unfortunately, he was the only person for a block around who was at ease during that time, for the only essential of a musician which he had was enthusiasm.

The window below this young flute-player's attracted our attention no less powerfully, although our interest had in it more of awe than admiration. A wild-looking young Spaniard could be seen pacing up and down before the window. He was a composer, and sat for hours before the piano improvising the strangest and saddest melodies I have ever heard. We afterwards learned that he was half insane and very restless and melancholy. I could sometimes hear him still playing at night, very softly. His mother told us that his restlessness grew almost into a fever at times, and that they could only keep him quiet by allowing him to play until he was worn out. His sad and sudden death which occurred a few years later was a fitting close to a strange life.

Still lower down on the first floor lived the old concierge and his wife. All along the window-sill were arranged pots of flowers which were the pride of the old people's life. Very often the beggars who came around would lean languidly against the window-sill, to the detriment of the pots, casting up their eyes with an expression calculated to pierce our souls and bring forth our pocket-books. But no sooner had they assumed the correct posture than a deluge of cold water caused "the blind to see" their way out of the courtyard in double-quick time, dragging his faithful dog after him; while the dumb burst forth into a torrent of abuse, with an ease and a choice of language which only a Frenchman can ever hope to attain.

On one occasion as we were watching with deep interest this exhibition, a delighted giggle coming from the house



across caused us to look up, and there we beheld a window full of children, ranging from two to twelve years, who returned our frank stare with interest. We then allowed our mouths to spread into what we were accustomed to consider an entirely correct and satisfactory smile, and regarded ourselves introduced forthwith. They were healthy-looking children and even more unruly than we were, so we got on splendidly, and managed to make our governesses more miserable than before.

The window below the Balentines' (that was the name of the children) was hung with dark blue curtains which for several days had never been drawn. We had asked the Balentines, in a stage whisper, who lived there, but they were compelled to confess that that was the one thing about the house upon which they were not posted. However, they thought it was somebody very grand, for powered footmen came every day, bringing flowers, fruit, books and messages.

Our curiosity was soon satisfied, for the next morning a maid came, and drawing the curtains wide apart, disappeared but soon returned, wheeling a young lady in an invalid chair; which she placed near the window. We all held our breath as we gazed at the occupant. She had fluffy yellow hair and dark blue eyes, and she seemed to us the loveliest creature in the world. When she saw us, she smiled, and we speedily became friends. She used frequently to divide with us the fruit and flowers which were sent to her. When she was well enough to go out (we learned afterwards that she was recovering from the Roman fever), every day, magnificent carriages were driven up to the door, and some gentleman carried her and her companion off for a drive. Gentlemen called at every hour of the day, and twice a week she held receptions, at which musicians and artists, literary and fashionable men congregated. Sometimes the curtains were left apart and we could

look in and hear the music. I once overheard several ladies talking to my mother about her. They said that she was an English widow, and considered very gay. I never heard a lady speak in praise of her, but my brother and the young American,—in fact, all gentlemen stood up for her valiantly, and I shall always believe in her for her gentleness and kindness to children. Not long ago, I heard that she had married a young Italian, who was devoted to her but very jealous, and that he did his best to make her miserable.

The last view from our window was a very small and precious one. It was a vista formed by the walls of two houses which left a narrow open slit through which we could see the Arc de Triomphe, and the spires of the churches. There were always several people on the Arc, whom we watched with the most absorbing interest, for we had heard that, on an average, one man a day committed suicide by throwing himself down. But although for three weeks we hardly gave ourselves time to eat, so anxious were we not to miss any sight, we never saw anything more horrible than one old lady who lost her hat and false front.

In the tower of an old church which was near us, were a set of chimes, which were played every evening for vespers. They generally played the air of some French hymn, but on Easter Day they played "Come, Ye Disconsolate," and we all went.

The day before we came away, I went for a last gaze through my beloved window. The children all wept and kissed their hands frantically, and the beautiful widow wished me a safe voyage. Just then the sun went down and the chimes struck up. When they had finished it was night, the children had gone away, the English lady had drawn her curtains, and I had taken my last look on all that had afforded me so much enjoyment.

M. H. H. '87.


CONVERSATION A LOST ART.

Since the days when a dozen sociable savages gathered around a camp fire to discuss their neighbors, conversation has been one of the constant pleasures of mankind, and will hold its charm as long as the great heart of humanity burns with its manifold passions of joy and sorrow. But in modern life conversation as an art is dead, while discourse, or conversation in its highest sense, is but just born. Our newspapers, pamphlets and many ephemeral publications do for us what the famous clubs did for our grandfathers—our talking. And present times are in this sense more honest than the past, in that as a general rule, social sophistries and clever manners of saying nothing are not so much prized. To be sure we are all more or less slaves to a certain brilliant shallowness in our dailies and magazines, but as a general fact, there is a universal demand for truth and honesty at the expense of verbal ornamentation. We talk now with a very different object from that which prevailed even a hundred years ago. Men are no longer satisfied with wit for wit's sake, nor over patient with a man whose conversation has no purpose behind it, no matter how fine the setting of his thoughts. Intercourse has grown more spiritual and more practical, at the same time.

The French were and are preëminently narrators, conversationalists, from the garçon or concierge who does his work with infinite cheerfulness and esprit, to the great savant who is often as much delighted at discovering a witty *bon mot* as a great truth. Madame De Staël said, "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France," and taking the word in its lower sense she was right, for no language is like the French in its wonderful pliability, with its innumerable opportunities for a delicate play of words, its idioms, and its unequalled facilities for saying one thing and meaning a thousand others. What shining and courtly as-

semblies were those of the Hotel de Rambouillet, whose members talked as much of the morals and manners of Greece and Rome as they lived after the manners and morals of France, where Madame de Sévigné sparkled with wit and satire and La Rochefoucauld observed "the world" with indifferent sarcasm. And Mazarin, De Retz, De Bussy-Rabutin, the great Fouquet, and later, Racine, Corneille, Molière and a host of others, played cards, wrote epigrams and sonnets, loved and hated each other, in a sort of glittering pageant which stands out in sharp and bitter contrast to the depths of cruelty and sordid misery which always make a background to the court of Louis quatorze.

In England the mind reverts to many famous companies. The gray old wainscoted rooms, with quaint low windows and carved ceilings, where the members of the Mermaid met is a clear mental picture. One sees the stately figures of Sir Philip Sydney, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Ben Jonson; and toward the small hours of the evening, Sir Walter Raleigh, late from the service of her Majesty and still in his magnificent court dress, seats himself in the founder's chair and brings to the sparkling conversation of his neighbors, a wit as keen as theirs. William Shakespeare, as his companions saw him, a young man of talent from the country, a favorite actor and jovial comrade, often spent long evenings in the famous old rooms, while the dim candle light flickered, on the tall, tankards of ale and antique furniture, and suddenly flaming up, showed the eager laughing company gathered about the table, listening face to face to the future master of men, who as he held the admiration of that little, careless group of joking comrades would hold in years to come the wonder and veneration of that larger audience the world. Later in history the reign of Queen Anne summons up a brilliant social picture; from the court enlivened always by the shrewd wit of the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough to the great clubs. The Beefsteak



and the ever memorable Kit Kat comprised at first only thirty-nine members ; where Addison and Steele, Congreve and Bolingbroke, Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh and Pope, each in his turn gossiped and satarized each other, and discussed politics and literature, the court and the stage. Later by some years the brilliant little circle at Strawberry Hill became famous, as much for the quaint humor and fancies of its variable host, as for the literary and social coterie he drew about him.

Conversation speedily loses its best power and benefit when we talk for the sake of talking, and moreover the minds which converse must be in a certain broad sense congenial, must have some harmony and common ground of thought, or their talk sinks into mere chit chat or recrimination. One often hears the expression "he has a great talent for conversation," but in certain companies the brilliant talker sits dumb and diffident. Among those who appreciate his thought, he will regain his tongue. A fine story is told of Madame De Staël that after riding through the Alps in a terrible thunderstorm, her party reached the inn, and met there others who had come by the same road and told fearful tales of the terrors they experienced on the way ; the company in her coach were much astonished ; they had known no storm—there had been in their carriage such discourse between Benjamin Constant, Madame De Staël, Schlegel and Madame Recamier, that the journey had been all too short.

Conversation, unlike eloquence, needs generations of cultivated men and women, a background and perspective. Mr. Emerson said of some student, that he had been taken "two or three births too soon, to make a scholar." And this law of descent in culture is often cruelly inexorable. The author of the saying, himself, was the logical outcome of a long line of stern Puritan ministers whose keen analytical minds fought and wrestled for truth with that stead-

iness of purpose and indomitable perseverance, which only New England can show. Their severity of reasoning formed a firm substratum for the Platonic idealism that followed in their descendant.

We must talk always for truth and not victory, or we leave each other unsatisfied and ashamed, and truly we cannot imagine anything more beautiful than a circle of generous, cultured men and women, each seeking not excitement or triumph, but truth and benefit,—Where all are of so fine a nature that each has no foible to be treated tenderly, but where all questions of love or hate, life or death are discussed with equal serenity. Finally, as to conversation in its highest sense, much must always remain unsaid and cannot be put into words. To quote from Emerson again who has written more to the heart of this matter than others, "The greatest good of life is conversation." Even the casual reader comprehends what is contained in that sentence, when they recall the circle that gathered in the library of that New England home, a society and intercourse of thought, that make the wit of courts poor and superfluous. Longfellow, then a young man, the Alcotts, father and daughter, Thoreau, fresh from the woods and fields of Walden, Hawthorne wooed for an evening from his solitude James Russell Lowell, Theodore Parker, Channing, Wendell Phillips and Margaret Fuller, and, above all, the quiet host who spoke little, but whose golden words fitly clothed thoughts, whose serene majesty recalled the old Greek days of learning and philosophy.

In nothing is the advance of our civilization so apparent as in the growing depth, beauty and sincerity of our conversation.

H. O. B.



Editors' Table.

"Music hath power to soothe the savage breast." It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, so are we not justified in saying that music hath power to render savage the breast once calm and peaceful? Yes, music *can* tend to lead us back to an aboriginal state of ferocity seldom equalled and never surpassed by the native red man. And that is why the guitar, the banjo and the plaintive jewsharp have been made dumb on Sunday. But the music of the human voice, which manifests the presence of the soul of man: the music of the human foot, which likewise manifests the presence of the sole of man,—these are not quiet. We sometimes, on the pages which immediately follow De Temp., wail without a woe: we oftener wail for a woe to furnish us a subject; never, it is certain, does a woe exist minus its accompanying editorial wail. But it is with a purpose far better than that of spoiling good paper that this urgent request for a short space of quiet on Sunday is penned. If, when people come in from exercise about four o'clock, they would leave just a trifle of the outdoors behind them, we should be infinitely more comfortable indoors. And if people would not sing "Way Down upon the Swanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home," all of every Sunday afternoon, we could rest incomparably better. Or, if two adjacent parlors must sing, if they would even sing in concert, we might be put to sleep. But as it is—however, having vetoed music on Sundays, we have no right to harp.

Why not have the pleasure of anticipation as well as that of realization? Why, in other words, do we keep secret, or try to, the plans for our prospective festivities until the moment of fulfillment? Such a course, to be sure, throws an air of mysterious consequence over the actions of committee women, but then, committee women are too much occupied with actions to covet consequential airs. It is true that secrecy would add the element of surprise to the denouement if the concealment were of a thorough-going kind. But with, for instance, five committee women, each having five confidential friends, absolute secrecy is impossible, and by the means adopted, we secure neither the pleasure of being astonished, nor the joy of looking forward to a certain happiness.

December 27, 1882, was intended to mark an era in College journalism. At that time, this important branch of literature was being discussed with immediate reference to its improvement in tone and truthfulness by twenty-five delegates endowed with the massive intellects and executive ability, so characteristic of editors. The plan which had been maturing became a reality, and the Inter-collegiate Press Association existed. It had promised much, or its projectors had for it. We had heard more than once of the plan, we believed in it enough to write a letter to the Convention where we had delegates—by proxy. We remember such trifles as the letter and proxy chiefly, because the end has proved, to us, so different from the promise, and it is on this account that we have taken the step which we have. Before this reaches our exchanges, our withdrawal from this long-titled association will have reached its secretary. We have not taken this step impulsively or without cause. The I. P. A. according to its constitution was to provide a reliable medium for the interchange of college

news. This was but one of the ends and aims, but was *the* one that promised most speedy and practical returns. It worked well until the honor, marking and essay systems of our various brother colleges had been exhausted by us, and we in turn had been exhausted by them. It has come to this now, that merely a desultory exchange of college gossip is carried on by a few papers. The more desirable bits of information concerning changes in courses, improvements or losses are known no better nor more certainly than before. We are furnished with detailed accounts of the atheletic status in the various institutions of learning—but so were we before. We do not, however, leave the I. P. A. simply because our curiosity—supposed to be a feminine prerogative—has not been more fully satisfied. The promised and hoped-for change for better in the tone of college writing has *not* been apparent. No doubt this is due to a number of causes: the changes in the various editorial boards whereby the I. P. A. lost many of its staunchest friends; the amount of time necessary to any careful work in its behalf; the impracticability and indefiniteness of the scheme for work as adopted by the Convention, and chiefly the lack of coöperation on the part of its members, may all be blamed. We think we are not exaggerating the matter when we say that but two or three out of the original thirteen papers have tried to make the I. P. A. of any practical benefit. It is because, in our opinion, this association, which, with proper and definite plans might have been of genuine benefit, has failed, and because we see no gain that can accrue from a longer membership and do see how much labor will be wasted in the endeavor, that we withdraw from I. P. A.

Our propensity for criticism has been remarked. But the conscientious editor, although she seems to consider it

a duty to set forth in glaring terms all the faults of the College and its students, is not the heartless critic that is some times imagined. On the contrary, she takes great pleasure in a theme where, without detriment, she may administer the sweet condiments of praise. "Praise is but virtue's shadow." In this case it is the shadow cast by the Society of Music Students, which under a new name is putting forth its best efforts not only to assist its members in the art of piano-playing, but also to increase their knowledge of music in all its varied forms. To this end they are fitting up as a library, one of the quondam music-rooms in Music Hall. Their aim is to make the room cosy and attractive enough to induce their members to occasionally spend an hour with musical literature. A few pretty knick-knacks and easy chairs in contrast to the bare practice-rooms and backless stools will, no doubt, make the little scheme a success. The few books which they have already collected are but the grain of mustard seed from which a mighty tree is to spring. Donations are gratefully accepted.

The Thekla Society is in a flourishing condition, with more active members than ever it boasted under the old name, *The Students in the School of Music*. And now that it is broadening its plane of action, and raising its standard, we hope that the society will become a little less conservative, and occasionally allow its members to invite friends to the meetings.

We have grown very familiar with a College law of which the purport is, "that no student can under any circumstances be allowed to take her guests to witness the performance of a Philatethean play." This is at least the substance of the answer made to the majority of the students who have the temerity to ask permission to escort a friend thither. To the law itself, if enforced strictly and impartial-

ly, we could not have the slightest objection. We know perfectly well that these plays are not put on the stage with a mixed audience in view—we even admit that it might not be desirable to try to act for such an audience, but wherein a thin mixture is better than a thick one we cannot see. To our beclouded vision the presence of one gentleman is as much of an obstacle as that of a dozen. Further, it is perfectly evident that the admittance of chance lady guests would result in a great influx of unexpected visitors, which would not be at all desirable when the size of the hall is taken into consideration. But why, when we are expressly told that it has been decided to admit no outsiders, the friend of one student is permitted to be present, while that of another must stay at home, is a problem over which we vainly rack our brains. If we were told that the admittance of visitors to a Phil. play is a mooted question, the decision of which rests with the powers that be ; if this decision depends upon a knowledge of the guest then under discussion ; if the abiding place of the visitor and the length of her visit makes all the difference in the world, we should at least understand the position of things-arbitrary, as it might seem. Truly, there are rules, the reasons for which the student cannot comprehend even when she is told the words.

HOME MATTERS.

The doleful anticipation of those who were destined to spend the Thanksgiving recess in College were unfulfilled. Thanksgiving day passed with more than the usual pleasure,—conspicuous among them the delicious dinner in which much “cold young pig” figured not less agreeably than the tempting side dishes, dainty menu and many other perquisites of a good Thanksgiving dinner. The

announcement that a reading by Miss Le Row, followed by dancing would be given in the Lyceum, was received with applause. Promptly at seven o'clock Miss Le Row appeared, and the reading which followed was listened to with great pleasure. We thank Miss Le Row for her generosity in helping to make our Thanksgiving a pleasant one. After dancing, the day was finished by a promenade to the parlors where ice cream was served.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, Miss Neally Stevens gave a piano recital in the chapel. Miss Stevens graduated from the college with the class of '77, and for the past four years and a half has been studying music in Europe under Von Bülow, Kullak, Raif, Moszkowski and Liszt.

The Poccata and Fugue by Bach-Tausig gave evidence of remarkable strength and execution. In contrast to this the Romanza of Chopin's Concerto in E Minor showed to good advantage her delicacy of touch. The pianissimo effects of the Rondo were charming, and the closing passage was executed with great brilliancy. The Mazurka and Barcarole of Moszkowski were very generally admired. Rubenstein's Valse-Caprice was followed by an interesting etude of Liszt.

Miss Stevens gave a vivid interpretation of *Feux Follets*,—by no means an easy task. She fully met the requirements of Liszt's *Rhapsodie* for power and endurance, and in this she found ample scope for the display of her extraordinary mechanical skill.

Miss Stevens has an excellent touch and her playing is characterized by intelligence, giving evidence of careful training, and by finished technique furnishing proof that time and opportunity have not been wasted. Miss Stevens has our best wishes for a brilliant future.

The eighteenth birthday of Philalethea, like all similiar occasions, was ushered in by unwonted hurry and bustle which cropped out even at the breakfast-table.

All day long the corridors resounded to the tread of busy feet, but not until evening did we perceive the full glory of the transformation which had been accomplished. Our bare and battered room J. was hardly to be recognized in the tastefully arranged parlor where our guests seemed most inclined to linger. The pretty pictures, cabinets, bric-à-brac, flowers, easy chairs and sofas, and all the graceful trifles which go to make up an attractive room, seemed to have sprung, as if by magic, from the walls and floor of Room J. The initiated, however, know that such mystic changes are not wrought by the wand of a fairy but by the painstaking fingers of committee-women.

At about eight o'clock the chapel began to fill, and soon all eyes were turned upon the procession, led by Miss Loomis. Miss McMillan's bright and graceful address was followed by a song from Miss Simms whose voice was much enjoyed by all. The programme was varied by a piano solo from Miss Stevens of '77.

Although the committee at the last moment were compelled to see their plans overthrown, they bravely rallied from the shock; and the purely musical character of the entertainment formed a pleasing contrast to the conventional order of things. To the brevity of the exercises we must attribute the increased attention which the audience bestowed upon them. We were proud of our Glee Club, and the 'Song from Freischutz' made a pleasing close to an entertainment which we hope our guests enjoyed.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" was given by the Philalethean Society Nov. 24, and in its rendering we were not dis-

appointed, for a play has seldom been better learned or more skilfully managed. It is extremely difficult to move about our little stage when there are a number of people upon it, but on this occasion each actor seemed to know her own place and how to take it at the right time without confusion or awkwardness. Miss Halliday, as *Dot*, perhaps seemed at first a little conscious that there were others besides her *John* who were listening to her low, happy prattle; but as the play advanced she lost herself in the character, and completely won our admiration. Miss Cumnock threw herself heart and soul into the character of *John Perrybingle*; we were certain that his happiness and misery were her own. Even the fact that the feeling was sometimes expressed in a woman's way did not detract much, we were so sure it was genuine. Miss Stevens succeeded well in filling the difficult rôle of a blind girl. Her acting lacked the studied, strained air common to such parts. Miss Gardner brought out clearly the pathetic, double life of *Caleb Plummer*, that of a discouraged, broken-hearted old man, striving to cover up misfortune and brighten every event for the sake of his daughter. The part requires great skill, and Miss Gardner succeeded far better than could have been expected from an amateur. Miss Craig, as *Tackleton*, was thoroughly good, especially in the expression of her face, the tones of her voice, and her easy manner. *Tilly Slowboy*, as represented by Miss Skinner, was extremely amusing and admirably done. The other parts were all well taken and deserve praise.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Professor Mitchell's cats, Sunflower and Governor Robinson, have been devoted to anatomically-minded students.

Morning chapel was omitted November 11. In the afternoon a score or more of children from the Five Points Mission were here with Mr. Ferguson, the superintendent.

Prof. Drennan addressed T. & M. on the evening of November 17.

Vail has been elected '84's class photographer.

President Caldwell addressed the *Qui Vive* Club, November 23, upon some places of interest in Europe.

The first Philaethean play, "The Cricket on the Hearth," was given on the twenty-fourth of November.

A meeting of the Society of Religious Inquiry was held November 25. Dr. Hodge, of New York, addressed the society.

Miss Neally Stevens, of the class of '77, gave a piano recital in the chapel, November 27.

Thanksgiving vacation included Friday.

Miss LeRow read to us in the Lyceum on Thanksgiving evening.

The eighteenth anniversary of the Philaethean Society fell this year upon the seventh of December.

For the sake of those who do not know, we would say that a two-cent stamp is required on all MISCELLANIES sent from the college.

Miss Wilson, of New York, is the teacher of vocal music.

Died, at Vassar College, Nov. 1, Miss Ida C. DeWitt, teacher of vocal music. The College extends its sincerest sympathy to her family and friends.



PERSONALS.

'67.

Mrs. Minnie Dickinson-McGraw was a guest of the college this month.

'69.

Mrs. Colby-Smith was in college during the Thanksgiving holidays.

'77.

Married, in Cleveland, June, 1883, Mrs. Fanny Rouse-Otis, ex-77, to Rev. Dr. Berrins of Brooklyn.

'80.

Married, in Colfax, Cal., Nov. 26, Carrie D. Perkins to Rev. W. M. Woodward.

'81.

Married, at Fort Ann, Oct 17, Harriet E. Gardner to Stanley D. Curtis of Plattsmouth, N. Y.

Married, in November, Elizabeth Marvin to Robert W. Neff of Boston.

'83.

Miss Cora Wheeler is teaching Latin in Miss Thomas' school, Poughkeepsie.

Married, in Poughkeepsie, Nov. 27, Charlotte R. Wheeler to Charles Overacker of Poughkeepsie.

'85.

Betty Campbell Woods has been obliged to leave college, on account of ill health.

'86.

Died, in Poughkeepsie, Nov. 20, Winifred Waterbury.

TO her family, her college friends extend their heartfelt sympathy.

Married, in Boston, Oct. 9, Jennie Parker Mills to Rev. Frank Woods Baker.

The following students have visited the college during the past month: Marie Waite, '76; Miss Gertrude Palmer, '79; Miss Bernard, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler-Overacker, Miss Susan Swift, '83; Miss Carrie Fulton, Miss Star.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

In the December *Atlantic*, the timely paper of Frederic H. Hedge on "Luther and his Work," gives a very fair estimate of the character and influence of the great reformer. Another interesting paper is Ralph Waldo Emerson's biographical sketch of his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, to whose influence he attributes the shaping of his career. Richard Grant White shows plainly that "Some Alleged Americanisms" are really English in their origin and use, and the picture of Californian life by H. H. has a very pleasing effect.

The current *St. Nicholas* is the Christmas number. Prose, poetry, illustrations—all are good, but Charles Dudley Warner's highly original sketch, called "Fare in a Street Car," and Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney's delightful paper on "Edouard Frère and his Child Pictures," are worthy of special mention.

A good portrait of Peter Cooper is the frontispiece of the last *Century*, and the anecdotal paper of Mrs. Susan N. Carter, (who is at the head of the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute), throws much light on Mr. Cooper's

ideas and aims in promoting the education of young women for skilled occupations. Professor J. Rendel Harris of Johns Hopkins University gives an interesting illustrated account of a discovery which he believes he has made with regard to the text of the Bible and other ancient manuscripts. The story of New York life, "An Average Man," by Robert Grant bids fair to be entertaining, and Miss Litchfield's "One Chapter" makes us wish for a second.

In consideration of the idiosyncrasies resulting lately from our own proof-reading, we are compelled to forego the pleasure of calling attention to similar oddities in other journals. Our only consolation is that we have company in our misery.

We have at last learned what an editorial is. *The Dartmouth* was our teacher. Long had we puzzled our brain in a vain endeavor to find out why the average college paper devotes one-third of its space to editorials, one-half to locals and college gossip, but only one-sixth to anything bordering on literary miscellany, when at last it dawned upon us that our worthy contemporaries considered that whatever an editor might write must be an editorial, without regard to the subject matter or method of treatment.

"Philology XIV," in the *Harvard Lampoon*, is very good, the rest of the jokes and puns are rather far-fetched. By the way, why does the *Princeton Tiger* refuse to set foot within our *Sanctum*?

It is to be supposed that the *Rutger's Targum* was trying hard to merit its name when it paraphrased "The Student at the Breakfast Table." Had it been written in Chaldee and it would have suited our demands far better.

The *University Magazine* expends twenty-five pages in examining, weighing, and pondering over Wordsworth. Per-

haps the author felt rewarded for his trouble; we certainly did not for ours. The paper entitled "Who shall Vote," is good,—not only well-written, but a very fair and just discussion of the question.

The *Cornell Review* opens with a well-written character-sketch. The Marginails are all good—but then we have a fondness for short and spicy articles on current topics.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* waxes eloquent on the "Needs of Our Foreign Commerce." This, followed so closely by "England's Rule in the East," and supplemented with "Bedouin Arabs," came near annihilating us before we reached "Enoch Arden" and the poetry. Somewhat refreshed by the great and sudden change we courageously waded through the historical researches of a senior and the entomological studies of a sophomore, after which we were fully prepared to enjoy "The Parson's Flea."

Ah, yes; *The Argo*! It dotes on souvenirs, bemoans heartless wretches, goes into ecstasys over stars and night-ingales, praises the lover's voice in the mystic moonlight, and yet it longs for repose. We sincerely hope the poet may have his fond wish gratified,—let him "In pensive thought soar up and far away." "The Evils of Procrastination" is funny. Please write some more "Melodious Discords." "The Trials of an Immigraist" is far from being bad. In fact, we like the eleventh number of volume third very much.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of *The Sunday Chronicle*, of Knoxville, Tennessee, in which we found one of a series of very entertaining letters written for that journal by Miss Mary B. Temple, of the class of '77, who is traveling in Europe. Pisa, Genoa, Milan, Bellagia, are the cities of Italy which she describes in the paper at hand. It is

said that "no letters from Europe have attracted half the attention in a Southern newspaper since the war as have those written by Miss Temple."

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Commissioner of Education sends us his report for the year 1881. It is very interesting to note the differences in the school systems of the various states.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, are the publishers of a fine sketch of "Marie Antoinette" as a woman and a Queen which will well repay a careful perusal.

Among the many beautiful books designed to make Christmas a happy time for the little folks is none more charming than *Plutarch for Boys and Girls*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Typographically considered the book is perfect and, anyone who knows that it is a collection of parts of the *Lives* of Plutarch will not need to be told how instructive, as well as entertaining, both girls and boys will find it. The happy style of the Editor, Dr. John S. White, will make the book sought for by older "boys and girls" than those for whom the work was compiled. The book is offered at a very reasonable price and will, no doubt, find a large sale during the holiday season.

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We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Adelphian, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Beloit Round Table, Berkleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Press, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Concordiensis, Cornell Review, Sun, Era, Dartmouth, Dicksonian, Dutchess

Farmer, Girton Review, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Herald, Crimson, Lampoon, Harverfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, Modern Age, Notre Dame, Scholastic, Occident, Our Magazine, Penn. Coll. Mo., Princetonian, Nassau Lit., Rockford Sem. Mag., Rutger's Targum, Richmond Lit. Misc., St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusan, The Tech. Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Cynic, University Mag., William's Argo, Athenæum, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.

The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.	Editors from '85.
L. F. L. HUSSEY, JUSTINA H. MERRICK, A. BLANCHARD.	E. S. LEONARD, L. H. GOULD.
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER, M. E. EWING.	

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No. 4.

THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS, DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

The last of the Knights! What romantic associations and fanciful pictures the title presents. Passing centuries have softened the imperfections and, perhaps, dimmed the glory of these great and powerful orders which vanished almost wholly with the beginning of the Reformation, but we are still fascinated with the tales of their gallant deeds. Much as we are interested and excited when we read of the Knights as they appeared in banqueting hall, in the tournament and on the battle-field, we can hardly realize the importance which attached to their every deed. Although the sturdy English and gallant French could claim the greatest number of Knights of St. John, Knights of the

Round Table and Knights of the Golden Fleece, yet the impetuous Spaniard, loyal, unscrupulous in his daring, and capable of boundless devotion, was best fitted to appreciate the beauty and romance of chivalry.

When, early in the sixteenth century, Philip II. ascended the throne of Charles I., the glory of chivalry was declining. The crusades, which had exalted it were over, and the Spaniards were beginning to feel the effect of the change then spreading over the whole of Europe. Oppressed and slighted by the mighty Charles V., they welcomed his son as the herald of better times. In truth, it were hard to find a better type of Spanish character. Spain was the whole world to him : he had no desire for foreign acquisitions, except as they increased the power and glory of her ruler. Like all Spaniards, he was devoted to the cause he had once espoused, jealous of foreign interference and bigoted to the last degree. His true Spanish character gained him the love and admiration of his subjects at the very outset of his career. The same people while preserving their loyalty to the reigning monarch, could extend their devotion to Don John as well. His knightly bearing, his courtly manners and his manly virtues made him the idol of his Castilian followers during a remarkable life.

Don John, as pictured in history, is the gallant cavalier whom his portrait shows. Though not above medium height, his well formed figure gave him an imposing appearance. The erect, well-poised head shows us the man born to command, while the honest, blue eye tells equally well of the upright manliness of its possessor. The curling locks, brushed carelessly back, as was his custom, disclose a high, well-developed forehead, and the firm mouth above a decisive chin, leaves us in no doubt as to a strong and resolute will. The dress of the young soldier with its burnished corslet, rich material and high lace ruff typify the actual combination of warrior and knight that one found in Don John.

Such courtly manners and princely bearing seem incongruous with the surroundings of his early life. His mother, Barbara Blomberg, was a peasant woman of low intellect and morals, with whose blooming cheeks and buxom figure the august Emperor had, by chance, been fascinated. However, it took so little time for Charles to recover from his infatuation, that in 1549, when the little Geronimo was three years old, he was removed from his mother's care to be placed under that of an honest peasant and his wife, hardly her equals in social rank. While still a little boy he was removed from his Flemish home and placed in a family of high rank in Spain. Only the head of the house, Luis Quixada, knew of his noble parentage, but faithful to his beloved monarch, he reared the little Juan, as he was styled in Spain, as a true gentleman, noble and chivalrous. While thus passing his childish days, knowing the worthy Don and his wife as his only parents, his father died, and entrusted him to the care and brotherly love of Philip II. Finding one day with Don Quixada, when he was twelve years old, Juan was surprised to see his guardian dismount from his high stepping horse and, approaching him with great humility, salute him as "Your Highness" begging him to take the finer and give him the humbler steed. The wondering boy complied with the request and they had again started on their way when the King and his retinue approached. There, with the gaily dressed followers as audience, the opening scene in the drama of his career was played, and Don Juan learned for the first time of his royal parentage.

Aside from the direct disadvantage which he experienced from this mixture of peasant and royal blood, his life was hampered by his dependence upon Philip. To his proud and ambitious nature anything but an equality of rank and position was galling, although he did not recognize the unbounded selfishness which caused Philip thus to curb his

brother's fiery and impetuous spirit. Don John had been destined for the church and, although Philip, willing to carry out his father's wishes and thereby rid himself of a dangerous rival, designed him to enter some holy brotherhood, the principal in the transaction was strongly opposed to the idea. When only eighteen, he became so eager for a soldier's life, that, unable to gain Philip's consent to the undertaking, he secretly escaped from his princely confinement, intending to join the Maltese expedition. But Philip, the ever watchful, discovered his flight, followed him and the would-be knight was led back in disgrace. The cause for the King's displeasure appealed to chivalrous Spaniards and their love for the boy became homage to the man. They were quick to recognize the spirit of adventure and sympathy which led Don John to cast in his lot with the Maltese Knights. The crafty Philip saw plainly that his brother's ambition and energy must be utilized lest they should work mischief against himself and his kingdom.

Accordingly, when Don John was twenty-two years old he was placed, nominally, at the head of the expedition against the insurgent Moors; only nominally, for, while bearing the title of commander, he was compelled to refer all matters to a council, composed of some six or seven Spaniards, all of high degree in Church or State, and all, except the faithful Quixada, equally jealous of one another and of him. After a long and uncertain struggle the decisive measures of the young commander brought the enterprise to a successful issue. This longed-for result coupled with his almost miraculous preservation from injury in many times of imminent danger, led the superstitious people to believe that their beloved leader was to be revered as under special Divine guidance.

Don John's first laurels as a great military leader and dauntless hero were won in the engagement and victory of Lepanto. The journey of his army from Madrid to Naples

Messina and the scene of action, seems like a gay triumphal procession to us who are accustomed to look upon war as a terribly practical affair. Don John's retinue was princely; soldiers and horses were decked out in plumes and scarfs, nodding and floating in the wind; the leader himself was clad in white velvet and cloth of gold, with a crimson scarf across his shoulders, while the snow-white plumes which drooped from his cap "mingled with the yellow curls that fell in profusion over his shoulders." "It was a picture," Motley says, "which the Italian maiden might love to look upon," and, judging from the fêtes and banquets which were offered the young hero at every step, one can believe that the Italian maidens did not refuse their smiles. But fêting and feasting was not the object for which Don John and his followers had come to join the Neapolitans. The allied forces soon met the Ottoman troops in a deadly struggle. Linen tunics and gay turbans proved but little resistance to the Spanish fire, and the hitherto invincible Turks were badly defeated. At this result, both Italians and Spanish were completely carried away with admiration, even reverence for the young commander. He was called the greatest general since Julius Caesar, and it is said that the Pope, on hearing the news, could only say in Scriptural language, "There was a man sent from God and his name was John." One cannot keep wondering what the fickle populace would have done had Don John returned conquered instead of conqueror. Would they have been loyal or turned upon and denounced him?

As Don John's life had begun, so it proceeded to its culmination. In society, as on the battle-field, he commanded universal respect and admiration; and not, as might be imagined, from widely different causes. A good soldier seldom makes a good carpet knight, but Don John was eminently successful in "the gay science." Seldom, even in our day when chivalry, pure and simple, has died out, does

perfect and devoted respect fail in securing admiration in return, but, in those days, when chivalry was but just becoming a thing of the past, the dark-eyed beauties of the South were not slow to acknowledge the true knightliness of Don John.

A conspicuous element in the character of the true knight was his recklessness. Philip's oft-repeated and as often unheeded injunction to his daring brother was to guard his person on the field of battle. But this was more than the eager young soldier could do, and he was always to be found in positions where there was greatest danger until, after the charm of warfare had vanished, cooler blood infused more discretion into his valor.

At the time when Don John first led his troops into Grenada, every Spaniard was animated by a revengeful spirit almost beyond control. The Moors, with heathenish coolness, had perpetrated most horrible massacres, and Spanish nobles and peasants stood eager to avenge the innocent blood of their murdered countrymen. But Don John, with a better humanity, gave opportunity for none but the fair revenge of warfare. Not until the repeated and continued barbarities of his enemies roused his Spanish nature to righteous fury, did he give his sanction to the wholesale butchery, which in those days was too often the sequel to a battle.

In singular contrast with this one indication of a revengeful spirit is Don John's treatment of the two sons of the Turkish commander, taken prisoners in the battle of Lepanto. After treating them with the consideration due to their high rank, he crowned his generosity by returning them without ransom.

All Don John's exploits were but steps to the attainment of his cherished ambition. Like a true knight-errant, it is said, "he still clung fondly to the hope of one day carving out with his good sword an independent dominion for

himself." When the wild, Arabian-Nights' vision, born of a famous conquest vanished, he directed his thoughts to his dearer country, England, and through that to Spain. His imagination was constantly fed and his ambitious hopes encouraged by his secretary, Juan de Soto. Philip's jealousy and suspicion replaced De Soto by Escovedo and succeeded in making a bad matter worse. The new secretary was far more scheming than his predecessor, and under his inspiration, Don John conceived his darling scheme; the daring project, whose frustration shortened his life and saddened his death. At this time, Mary, Queen of Scots, was Elizabeth's prisoner. What more knightly exploit than to liberate the poor unfortunate, conquer and dethrone her persecutor, and, uniting his talent with that of the fair Mary, reign over these northern islands? And, possibly, after this was done, they might advance still further and add Spain to their kingdom. It was a perfect plan to dream of, fascinating in its very audacity.

Everything looked encouraging when the would-be king of England and Spain was appointed Governor-in-General of the Netherlands. Don John knew little of his future subjects and their dispositions. Judging that the existing difficulties could be readily adjusted, he lent himself still more to his dream of glory; joining the ten thousand Spanish soldiers in his new domain to his imaginary forces. Impatient of delay and aware of the danger of journeying as a governor-elect, he passed through France, disguised as a Spanish slave, and having only six attendants. There is nothing pitiful in the eagerness which he gave to the perfecting of his plan in all its details. It was on this journey that he met the Duc de Guise, a kinsman of Mary Stuart's, who elaborated the plans for her release.

An incident of this journey more nearly related to his life in the Netherlands was his meeting with Margaret of Parma. This paragon of loveliness craved admiration

for a deeper than the usual woman's reason ; in those days, admiration and devotion were inseparable, and devotion to the lovely Queen meant furtherance of the plans of her brother, the Duc d'Alençon. But while Don John paid her the most flattering attention at Navarre he was as busily occupied with his plots and plans, in which she was unwittingly an aid, as she was with hers. It is pleasant to turn from this pseudo-romance to the story of the blue-eyed Ulrica, who, tradition tells us, was the true and only lady of our knight's heart. It was at a ball in honor of Queen Margaret that he was first fascinated by the "pretty child with silken hair and laughing eyes," as his crusty aid-de-camp called her. But the affairs of war gave him little time to dream of her flaxen curls and the end of the brief idyl was furnished as if by direct interposition of the Fates. Not the historian, but the chronicler tells us how Don John, disguised as a peasant, was one day heading a daring expedition into the enemy's territory, when they came to a seldom used ferry, which must be crossed ; how the gallant leader was about to enter the hut, in search of the ferryman, when the door suddenly opened, revealing the pretty maid with the flaxen hair ; how she chattered of the festivities of which she had been a witness, praising the young prince "so young, so fair," until the return of her attendant closed the conference so interesting to both ; how, a few moments later, the young hero was able to rescue the fair Ulrica when her horse, becoming restless, upset the boat, and, how, on parting a second time, a golden curl which she cut for him was rewarded by a royal ruby, coupled with the promise of Don John's aid whenever it should be presented to him ; how the victory of Gembloux, two weeks later, adding another laurel to the crown of the young commander, gave him no pleasure for fear of the injury which might have befallen Ulrica's father, a leader in the hostile army ; how, in a few days, his worst fears were real-

ized and a faithful soldier, who had known of his anxiety brought him the ruby and, with it, the dreaded news of Ulrica's death. To this unhappy end of his single romance, tradition ascribes the melancholy which took hold upon him and resulted in his death, but the historians point out a more probable and far more prosaic reason.

Until, as governor of the Netherlands, he saw his fondest hopes destroyed by the stern exigences of civil and religious strife, Don John had seemed to consider his brother's treatment perfectly fair and honorable. His rebuffs and exactions were always accompanied by such tender messages of love that they seemed the outcome of fraternal anxieties. Nothing but the blindness of affection and reverential tenderness which the younger felt for the older brother could have veiled the glaring faults of Philip's character. Believing thoroughly and always that the end justified the means, he showed a duplicity of character which overwhelmed Don John when he became fully aware of its extent.

Philip's appointment of his brother as Governor of the Netherlands was, in effect, the final stroke of an oppressive policy. A very short residence in his newly-acquired domain convinced Don John that Spain and the Netherlands were antipodes in taste and sentiment, and that the Netherlands were not, like the Spaniards, ready to follow him in his mad exploits. He quickly conceived the intensest hatred for the stolid Flemish burghers. Life among them was a succession of disappointments. His hands were bound by lack of supplies, he was the opponent of a wise statesman of nearly twice his age and experience and, strangest of all to him, he was unloved by the people. Sometimes, in a single engagement, he was again victorious, but he seems to have lost all interest in warfare. His eager ambition had been destroyed with his confidence in his long-trusted brother. Escovedo, sent to Spain on a diplomatic

errand, had given to Philip a longed-for opportunity, and a hasty execution put him to death ; a silent warning to Don John of the fate which awaited the too successful schemer. This news was a bitter shock, showing the discouraged and disheartened young man how his long and loyal service to his brother had been constantly received with blighting suspicion. With the downfall of his ambition, Don John's high spirit entirely disappeared and the dashing young commander now showed the sad spectacle of a man completely overwhelmed by melancholy : a man, whose brightest hopes and most faithful endeavors had been rewarded with intensest mental suffering. As he gradually came to the full realization of his situation, his mind dwelt more than ever upon the subjects which had claimed his attention in the days when he looked forward to the priesthood as the field of his activities. The trait which had developed in the old age of Charles V., and which had always been an important element in Philip's nature, came like a blight upon Don John's early manhood. As far as possible he lived the life of a monastic recluse, spending much time in meditation upon religious subjects.

After Escovedo's death, melancholy redoubled its hold upon him and brought on his final sickness. In spite of the wretched state of his health he gave up his duties only a few days before his death. The hero of Lepanto spent his last days in a wretched garret, which for years had been abandoned to the fowls of the air, and there, in the anniversary month of his crowning victory, the young general died. The magnificence which had been so freely awarded him in life was his after death. Clad in complete armor, with gaunlets, sword and helmet at his feet, and a coronet, blazing with precious stones at his head, the body which had contained the restless spirit of Don John of Austria received its final honors. His last prayer, that he should be laid to rest by his father's side was granted, and his body was interred in the Escorial.

And thus, after thirty-one years of hope and despair, the child who came into the world a peasant left it like a true prince. Thinking that his was to be the will to which the mightiest European powers should bow; his, the name which should stand pre-eminent in the annals of history, he lived for the fulfilment of his fond ambition. Happy was he, so long as his dream of power looked real, and happy, even then in his ignorance; little dreaming that the name least often heard in the tales of chivalry would be that of its last representative who, living, was true to his order, and, dying, still proved himself worthy to be called "The Last of the Knights."

J. H. M. '84.

SOME OF THE WOES OF GENIUS.

The subjective woes of genius are beyond the sympathy of ordinary men; and the birth-throes of great thoughts are without the range of our experience. But since the nature of every man of genius is two-fold, human and divine, in virtue of the former he must possess the traits of ordinary humanity, enjoy the same pleasures, and suffer the same pains. Viewed from this side our sympathy is broad and deep; but this view is always obscured by our admiration for his divine gifts; the more we admire, the less human we consider him, and while still feeling an interest in all details pertaining to his life and work, we suffer our sympathy to become so dulled that we unconsciously inflict inquisitorial tortures upon the very man we wish to crown. Vivisection is sometimes justifiable in the cause of science, but the knowledge gained must at least equal the suffering. Unless the world can show a good reason for dissection, it has no right to place the patient upon the surgeon's table;

and the mere gratification of curiosity is altogether insufficient.

The preamble of that declaration which is law, gospel, and the thirty-nine articles to all good Americans, states that all men have an inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but neglects to mention the inalienable right to domestic privacy; the constitution that followed this declaration made no provision for maintaining this right, so that we are defenseless in the presence of gossip.

"Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto," is true in a general sense for all time, yet there are some *human* with whom we should have nothing to do. The world, as a whole, seems to be entirely above individual restraints and feels that it possesses an "open sesame" to the inner life of its famous children, on the ground of the honor it confers upon them. But as its laurels are given for public merit only, and private excellences go unrewarded, its excuse fails to justify its intrusion beyond the front door and our desire to enter the sacred places no more proves our right to do so, than a boy's wish to be king, establishes his claim to a throne.

So far as public acts are concerned, no fault can be found with the world's inspection, for that hydra-headed monster must certainly be accorded the privilege of looking after his own ; but the question is what shall be the limit of his investigations ? Where does the "tuum" end, and the "meum" begin ?

The plea is sometimes raised that an author's life explains his works, and the two should be presented to the public together ; like those text-books of a former generation which were accompanied by a "Key ;" but such elucidations were a rather sardonic comment upon the books themselves, and all work that will not bear the test of an absolute standard, will soon fail, in spite of apologies and explanations.

Were a man's intellectual ability the measure of his moral worth and general perfection of character, the most minute dissection might be not only excusable, but even advisable, on the ground of the example and encouragement for others to be derived from the knowledge of such perfection. We should then devote all our energies to sustaining the patient, by recalling to him the long list of martyrs who have suffered in the cause of truth ; and encourage him to bear manfully the pain, while consoling himself by the thought of the good he was conferring upon erring humanity. But too often the intellectually great are morally small, and the portrayal of their private characters is open to the same objection that was raised against Bulwer's earlier novels : he relieved the vice with so much virtue that his villains were altogether too admirable. In the same way in the realm of reality, our admiration of intellectual ability, if it does not make the attendant "vices lean to virtue's side," at least disposes us to regard them as so venial, that we are prone to "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Moreover in lifting the curtain upon the private lives of great men, it rarely happens that sufficient warning is given to clear the stage, and various other personages are brought before the public, who have not the ability which either entitles them to such honor, or imposes upon them such torture. To turn the public opera glass upon the wives of celebrities is to subject them to an ordeal of which they little dreamed on their wedding-days, and for which they have made no provision. Even granting that publicity is a necessary evil of genius, to subject the wives to the same inquisition reminds one of the old doctrine that ministers of the gospel had small need of material things, and could subsist upon spiritual food, and then condemned the wife to the same slender nourishment, without ever claiming that she was other than very human. The days of such

sustaining faith ended, when the preacher broke down, in the midst of an able sermon, because of the lack of breakfast, and man and wife are no longer so completely one, that what feeds the husband nourishes his spouse. The human element, once recognized in those divinely inspired, may be found to embrace the larger part of even these brothers, and as physical hunger afflicts them, they may not be exempt from other mundane annoyances. But whether they are lifted above terrestrial grievances or not, their wives certainly are subject to the mortifications and heart-burnings of ordinary life. Weakness and failings that in the subdued light of home and private life, easily pass without comment, when submitted to the glare of a hundred cities, and scanned by the Argus eyes of their crowds, become the most prominent characteristics, and cast into the shade the virtues that in reality formed the silver lining to the cloud.

With this fact in mind, what is to be said of poor Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle? The "Reminiscences" portrayed him as a carping critic, slow to praise, and quick to condemn. They showed him as a boor in his own home, reducing to the level of a servant a woman in many ways his equal, and in some his superior. If they were published to tickle the public palate, they enjoyed a considerable measure of success, for they afforded gossip, and were eagerly read. But they placed Carlyle in a most damaging light, and for no apparent reason. The man was not on trial for a character, but dead and buried: and ought surely to have been accorded that rest which he sought so vainly on earth.

As for Mrs. Carlyle, is there anything more pathetic than the public autopsy of that suffering woman? A high-spirited, noble woman, who all her life maintained a proud silence in regard to domestic affairs, well might she now exclaim if the dead could speak, "Deliver me from my friends." We have lately been entertained by the most

minute account of her home life and circumstances. We have enjoyed it, and have been enchanted with her letters. Our admiration for the woman who could make her semi-annual house-cleaning a matter of entertainment, who could arouse our interest in a succession of incompetent house-maids, and move us to tears or laughter at will, merely by the recital of her struggles with barking dogs and crowing cocks, has led us to sigh for the novel she did not write. But in our inmost hearts we have known that our enjoyment was ghoulish, and have been indignant at the hand that spread the feast.

None of these letters were intended for the public eye, and many of them ought never to have been subjected to such scrutiny. If private letters are sacred, how much more so is the journal, wherein a troubled woman seeks relief in confessions that her pride and her honor will never allow her to make to human ears? And what sentence is to be passed upon the husband and friend who publish such records? Carlyle himself may be partly exonerated: he was overwhelmed by her loss, and surrounded her in his mind with the halo common to lost blessings; then he realized the large place she had filled in his life, by the blank her absence left; he was an irritable, sick, old man, and when suddenly deprived of the staff upon which he had unconsciously leaned, it was no wonder the lost crutch seemed to him a marvel of beauty and strength. For the first time his eyes were opened, and he saw that the support he had taxed so heavily was a rare and delicate woman, whose mental gifts were scarcely less brilliant than his own. Overcome by regret and remorse, he sought to render tardy justice to his dead wife, by showing to the world the wonderful creature who had been concealed in its midst; and by holding himself up as the barrier between her and fame, he tried to ease his troubled conscience.

Posthumous justice is a poor substitute for appreciation

while living, but it is better than nothing, and being the only reparation then possible, Carlyle is to be excused for appealing to it. But his zeal out-weighed his judgment, and the same selfish impetuosity marked his repentance that had characterized his sin. The prevailing motive in his treatment of his wife, living or dead, was selfishness; and in his atonement he thought only of inflicting upon himself just punishment, and did not seem to consider that in rending the veil from their married life, he was exhibiting her in as trying a light as himself. The only records of her wondrous insight and irresistible humor were her letters and journal; these her husband collects, arranges and explains, then places in Mr. Froude's hands, begging him to use his own judgment in regard to their publication. What became of that judgment? Did it take to itself wings and fly away, or had it never existed? If his duty was to render to Mrs. Carlyle the praise and fame that were her due, could he not have better accomplished his task by omitting much that is contained in the volume before us? But for these numerous collections of letters, notes and reminiscences, we should have judged Mr. Carlyle by his literary works, and known nothing of his wife. It is precisely to correct this ignorance that all this printing has been done. But its avowed object was to obtain recognition for a gifted woman; to do this a comprehensive and scientific post-mortem was scarcely needed. What has the world gained by learning that Mr. Carlyle was a crabbed, irritable, exacting husband, and Mrs. Carlyle a devoted, long-suffering wife, although her annoyances did sometimes overcome her self-control? Now that we know beyond a doubt that "they were miserable together, but far more unhappy apart," how much better off are we? If we had been in danger of exalting Mr. Carlyle to an undue point of perfection, and liable to make an idol of him, it might have been salutary discipline to be shown the clay feet. But the world is seldom carried

away by its enthusiasm for genius, and is not given to over-praise. The gravest objection to the posthumous Carlyle papers is that, like some witnesses in court, they prove altogether too much, and show not only the intellectual ability of this unhappy pair, but their petty failings and individual short-comings as well.

There is usually held to be a longer or shorter respite between the time of man's death and the day of his judgment, but in this case the one followed close upon the heels of the other. For scarcely were the funeral obsequies ended before the trial of his character began. The world moreover is a singular judge, whose decisions are more uncertain than the verdict of a jury. An artist once exhibited a picture, and laid beside it a brush filled with paint, requesting each beholder to mark the part that seemed to him faulty. At the close of the day the picture was a daub. Yet the world had found it good, but being asked to criticise, it was loth to forego the privilege, and no two spectators had agreed upon the chief fault. So in these letters, the public judgment being sought, we approach in a critical spirit, and immediately begin to show cause why our admiration should not be yielded in any large measure.

If then we respect the privacy of great men, and relieve the world's heroes from the pain of the witness stand, are we to have no biography? Must we be content with the cold, intellectual radiance of genius, and be debarred from all closer acquaintance, all mere human sympathy? Such a result does not necessarily follow, and many charming biographies never profane the Holy of Holies. That which distinguishes a genius, and renders him in a measure public property, is not his failings but his excellences; and, with these only is the world concerned. But the daily lives of such men are interesting, and if, through written accounts, such an acquaintance with them can be gained as would be the result of ordinary so-

cial intercourse, the world is benefitted and no one injure but farther than this the public has no right of way. . . this point the genius ceases and the man begins ; hencefor he belongs exclusively to himself and his chosen friend

Delightful as is the "Life and Letters" of Macaulay and intimate as we feel our acquaintance with him to when we close the book, his sisters remain as shadowy the last page as at the first, and there is no slightest hint what may be called his inner life. Yet the volume is one of the most charming biographies ever written, and gives all the details the world need know.

Privacy is a development of modern times. In the state of ancient Greece, there were no homes. Men belonged to the state ; ate in public, worked in public, and lived in public. Women led private lives, but it was the privacy of isolation. The children were reared and taught by the state. The change from that time to this has been great ; but even late as the reign of Louis XVI., the royal family of France were so far the property of the nation, that their dinners were eaten in public, while the Parisian mob gazed through the glass walls of their dining-room. The revolution swept that away, and by individualizing both king and peasant, did much towards establishing our personal rights. May another revolution, less sanguinary, but not less effective, continue the good work, and curtain the glass houses in which authors are now often compelled to live

G. P. D.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A DAY'S FISHING.

"I do not consider him a free man," says Cicero, "who never does nothing." And the bait-fisherman gains this blissful freedom as he lets his line whiz off the reel till the sinker strikes bottom ; then hauling it up a few feet, waits for a "bite."

Though this method may not be as graceful and require as much skill and practice as the use of a fly, yet it is certainly surer. The fly-fisherman is cumbered with all the science of his pursuit ; and, though there may be a thrill of delight in angling for the wary trout with the most approved species of fly, and in trying to imagine yourself as important as a whole Presidential excursion to the Yellowstone, still this pleasure is a poor supper compared with the broiled blue fish which so greedily devoured the humble shrimp of the bait-fisherman half an hour before. It may be urged that bait-fishing is monotonous, but it is a pleasant kind, since relieved by an occasional splash, accompanied by the sight of a silvery weak-fish—a possible victim.

A casual observer watching the departure of a fishing party would say the sport was one of social amusement, but it combines remarkably well the pleasures of society with those of solitude. As soon as you quit talking with your neighbor, a wise plan, you are as much alone as if you stood on the "jumping off place" of your childish imagi-

nation. On the other hand, good fellowship is nowhere more delightful than in the roomy unsteadiness of a fishing skiff. And, for one oppressed by the duties of society, the entire silence and rest that may be found when anchored off shore is a blessing. Also, if one desires to lead an altogether solitary existence, this sport will add greatly to the fulfillment of his wish. Another reason that fishing should be a favorite amusement ;---it gratifies our desire to do what is useful. We fish with the same delight of accomplishing something that we felt when we made mud pies and pieced our first patchwork. He who does not feel that he is working hard as he sits with his line in his hand and the hope of a bite in his heart is unworthy to be called a fisherman.

Fishing not only affords amusement and solitude, and feeds the imagination with the idea that one is doing something useful, but it is even attended with mental and physical benefits. No amount of beef, wine and iron or quinine, will make one more hungry than a day's fishing, and, though this may not seem to be an unalloyed blessing, we shall find satisfaction enough in gratifying the pangs of hunger to make us endure them with enjoyment. So we may fish with the same motive that the man had in eating herring for breakfast ; namely, that he might be gloriously thirsty at noon. He was willing to endure the discomfort, that he might more thoroughly enjoy the gratification of his longing.

The simplest fare seems dainty in a fishing boat, and no claret punch was ever enjoyed as much as the lemon sliced with the bait knife. No rest was ever so delightful as the weariness after a fishing excursion, when even our dreams are as unsteady as if we were really rocked in the cradle of the deep.

A summer's fishing in fresh water is very uninstructional compared with one in salt water. The latter is a liberal course in lethyology ; for though a young shark is a start-

ling prize, and a cat-fish an ugly one, the pleasure of catching natural curiosities is very great, and the disappointment of the first toad-fish is overbalanced by the ridiculousness of the victim. There comes to a tender-hearted person a pang of regret at the destruction of creatures only fit for the use of the zoölogist. But their capture is not entirely vain, as the beauty of some and the ugliness of the rest is far from uninteresting.

A fishing experience is a charming reminiscence, and fish stories are proverbially elastic. As some of the good old-time ministers would think nothing of telling such stories I am sure it is quite allowable to talk of "excellent fishing" where a good appetite was the only thing caught, and "splendid luck" may mean one small weak-fish.

A. C. B., '86.

THE KNOT OF A NIGHT.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?" Such a day, and such a night as June 3, 1875, are indeed rare. All day the rain had been pouring—pouring down as if it were destined to deluge our village and flood the broad valley. Our wild dreams of wasted crops and injured harvests were gradually developing into terrible visions of floating houses and drowning men. Even our own snuggerly might be wrested from its foundations by the force of that noisy, raging river whose muddy waters we could see restlessly plunging past its banks. As night approached, the wind whistled through the leaves and shook the windows and doors, while such a dampness and chill pervaded the whole house, that we were glad to gather our books and games around the bright fire of the library grate. The mellow warmth and cheerful light calmed our exaggerated fears and quieted our excited imagination, so that the evening

passed quickly and pleasantly enough. At half-past ten my father laid down his pen saying, "Well, most bedtime." As he spoke there came a violent ring at the front-door-bell, followed almost immediately by another sharp clang, clang. We all began to wonder who could have ventured out on such a night; what man, woman, or child could have been beguiled from shelter at this desolate hour of darkness and rainfall. Even my mother's face looked anxious, for there was much sickness in town, and well she knew that neither darkness nor storm would keep my father at home, if his services were needed among his people. Another emotion than anxiety was excited, when we heard that a happy couple awaited the minister in the parlor. In a minister's family frequent repetition of sacred vows has taken all novelty from the marriage ceremony, but feeling, by intuition, that something unusual was going to happen, we all hurried down to see the venturesome, eccentric, and romantic individuals who had not only braved the elements, but had disregarded time and distance in order to get married. We found that the resolute twain had secured the moral support of another pair to prevent too great depression during the ordeal.

Our interest, at first, was, of course, concentrated upon the bride, Lillie Post. She was a tall, slim woman, about thirty-five years of age, with a broad forehead, small dark eyes, high cheek bones, hooked nose, and thin lips, which were so firmly compressed, that we pitied the meek little man at her side who would, plainly, be the one to love, to honor, and, in all cases to obey. At no time is the desire of the poor to imitate the rich so evident or so pathetic, as in the preparation for a wedding. Even among the poorest there is the greatest emulation on such occasions. Wedding dresses always resemble each other in two particulars;—they are new and have a train. The dress of this bride was no exception. That she was not used to the management

a train was evident not only from her awkward manner, but from its muddy appearance, which showed that it had been in contact with the wheels and pavement. Words failed me in describing the color of that dress, but its groundwork was white. As for the texture, it looked very much like six-cent calico. Her shoulders were adorned with a red and black shawl carefully folded. A high-crowned, black straw hat, trimmed with red and blue ribbons, concealed all her hair except the curls, which hung gracefully over the shawl.

The groom, Mr. Short, was an exceedingly diminutive specimen of humanity. As he had no hair on top of his head "in the place where the hair ought to grow," the peculiar shape of his skull could be plainly seen. His forehead was low and his head sloped almost to a point. There was nothing remarkable about his mouth, except that it was always open. I think he must have been able to give the exact dimensions of the room; to enumerate the breadths of the carpeting on the floor; to describe the pictures on the wall; to tell the number of chairs, and to assign to each book on the table its appropriate title, for his eyes were not fixed on any one spot more than one minute at a time, even during the prayer. Haste or indifference must have influenced him in his preparations for he wore neither white kid gloves nor buttonhole bouquet, and, in fact, none of the paraphernalia of a bridegroom. His friend, Mr. Straight, was a tall, loose-jointed youth with thick hair, which stood erect on top of his head, dark eyes, and a prominent chin. It was impossible to tell what made Mr. Short and Mr. Straight such good friends. The latter was likewise from rural "deestriets," but his energy, decision, and average amount of common sense contrasted strangely with the inactive, vacillating Mr. Short.

The young lady, Miss Cane, was by far, the most civilized-looking of the four. She was a black-haired, dark-eyed,

rosy-cheeked little damsel. It was a question whether she understood enough of the formalities of life to realize the incongruity of the circumstances of the wedding, or was acute enough to discern the utter lack of harmony between bride and groom; or whether her constant giggling was that of the girl who sees something "awfully funny" in everything.

As my father was not acquainted with any of the parties concerned, necessary formality required him to ask some questions before performing the regular ceremony.

"What is your name?"

"Jackie Short."

"What is your occupation?"

"Wha-at?"

"What is your occupation, your employment?"

"Wha-at? I dun know what yer means."

Mr. Straight, also, seemed puzzled over the word for a minute, but when its meaning dawned upon his mind, he was quick to act. He poked his friend nervously, if as impatient with his own stupidity as with "Jackie's" ignorance, and remarked, "Wy, yes yer do. Wats yer occupation, yer trade, wat yer work at? Y're a carpenter."

Mr. Short was enabled to answer the rest of the questions without assistance, and soon the solemn words were pronounced which made the couple man and wife.

When my father said, "Let us pray," Miss Post, now Mrs. Short, took her hand from her husband's, with an air of responsibility which seemed to us to say, "I know something of the conventionalities of life even if these poor creatures don't," turned her back on us all, and knelt down by a chair which stood near, while the others remained standing in front of my father. After the prayer and congratulations, as the legal part of the ceremony was about to be completed, Mrs. Short surprised us all by remarking, "Say, give us one of those harnsome fellars, like what yer give

ters. Won't yer?" Now, my father could neither see who "Jim Peters" was, nor what kind of a certificate had been given him, but Mr. Short was ready with explanation, "Why, it was a large, real nice one, and it was all the pictures and things on't, and they had it framed in a real nice picture and hung up in their parlor. I tell yer it looks like a picture." He was assured that his certificate should be as like Jim Peters' as possible, and father went on with explanations. Mr. and Mrs. Short took seats side by side and held each other by the hand. My mother introduced various topics of conversation. The worthy people replied, "I'm arm" or "No marm." At length into Mr. Straight's mind flashed the brilliant thought that no wedding is complete without music. Motioning with his hand to the pianist, he said to Miss Cane:

"Won't you give us a tune, Lizzy?"

Lizzy was bashful and hung her head, saying, "No; I can't play, I can't play." Then her face brightened, and she said to me, "I guess that young lady over there can play." As I had taken lessons for but little more than a quarter, I could play only two pieces, but flattered by the title of young lady, and proud that I was able to entertain certain company, I played for them first Schubert's "A Farewell Song."

After being gone what seemed to us an unnecessarily long time, my father returned with two certificates. One of them was the kind he was accustomed to give; the other had been sent as specimen work by an enterprising architect who had tried to institute a reform in the orthodox certificates. In the latter, which was quite large, the contents printed in green letters was enclosed in a wreath of twelve yellow roses. The newly-wedded pair hardly noticed the plainer one, but forgot all constraint in admiration of the artistic display of red and yellow roses. Glancing over it, they nudged each other, and finally

Mr. Short broke out with, "O, Lill, ain't that real pretty?"

"Yes, indeed, its harnsome, an's ever so much nicer'n Jim's. Hisn' ain't painted." We were amused at their childish delight, but this certificate was made out and duly witnessed before they prepared for leave-taking.

Suddenly it occurred to "Jackie" that one duty had been omitted. "What do you charge for the job?" said he. "I have no regular price. You may give me whatever you think best," was the reply. The bashful man twisted around and stood first on one foot and then on the other, looked to the ceiling and then on the floor, and, finally, said, "I don't know how much to pay. Never got married before. Come, now, tell me how much."

"Any sum you please."

Again ceiling and floor proved ineffectual, again a change of position gave him no inspiration, but Mr. Straight proved himself again a friend indeed by coming to his assistance. After a moment's whispering, Mr. Short drew a dollar bill out of his coat-tail pocket, and, with an anxious face, handed it to father, asking, "Is that enough?" At father's assurance that it was all right, his face again assumed its normal expression, and in a chorus they said, "Good night."

Several years later as my father was driving in the country and was passing a house in process of repair, he was addressed in the following manner by a workman on the premises:

"Hollo, Elder. Why, don't yer know me?"

"I beg your pardon," said my father, but I cannot recall your name."

"Why, I am Jackie Short. Don't yer remember doin' a job for me one night?"

"O, yes! I remember now. I hope the work was satisfactorily accomplished?"

"Well, not zactly, for we've separated."

“Indeed! I am sorry to hear it.”

“Yes. Yer see, she was right good-hearted, but she wouldn’t let a fellar alone, and once she locked me up. She wanted all the money, yer see, and there warn’t any thing else to pay the rent with. I told Dick Straight about it, and he said ter separate. We got a lawyer down there. I put my name to a paper and she put hern, and we was separated. I give her ten dollars a month. She tuk all the things, even that harnsome certificate. I ain’t a-goin’ to get inter that there box again, yer bet yer life.”

L. M. M. '84.

“But Yet a Woman.” Suggestive words stamped on a broad gold band lying across the stems of two golden-disk-ed asters with their rays outlined in brown upon a pale green surface. The effect of the whole is satisfactory, and we turn to the title-page to be, perhaps, more deeply impressed by it, than by any of the following three hundred and forty-eight; for after we have finished the concluding chapter, dropped the book with a sigh, and sit looking meditatively out into the clear December twilight, our thoughts go wandering back past Stéphanie; Rénée, Roger, M. Michel, and Père le Blanc, to the astonishing developments upon the title-page. That Mr. Hardy should have had either the time or the ability to write a popular novel is surprising to those who have known him only as a hard-working College Professor, and the author of a treatise on Mathematics, lately written and favorably received by the London journals. We had supposed that his soul dwelt apart among “Quaternions and Fluxions,” and that his hours of leisure were spent in contemplation of the afore-said flattering reviews. Moreover, what subtle connection exists between “Fluxions” mathematical, and the varia-

tions mental and emotional which go on in a woman's soul. that he who may set forth the one should undertake to portray for us the other?

"And yet," declares my friend, "a delicate and vivid imagination and great mathematical ability are far from being incompatible. You cannot be successful in the higher mathematics, astronomy and calculus, for instance, unless you possess enough imagination to produce an image, a conception of the formula in your own mind."

"Then you don't consider this novel an evidence of the versatility of Mr. Hardy's genius, but only an additional proof of his fine imagination."

"It seems to me that to a great extent he is working the same power of his mind in the production of this novel that he must have worked before he wrote *"Quaternions and Fluxions."* The fact of its authorship is not so inexplicable to me as the fact of its popularity. It would not seem to possess the first elements of the popular novel."

"The recent death of the Comte de Chambord might explain it."

"Yes, if the part he plays were not so trifling, but the pages devoted to French politics are so few that they cannot be the attraction. The class of readers who delighted in *"A Reverend Idol,"* would not be likely to care for this novel, and the "special reasons" which have given such a wide circulation to the works of Dr. Holland and E. P. Roe do not exist here. It is not one of those bright, entertaining little sketches for which the wearied novel-reader ever longs, nor does it deal with odd and whimsical characters. The somewhat peculiar circumstances of its authorship may have added to its popularity, but apart from that it does possess the element of strength, which sometimes soon and sometimes late, but inevitably commands attention. To say that it is strong and rugged is as much as to say that it does not belong to the James-Howells school."

“It is, as you say, a strong novel, but it is to me as if a breath from the cold regions of abstract thought had blown across its pages, chilling every character, and whispering to us such words as these: ‘In all the universe no flower, or seed, or fruit that has come up from the chambers of decay, is that one which was sown; and we, entering them also, carry no hope, however life has answered it, which has not beaten echoless against the gates of death.’ M. Lande seems to have escaped the chilling influence; his pride in Roger and his great affection for him are natural and touching. But not so Roger, who ‘wished to live like Carlyle’s Professor in his tower among the stars, above the city, sweltering in passion and want below;’ nor M. Michel who after Réneé is married and gone, is surprised to find that he had actually loved her; whereupon he expresses himself so sweetly and quaintly that it really banishes one’s impatience with him. ‘Fancy,’ he says, ‘an old man who thought himself in love with Thothmes and Psammetichus waking up at near seventy to find that while absent in Egypt a little girl had crept into his heart and curled herself up on its hearthstone.’ Again, M. de Marzac is absolutely hideous in the cold intensity of his passion and selfishness. Père le Blanc with all his kindness could not give to Stéphanie in her hour of need aught but words, and the ghastly Latin story of the death of Ania. What wonder that Stéphanie, who could remember no warm, strong hand-clasp, longed ‘not for words but for a friend of flesh and blood who should rise up and smite the Sabeans with the sword of a righteous indignation.’ And Stéphanie herself, if she had been more impulsive, a little warmer-hearted, would have had a completer life. For then she would not have repressed her tears ‘with a scorn that froze them at their sources, and fired the eyes into which she gazed with a light of defiance.’ A warmer nature would have wept passionately and been relieved, weaker

than Stéphanie, perhaps you will say, but, in the end stronger, for such a one could endure to live on in the world though happiness had departed. Stéphanie's experience would have broadened and deepened such a nature, and it would have risen from every conflict with tenderer sympathies and more loving charities. We are taught in this novel that the repression of all emotion is an indication of strength. Antonio is a relief. The blood runs hot enough in his veins."

- "Are you sure that your difficulty does not lie just here, and that your criticism is not a criticism of the French character itself? But do you consider Stéphanie the heroine? Why not Rénée? She had her life planned, but she gave up all to marry Roger. She was certainly 'But Yet a Woman.'"

"I see no way but for Mr. Hardy to call his novel 'But Yet Two Women,' for to me Stéphanie is the heroine.

As a piece of literary work "But Yet a Woman" is well written. We are introduced to people whose intellectual fibre is good. To one who goes to books to form friends the circle in the Rue de Bac is worth while. The Comte de Chambord, destined to be the delight of all romancers, in fiction as in real life plays his insignificant part nobly, and quietly disappears.

One notices a tendency to speak of "factors" and "quantities," but there seems to be no necessity for the author to confine himself to mathematical metaphors when he can draw from nature such a lovely one as this; "Some of his most commonplace sentences were so many half-hidden channels, such as the brooks make under the grass of the meadows into which overflowed the currents of his sympathy and kindness." There is much vivid description and strong thought in this novel, but the impression produced by the book as a whole is not pleasant. One lays it aside with a

pang of regret. It throbs with repressed pain, in the presence of which one is at once pitiful and powerless. It is pitched in the highest key of the soul's possibilities, the heroism of the cross for duty's sake alone, when other things have departed, and there remains not even the empty compensation of the laurel and the bay.

Editors' Table.

Thoughtfulness on the part of everyone is so essential to the comfort and happiness of people that it is strange the importance of thoughtlessness is so greatly underestimated. At most it is apt to be considered a sort of neutral trait, lying on the borderland between faults and virtues ; something for which the owner is not responsible in any degree, but which is born with him and must stay with him through life ; something which he can no more alter than the shape of his features. The term seems to me only a euphemism for selfishness. Forgetting to remember the comfort of those around us is an almost equally grave fault with intentionally disregarding it. The results are the same, and the spirit is the same in so far as it indicates less regard for others than for one's self. There are so many people here, all leading a busy, nervous life, that the small acts of thoughtfulness and attention are likely to be forgotten. Yet for the very reason that the life *is* hard and wearing these little aids are greatly needed. I know of no place better than this in which one can learn what it is that makes life's daily course smooth. To be sure, there is not always the love which, in a home, converts self-denial into a pleasure ; we are often with people whose views of life differ so materially from our own that it is difficult to adjust ourselves to circumstances ; but there is no place nor time in which our efforts to be considerate will meet with more appreciation than here and now.

Never has our presence at the Lady-Principal's office been required without our learning the fact ; a summons to the President's office always reaches us ; indeed, a message from any of the powers that be, whether we like it or not, invariably finds us in plenty of time,--then, why is it that we often fail to receive the card of a caller until after our friend is far on her homeward journey ? Why is it that C. D. express packages are almost always returned to the express office without receiving any notice of their arrival ? We rise for explanation.

We print a report of the " Boston Alumnae Association " which has, or should have, especial interest for undergraduates. Perhaps we are not to be blamed that the topics discussed in the average Alumnae Association do not appeal to us more. Our lack of interest is, we presume, simply due to the difference between the students, mind before and after the magic ceremony of graduation. But " physical culture," the topic informally treated in the Boston Association is one which bears definitely on our daily lives ; and if it be true that Vassar is behind hand in its acquirement, the fact is one which should bear definitely on our consciences. No permanent reform can be accomplished, or successfully accomplished without the coöperation of the students. Our muscle cannot be " gotten up " for us, even with the most elaborate aid from the most desirable kind of dumb-bell, wand, or Indian-club. Let us rise to the occasion, take our muscle in hand, and thus practically refute the charges of Alumnae who do not have to practice what they preach.

Editor's Table.

Of all the myriad types of wrong
That make the soul's temptation.
What one is there so firm, so strong
As out-staying vacation?
The pleasures longed for we enjoy
For some fast-fleeting moments
Before those in authority
Can make their cutting comments.

Across our studious College ways
Flit dreams of recreation :
And so the Christmas holidays
We greet with much elation.
Before that wished-for time is come
We watch for it with pleasure :
And when at last its hours are gone
We look back at our leisure.

Vacation brings to mortal soul
A time for rest and quiet :
But she who oversteps the goal
Is put on "prisoner's diet."
Now, would we learn what's good for us—
A thing quite worth the trying—
Back we'd haste to odes of Horace
While yet the Old Year's dying.

No use to hope that any praise
The Faculty will discern
In thin excuses that we raise
To explain our late return.
Dear friends, I freely you advise—
No charge for the bestowal—
That next year you will all be wise
And everything will go well.

The peculiarly American love of having things *handy* appears in a new guise. We have been blessed with a multitude of both useful and useless inventions as the result of

s characteristic, but only within a few years has the sad realm of literature been invaded by this labor-saving dire. We have passed safely through a siege of "reading made easy" in the form of birthday-books, only to be met by a new type. Not more than five or six years have elapsed since these first appeared, but, in this short time, wonderful progress has been made—as regards quantity. These little books were eminently practical and useful; they were often attractive and looked well on a table; they furnished a most convenient method of recording the birthdays of friends, thus avoiding embarrassing forgetfulness; and, finally, one could feel that there was, or should be, a subtle significance in the quotation for one's natal day. Shakespeare and Kate Greenaway, Tennyson and Jean Ingelow, were served up as a kind of intellectual hash. And now that we have just congratulated ourselves upon our escape from the "Won't you write in my birthday-book?" every step, we are overwhelmed with homeopathic doses of wisdom on calendars. Last year there were a few; this year there are many, large and small, grave and—no, not grave; they are all too improving to have gayety charged upon them. What is to be the outcome of this way of reading? Are we going to be contented with a sugar-coated morsel of Emersonian philosophy in the morning and a mild reprimand from Longfellow in the evening? Glances at literature are harmless enough in their way, but they are dangerous in place of careful inspection.



HOME MATTERS.

It was not until our last departing friend had kindly hinted that we would not have "a *too awfully* stupid time," that we began to realize the actual presence of the Christmas holidays. There were but twenty left in college "to

tell the tale," and Monday evening brought a pleasant, social time in the Lady Principals' parlor: but the actual festivities did not begin until later.

At breakfast on Christmas morning, it was announced that Mother Goose would dine with her children, and afterwards hold a reception for them in the parlor. This was greatly enjoyed by all, as was also the candy-pull in the big kitchen on New Year's Eve. But the crowning excitement of the whole vacation was the Leap Year party. At eight o'clock on New Year's night, the gentlemen, in full evening dress, impatiently awaited the arrival of their callers. After the opening formalities had been concluded in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned, the parlors were deserted for Room J, where the hosts entertained their fair guests with speeches, songs, and an impromptu spelling match. After these had been duly appreciated and applauded, refreshments were served in the Lady Principal's parlor, and a very charming evening was closed with the Virginia Reel.

The greatest compliment we can pay to our holidays in college is to say that it was with a lingering feeling of regret that we welcomed back even our dearest friends.

On Monday evening, Jan. 7, Mr. Arnold delivered his lecture on Emerson, before an appreciative audience, in the college chapel. Having been introduced by President Caldwell, Mr. Arnold plunged at once *in medias res*, with the following result:—Forty years ago when I was an undergraduate of Oxford, voices were in the air which haunt my memory still. Since that time Oxford has gained more knowledge, more criticism, more light, but no such voices are sounding there now. Forty years ago Cardinal Newman was in the prime of life, living close to Oxford and

preaching every Sunday. The puissant voice of Carlyle sorely strained, overused and misused since, was then fresh and sound. Another voice, the brightest of the century, charmed our ears. It was that of Göethe. Besides these voices there came to us one from this side, clear and pure, which brought to my ears a strain as new and unforgettable as that of Carlyle or Göethe. An American critic has stated that fifty or sixty passages of Emerson's poetry have passed into English speech as matter of familiar quotation. But this is a mere personal estimate. Not one single passage of his has become a familiar quotation.

Emerson is not one of the legitimate poets,—not one of the born poets. His poetry lacks directness, completeness, energy. Even *passages* of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare. Emerson is neither a great poet nor man of letters. He has passages of noble pathos, of eloquence, and of exquisitely touched observation of nature, but his style lacks the requisite wholeness. Even Carlyle, though he has more powerful expression than Emerson, is not to be ranked with Cicero, Plato, Swift and Voltaire. Carlyle had the devouring eye and the portraying hand, but he was too wilful, too fervid, too vehement, to weave his material into a literary composition. Emerson is not a great philosophical writer, notwithstanding the popular theory to that effect. He cannot build. Well he knew his want of method and often spoke of it. His systematic benevolence comes from his persistent optimism, the root of his brightness, the source of his charm.

Now I have given up to envious time as much of Emerson as time can ever obtain. His relation is not that of a great poet, writer or philosophy maker. It is more like that of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Strong as was his optimism, no misanthropical satirist saw weaknesses more plainly, or showed them out more bravely than did Emer-

son. Never had man such hope and such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature as had he. Sure was he that the right word would be spoken though he cut out his tongue. One can hardly overestimate the power of holding fast to happiness and hope, and these were Emerson's gospel.

In conclusion, Mr. Arnold stated that he regarded Wordsworth as the most important among the poets of the century, and Emerson, among the prose-writers.



COLLEGE NOTES.

December 11 was the date of the first Vocal Union Concert. The oratorio of *St. Paul* was given.

The Thekla Society held its first social meeting, December 15.

The T. and M. Club held its regular meeting, December 15.

The subjects of the last *Qui Vice* meeting were Père Hyacinthe, Matthew Arnold and Henry Irving.

The Society of Religious Inquiry held its monthly meeting, December 16. Dr. Smith of Hartford addressed the Society.

Vacation began December 18, and ended January 2.

The Boston Alumnae Association held its last meeting at the Vendome, Boston, Dec. 29.

The Women's Club of Boston gave a reception to Professor Mitchell in the Christmas vacation.

Twenty students spent their vacation within College walls.

Matthew Arnold delivered his lecture on *Emerson* in the chapel, January 7.

PERSONALS.

'76.

Heloise E. Hersey has left her position as English teacher in Smith College.

Mary A. Jordan leaves her position as essay critic at Vassar College January 20, to take charge of the Department of Rhetoric at Smith College.

Kate Reynolds is studying medicine in the Sanatorium at Dansville, N. Y.

'77.

In the December Miscellany, the name printed as Berrins in the marriage notice of Mrs. Fanny Rouse-Otis, should have read Behrends.

'79.

Married, December 27, in Baltimore, Ethel Jacobsen to Henry J. Windsor.

'80.

Miss Claire Rustin, who has been studying music in Boston, has returned to Omaha.

'82.

Married, Dec. 20, in West Newton, Abbie Minar Nickerson to Levi H. Elwell.

Married, in Tokio, Japan, Nov. 8, Stematz Yamakawa to Oyano Iwao, Japanese Minister of War.

'84.

Miss Mary Wilkinson was in College the first of this month.



The annual re-union of the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnae was held Dec. 29, at the Hotel Vendome. Thirty-two Alumnae were present, many of them graduates of recent classes, though there were also representatives of most of the older classes. Dr. Caldwell, Professor Mitchell and Professor Braislin were present as guests. After the usual business meeting, and the social lunch were over, an interesting and somewhat important discussion ensued upon the attention given by the under-graduates to physical culture and the advantages offered by the college for pursuing the same. The Alumnae of New England, having especial opportunities for watching the progress of other educational institutions for women, felt that Vassar was falling behind her sister institutions in her interest in this question of physical culture. It was agreed to present to the New York and Chicago Associations a report of the discussion, and endeavor to awaken by this means a general interest among the Alumnae, with the hope that it might lead to some definite action on the part either of the College or the Alumnae.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

Since it is too late to wish a Merry Xmas, we must content ourselves with hoping that this New Year may bring three hundred and sixty-six very happy days to each

exchange editor. He will need them. Nay, we even go further, and, for a month give our college exchanges "fair play" in which to write unchallenged criticisms of us. After that,—but the new year should begin with a clean exchange sheet, and we will not even blot it with threats.

The January *Atlantic* opens the new volume. In it, E. V. Talley surveys "The Political Field" from an unpartisan standpoint; Dr. Peabody contributes an article on "The Study of Greek," apropos of the notorious address of C. F. Adams, Jr.; Octave Thanet tells a very interesting story, "The Bishop's Vagabond;" Dr. Holmes has a poem, "At the Saturday Club," in which he pays noble and discriminating tributes to Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorne and Emerson; and Henry James writes of Turgenieff as an author and a man.

The *St. Nicholas* makes its New Year's call with a bright table of contents and a brilliant list of contributors.

The current *Century* contains interesting papers on Generals Sherman and Garfield, a gossipy sketch of the French Academy with its "Forty Immortals," and a charming study of colonial life, "Husbandry in Colony Times," by Edward Eggleston. We draw a sigh of relief as we see the list of "Bread-winners." The poetry of the number is unusually good, while "Topics of the Times" and the "Open Letters" will well repay careful and thoughtful perusal.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Adelphian, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Bozot Round Table, Berkleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Press, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Concordiensis, Cor-

nell Review, Dartmouth, Dicksonian, Weekly Enterprise, Girton Review, Hamilton Coll. Mo., Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Herald, Crimson, Lampoon, Haverfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Mercury, Michigan Argonaut, Chronicle, University, Modern Age, Notre Dame Scholastic, Occident, Our Magazine, Penn. Coll. Mo., Nassau Lit., Princetonian, Rockford Sem. Mag., Rutgers Tergum, Richmond Lit. Misc., St. Nicholas, Syracuse University Herald, Syracusean, The Collegian, The Tech., Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Opic, University Mq., William's Argo, Athenæum, Woman's Journal, Yale Courant, Lit., News, Record.

The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
F. L. HUSSEY,	JUSTINA H. MERRICK,	E. S. LEONARD,	L. H. GOULD.
A. BLANCHARD.			
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER, M. E. EWING.			

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No. 5.

MISS JANEWAY'S ISOLATION.

The Janeways are one of the old solid families of a little settlement in the heart of the Green Mountains. They live on the old homestead that stands facing the south in a hollow just below the brow of a little hill; a lawn, studded with groups of sullen pines, climbs up the hill to the east and north; an orchard saunters down it to the west. A little brook runs through the farther end of the orchard and beyond the brook rise the sloping hill-sides of the West Mountain. The house is square and white with green blinds, and stands a little way back from the road. A gravelled path goes up to the great flat door-stone, on both sides of which stand large oleanders planted in brilliant

red kegs. There are only two of the family left there now Archibald and Helen. They have relations living in Springfield and Boston, and every winter Miss Janeway is invited to one or the other of these cities, but every winter since her theories of life have acquired any consistency her mind, she has refused these invitations.

Archibald is a country physician completely wrapped up in his practice. His sister, now about thirty-five or thirty-six years old, reads the new books and magazines and superintends the house-keeping, but this task is one which the ladies Janeway have done and done so well for generations that its performance has become a sort of second nature to them, and affords but slight occupation for their time and none at all for their minds. In the summer, she spends many hours driving about on the mountain roads. She is one of those persons who have only to mention the Fourth of July in order that their listeners may see flickering lines of torches and hear the whirr of rockets. As she sits in the prim, front parlor, furnished in the conventional style of fifty years ago and gives you the date when her great-great-grandfather laid the foundations of the homestead, the breath of a wind centuries old sweeps past you and you shiver slightly at the unbidden thought of the opportunities for human misery that the years may have given under that roof. She is always pleasant, sometimes almost fascinating, but those whose intuitions for such things are quick, feel that somewhere in her soul is often withdrawal and retreat; that drawbridges have been lifted and that proud, defiant eyes are looking out through loopholes, threatening woe to any who approach too near; and this, whatever it may have been once, is not now intentional, but seems the involuntary, spasmodic recoil of her nature from human contact.

During the two summers which I have recently spent in her vicinity, she has shown me an unusual degree of favor.

She has driven me over the hills many mornings in her old-fashioned, low-hung phaeton behind a shaggy little rat of a pony, and was always dressed for such drives in a gown of sheer gray debeige, with pale lemon ribbons at her throat. During these drives she told me much of her own life; she has reached an advanced stage of self-analysis, but, owing perhaps to little contact with the world, her power of well-defined self-expression is small, and though at times she strives almost painfully to syllable her whole self for you, yet her speech always suggests rather than expresses, and it is more from this suggestiveness and her often eloquent silences than from her prim, pathetic self-revelations that I have learned the little I know of the fantastic struggles in which her peculiar character has been formed.

Archibald was eighteen and Helen a mere child when their parents died and left her to his care. He had his own plans well settled in his youthful mind; - to finish his college course, attend a medical school, study abroad, and come back to a useful, unpretentious life here in the old home,--plans which he carried out in every particular. Meantime something must be done with his sister. He planned her education in fifteen minutes one June morning, and it seemed to him that she was going to be brought up in a most direct and exemplary way.

Little Miss Janeway had a nurse until she was six years old, a governess until she was fifteen, was under the personal supervision of a housekeeper and read and studied languages with the wise old village clergyman for three years more; during all this time she saw little of her brother, and had no child-friends. At eighteen, she assumed control of her own education, and for some time it seemed to her that the most improving thing she could do was to spend many hours alone with her fancies. Now she had occupied the south-west room upstairs ever since her sixth birthday, and the green hill looking in at her window had

acquired quite an extensive influence over the character of her fancies,—and Miss Janeway's fancies are herself. The fact that one might travel through those high, bare pastures, along the crest of the ridge, far into Northern Vermont, tyrannized over her childish imagination and made her long to attempt the lofty journey. Lying awake on windy nights in her childhood, she would merge her identity into that of a thistle-down left over from last summer, and airily traverse the whole range, snow-wrapped and lit by the uncanny glow of a mid-winter moon ; or, sitting by her window with altogether inexplicable tears filling her eyes, when over everything was the solemn light which is a shadow that only hill-countries in November twilights know, she would be a curled red leaf borne skurrying by the gale above the hills she loved. These images of her childhood became in a certain sense the ideals of her later years ; for Miss Janeway still deems it desirable to be borne, as swiftly and uncertainly if must be, but by all means as high and far above the chill discomforts and unpleasing actualities of this world, as leaf or thistle-down above the ridge.

About the time that her systematic education ceased, she went through a course of reading among Archibald's books, which was not precisely what anyone interested in the preservation of a just mental equilibrium would have chosen for her. Archibald was one of those physicians who, in the early and impetuous days of a somewhat painful practice, are driven to the conclusion that "Life is one long tragedy ;" who reverently pause before the doubt that "Creation is one great crime," thinking of the world's Creator "perchance he sleepeth," or has forgotten what they are just beginning to understand in its intensity, that his creatures' lives are mysterious, unhelped and helpless things. This phase in his growth passed healthily away, leaving merely a literary trace, in the addition of various pessimistic phil-

osophical treatises that his library received. . . . happened upon these books and gave to them that . . . attention of the young intellect and imagination which is usually epoch-making. Miss Janeway, as devotee of all practical knowledge of the world's misery as of the quality commonly called "horse-sense" brooded over the the ill-natured philosophers and adopted pessimistic conclusions. The most striking instance of cruelty she had ever seen was afforded by the stolidity of the hard-hearted and warmly-clad hemlocks on the upper slopes of the West Mountain, when the maples below, ashy-gray with cold, stretched shivering bare arms toward them, and her knowledge of misery was not more extensive, but she nevertheless found little difficulty in accepting the teaching that Nature, human nature most of all, is merciless, that the world is a pitiless hard place where none but the strong who can subdue it can stand, where the weak must fall. Starting with such premises, it seemed to her that a certain isolation of soul, combined perhaps with a degree of bodily seclusion, was necessarily imposed on the weak as their only means of defence, the only condition in which they might approximate peace.

She had been from her youth up fond of lonely walks over country roads after the leaves had fallen, and she felt that it was no bad thing to take life in the mood of tender melancholy which one feels on a November day a little after sunset, when strolling alone and watching the dark branches of distant trees etched finely against a yellow sky. In accordance with this idea she thereafter lived spiritually in genteel retirement.

In one respect she was to be envied ; she was sincere in her theories. If they were only the the playthings of her idle hours she did not know it. She would have said that she believed in her sickly fancies as we believe in death, and clung to them as we cling to life. This earnestness of

belief serves to redeem her mental position from the charge of being lackadaisical, although at the time of which I speak, no one was aware that she had taken any particular mental position,—Archibald Janeway least of all suspected the cobwebs that were weaving in his sister's brain. She was, or might have been at this time a favorite in a rather interesting little circle of people : a group of maiden sisters who sustained the honor of an old respected name, in an old square house with frail pink-and-white china and quaint silk gowns ; the remnants of two or three of the country families that had been acquainted with the sophistications of the city, prosperous in one generation, poverty-stricken in the next, coming back in the third to gain a plain living in the homes of their great-grandfathers—thoughtful, hard-working fathers, motherly mothers, bright but awkward sons whose eyes held perpetual inquiries, and fresh young daughters also possessing theories which they would have shared rapturously with Helen at any time, had she so willed it : a young and enthusiastic man with his younger and little less enthusiastic wife, who believed that the truest life is that which has closest connection with the soil,—he kept a market-garden then and hoped some day to have a wheat-farm in the West. For these people who were for the most part bright and thoughtful people, Helen possessed a great attractiveness, which I am convinced she owed partly to the strength of her uncomfortable, inward convictions which gave to her character a certain quality of elusiveness that defies definition as subtly as it repelled intrusion. This quality seemed to summon all with whom she came in contact, but as they advanced she retreated, seemingly smiling all the while. Moreover she was, fundamentally, one of those rare and often ill-balanced natures that almost universally delight. In her presence all felt that here indeed was “the open country, the fresh air, the blue hill, the bonny beck.” I have often inter-

sted myself with imagining what a comfortable and delightful person Miss Janeway might have been, if she had been permitted to believe in her little theories undisturbedly, if she had never been obliged to make confession of them, and had finally outgrown them as she might soon have done. But this was destined not to be.

About two years after she had undertaken the charge of her own education, and when she still held firmly, though she did not think of them so often, the views which have been indicated, she discovered that she had read all the musty philosophers she cared to for a time, and that a strong and unlawful curiosity in regard to those things which she had abjured was taking possession of her. Though the world should crush her, yet she must see more of it, and she began casting about in her mind for some way in which to satisfy the demands of both her convictions and her curiosity. She wished very much that some little side door would open for her into the world's parade-ground so that she might stand by it and watch the pageant with a comfortable sense that she could easily slip out, should the throng sweep too far her way. Being in this frame of mind she turned her thoughts toward the little world around her to see what it had to offer. The incongruity between her ideas of the world's cruelty and the actual facts presented by these simple kindly people, struck her rather forcibly, and one day—it was in a January thaw and she was alone, for Archibald was attending lectures in New York—she remembered with regret that the enthusiastic market-gardener and his wife had gone to the city to spend two joyful weeks on the profit of the strawberry crop and hear fine music every day, otherwise she thought she would have sought them. She then thought of the bright girls who considered her “superior” and looked at her with wondering eyes. She was seized with a sudden desire to put on her hat and gloves and go and

swear an eternal friendship with the least attractive of the all. She actually did put on her hat and gloves, but on going to the door she saw, much to her surprise and a little to her momentary disappointment,—since this would delay the action she was now quite resolved upon, that Archibald, accompanied by a stranger, was driving over the top of the hill. Unhappily for Miss Janeway he had returned earlier than he expected and brought with him an old friend whom he had met in New York, a college class-mate who had studied medicine with him, but who, being independent of his profession, had fitted himself for doing little by seeing much. Just now he was bent upon making with Archibald an exhaustive study of malignant diphtheria as it prevailed that winter among the poor and ignorant inhabitants of certain unhealthy clearings on the other side of West Mountain.

John Graham had seen much of the world and was able to give a clear and unpretentious account of what he had seen and the conclusions he had drawn. Helen felt that the little door had begun to turn on its hinges. It opened wide for her during the next six weeks. John Graham gave her that portion of his time and attention which diphtheria did not occupy, and before he went away he asked her to marry him. He was not a man, who, in the abstract was greatly interested in the tangles that a complex character makes for itself, but he felt to its full extent the peculiar charm of her nature; he found her unusual and foresaw that she would be unhappy. It seemed to him that her happiness would be an end not hard to accomplish, and that valuable results might follow it. Her somewhat rampant imagination would perhaps illumine herself more effectively and shine also for others if she were placed in a different atmosphere. Helen, however, failed in active appreciation of him. He had satisfied her curiosity but had not touched her heart in any way, and, moreover, in the

glimpses of actual life which he had given her, he had unconsciously confirmed her idea of its undesirability.

So she sent him away. It was one raw, March day that he went. Archibald came home at night, tired; the weather, the way his cases were going, the absence of his friend, and an impression he had that his sister's refusal had been an unnecessary bit of sentiment, all combined to irritate him. He had, too, an uncomfortable sub-consciousness that if he had taken her mental training in hand earlier she might have been a more sensible person, - it was only recently that he had had time to observe that she was not particularly sensible, and he felt that he did not yet know the full extent of her deficiency in that line. So that evening as they sat before the fire, he put her through a brief catechism in regard to all her theories, beliefs and expectations of life. Helen, slightly frightened, expounded reluctantly, yet fully, defiantly, but with exactest truth, the views that seemed pitifully meagre when his large, practical gaze was turned upon them. He said little, but looked grave; when she had finished he only observed "The world is rather closely peopled, Helen. I do not think that you will find it always keeps its distance from you," then fell to staring thoughtfully into the fire. Helen, feeling miserable and depressed, went away to her own room.

To be well-balanced, self-sufficient and soberly reticent in regard to all matters of mind or soul, this had always been the ideal of the Janeways, and few of them had ever failed to attain it. Archibald seeing his sister's reticence, had taken it as a matter of course that the other family traits followed in its train. His reflections on discovering his mistake were a little troubled. The fact that he would probably never have time to understand her thoroughly and give her what she needed occurred to him unpleasantly and almost as if it were his fault that it was so. Well, it was not, he assured himself. A thousand times stronger

and more important than the whims of a silly girl were the claims upon him of the profession whose duties he had taken up solemnly and almost reverently so many years ago. He had no time to spare from them to devote to the delicate, lengthy task of dealing with this soul.

He believed that the most improving thing a romantic woman can do for herself is to marry a sensible man and learn to look at the world through his eyes ; but this was a matter which Helen had a right to decide for herself. After all, he could do nothing for her. It would be wiser and better to leave her to right herself, as she surely would do soon. The Janeways had never lacked common sense long at a time, and we are all subject to temporary aberrations, particularly in our youth. At this point the office-bell rang.

Miss Janeway, meantime, had been thinking seriously of accepting existence on other grounds than she had previously taken. The appeal that her would-be lover had made to her woman's heart, the reproach her brother had implicitly cast on her womanly tenderness, the vague dissatisfaction which her manner of thinking had occasionally roused in her mind, all concurred in causing her to think of another possible view of life. She took down from her shelf the *Religio Medici* and read, applying it to mental conditions, a passage whose quaint cadence she had always liked. "'Tis not only the mischief of diseases and the villainy of poisons that make an end of us ; we vainly accuse the fury of guns and the new inventions of death ;—it is in the power of every hand to slay us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet he doth not kill us." The last clause struck her as a peculiarly definite and lucid statement of her own belief in the infinite possibilities of harm existing in human relations. It is not only that there is a dagger in the bosoms of our friends which at any moment may be drawn against us, but in the folds of their garments whom we

pass by daily with averted eyes, giving them little thought rehid the weapons of our destruction. "And shall we herefore keep our souls in their cloisters?" This question which she supposed she had settled definitely sometime before, she let Sir Thomas answer for her as he would to-night. "There is, therefore, but one comfort left; that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death." It seemed then that cloisters were no use. "Being human and among humanity the harm to our natures we cannot avoid," concluded Miss Janeway's reason, "but 'the one comfort left' seems to be that we can cherish this until it makes our pleasure and becomes dear to us." She might have rebelled at this departure from loyalty to her theoreticself, if at this point in her meditations, human tenderness, a factor which she had always previously eliminated from her estimates of existence, had not suddenly taken on for her new values, and she found herself longing as she had never longed for anything before, to be leading a simple, useful, matter-of-fact life, loving and being loved in a quiet, homely way. She wanted never to erect another theory, never to have another dream. She wanted to reach the solid foundations of things, the *terra firma*, as only the simple practical people, of all she had ever known, seemed to do—and rest contented there. Firm land,—that was it indeed! Grass-clad perhaps,—she would love to lie along it and gain strength from touching it. Antaeus did. It would be spring maybe and there would be violets making their way up through that fair grass.

She went to sleep that night with her head still in a whirl of excitement and half-formed plans. She remembers still the heaviness of her heart the next morning; she knows just how the sun streamed in on the pallid, gray squares of the dining-room carpet, how grave and uncommunicative Archibald looked as he cut his steak, how far away Han-

nah seemed as she waited on them, and how noiselessly s moved.

She had a sick-headache that day and could not thin the next day she did not try to. It is a curious fact f which Miss Janeway has never found sufficient explanation that after the weariness brought on by her mental excit ment had passed away, she found that both her new r solves and old convictions had passed away also, and sh has never been able to recover either of them. When, a terwards, she tried to force upon herself as working-princ ples the conclusions to which she came then, she found sl accepted them, but with no relish, and after a while had t give them all up. She has never indulged in serious co victions since. Though she feels occasional flashes of h old spirit, she fancies that there is a spring broken som where and that her mental organism will never run aga in the way it used. "I do not understand me,—but I ha given up trying, and after all I think I am quite as happ now as I ever could have been. Does not it seem to y that the life I lead is a pleasant one?" It was untrue, y I told Miss Janeway that her life seemed to me almo ideally lovely in its simple tranquility,—for the answ gave her pleasure.

Poor Miss Janeway ! She slept and dreamed ; she wol rubbed her eyes, staggered for a few seconds blinded by t morning sunshine, then dropped her lids and fell into profounder slumber. Sometimes she cries out faintly her sleep ; sometimes the restlessness of the somnambulist hers, and I fancy that, still in her sleep, she rises a walks to and fro with groping hands and vacant eyes a questioning, dumb lips ; but at such times no friendly ha is ever put forth to grasp hers gently or roughly, and wa en her as her dream grows bright. Archibald has come give no thought to anything but his profession, and as f me, on the few occasions when I have come near her, I ha felt that it behooved me to step lightly and speak softl lest by any chance word or movement I disturb the slumb in which she rests almost always quietly.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A NANTUCKET IDYL.

It was our last day at Nantucket. The breakers had chased us up the sand at Surf-Side ; the setting sun had hurried us across the scented 'Sconset moors for the last time. Every little crooked street in the town had grown dear ; and we knew the last detail of the trials which the literary native was having with his publishers.

"But you haven't been to Mrs. Maginnis'," said Captain Joe, our benign host

"Sure enough," echoed Mrs. Sal. "The girls mustn't go away without seeing her,—she's a bigger show than her museum, Joe ; you must go with them."

Captain Joe demurred, "I shall laff."

"So shall I, if she's funny," said Dell." "Come and keep me in countenance."

And she cast her dark eyes up at him in a way which always brought her anything she asked from the soft-hearted old sea-dog, were it the very tiller of his boat.

"Wa-al," he said hesitatingly, "only don't let me set by *her*. The last time I see her was at a tea-party, and shiver my timbers if she didn't nudge me black and blue. Nobody said anything but she run her elbow into me for fear I didn't see the joke. Fust she'd giggle and then she'd nudge, and kep' a-gigglin' and a-nudgin' till I was lame for a week."

From half-past-two to four were Mrs. Maginnis' hours. It was three by the clock in the gilt church-tower when we reached her trig, little, white house.

"I presume she'll let us in," said Captain Joe, dubiously. Dell and I, unused to such patriarchal rigidity of rule, stared at him in astonishment, but the little maid who answered the bell, only looked doubtfully at us till a shrill voice from over the old-fashioned balustrades, called: "Send them right up, Sarah! *Right* up, I say!"

We walked up, depositing our modest fee in an unguarded pasteboard box on the hall table, and were shown into a good-sized "front chamber," lined with glass cases and furnished with three wooden benches and a few chairs. Over the benches straggled eight or ten men of uncertain social position, and very dubious whisker. On one of the chairs was a lady whose whole soul was absorbed in effort to keep her baby from crawling under the glass case in front of which sat Mrs. Maginnis, apparently brandishing a window-stick. She was "a reglar little, tight little," woman of sixty-five, in a close fitting drab gown, and with a *coiffure*, which consisted of a few gray hairs neatly parted on the top of her head, and an enormous black jute braid securely strapped to the back of it by a black velvet band passed across her forehead.

"*Keep* your seats, all of you," she cried, with a stamp of her foot, as we entered. "Parties as comes first, has the best seats. *Keep* your seats, I say," as the negatives on the benches rose with about one-man-power at the first glance of Dell's eyes. "Well! If you will, then *do*!" (with a snap like a rat trap). "Now, I must begin at the very beginning. Parties should keep to my hours."

"Pray go on" murmured Dell, in her sweetest tones.

"What does the lady say?" ejaculated our hostess, with a bewildered stare.

"I said, pray go on from where you are now," repeated

“ We can perfectly well wait to learn what you have to over.”

“ I don't understand the lady,” said Mrs. Maginnis, helplessly appealing to the masculine portion of the audience. She says go on!” yelled the assembled populace.

“ Oh!” said Mrs. M., with a withering stare at my anxious sister.

As I was a-saying, I will begin at the very beginning—t hand corner northeast case this is a piece of carved y Chinaman did adze used by Esquimaux made from e sealskin cap which the Greenlanders use it fer cloth-being impervious to wet water or otherwise my husband n said he should get me a suit when I stood on the cs of his sailing vessel waves mountain high as the poet died ten years ago and left me the museum which is a ce sea-weed from East Indies washed clear to this shore storm growing nowhere else this is the spawn of a mus-feste which is the offspring to the periwinkle,—young an! (Turning short on Dell), do you know about the pring to the periwinkle?

“ Perfectly,” answered the young woman aforesaid, with lime self-confidence.

Mrs. Maginnis looked startled for an instant, then, with arching glance, she repeated, “ Did you say you knew ut the periwinkle?”

“ I am entirely familiar with the periwinkle,” answered l, meeting the piercing gaze with sever serenity, and t. M. retreated to the case.

Vegetable ivory buttons made from same dipper carved m coconut fer black hair cut from the head of my grand-ther at the age of eighty-nine died ten years after with just as black she did not wear her hair in the prevailing le.”

At this juncture, the jute switch was presented to the hience as a specimen of the prevailing style.

"Now all turn around on your benches and we will go through the case on the opposite side of the room. There are not so many sea curiosities here, but things valooable from age and association. 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne' ? Fust comes bit of a flag made on this island in the times of the war with the South here is the offspring to the periwinkle—you said you understood the periwinkle ?" (Darting a suspicious glance at Dell, who bowed with calm dignity).

My sister's air of quiet comprehension of all marine matters was too much for Captain Joe, who, having accidentally discovered that she did not know a right from a sperm whale, had spent the greater part of the preceding afternoon in sounding the depths of her ignorance of salt-water zoölogy. He subsided into the crown of his hat, in a state of helpless chuckle. Mrs. Maginnis transfixed the grey-bearded reprobate with her eye, then, walking slowly up to him, said,

"Young man !"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly responded the aged sinner, peeping over his hat-brim. "This"—holding out to him an extremely dirty and weather-beaten shell—"is the sea-urchin. Observe its beautiful form."

Captain Joe stretched out a huge paw for the precious article, examined it with apparent interest and returned it.

"Yes, ma'am, its verry pratty," he remarked.

"Do you know what I think of when I see a beautiful object like that ?"

"No, ma'am."

"I think, who was it as could have made it so perfect."

The captain's untimely levity being thus subdued, Mr. M. returned to the articles "valooable from age and association."

"Fust comes a mortar and pestle which they pound-d corn in the when the wind gave out. You have all been to

the wind-mill and now I will tell you a story to prove that there are just as many fools on the mainland as on this island. Once a gentleman, on the mainland whose name I will not give, went to a party, and they had some very nice sponge-cake, of which he ate a great deal. He said to his wife, 'My dear, won't you have some of this sponge-cake?' And—hm—well now! ladies, I've forgotten the point. Sarah! (turning to the little maid, who sat by the door), What is the point of that story?"

"I don't know. mum," faltered the little maid.

"Don't know! You ought to know. You've heard me tell it often enough. Well, we will leave that story. Here is a ball turned from a tree planted by my grandfather. I have composed a few verses on the occasion of it, which I do not often read my verses to parties, but I will recite a few.

And, swaying slowly back and forth Mrs. Maginnis chanted :

"It was on a Summer's day,
And I think the month was May,
I arose up bright and early,
While the dew was all so pearly.

Soon my work I laid aside,
For from my window I espied
My own cousin, Thomas Macy.
Cousin Thomas ne'er was lazy;

He had rose up at full four,
Harnessed up and then came o'er
For to take me on a ride
Down anear the water-side,

Where had stood this lovely tree,
Which a piece of you do see,
And which they must now cut down,
For they were t'extend the town.

There were some two hundred lines, describing at length
the downfall of the hill and how

"Cousin Thomas mounted on the trunk,
Or, I should say, on the stump,
Pounded till he was quite sweaty,
And cut a piece was very pretty,"

and which they bore in triumph back to town and placed in the hands of the turner. For the sake of her gray hairs and of those hairs which ought to have been gray and weren't, I rejoice to say that its author's audience listened to this effusion with imperturbable gravity, which was not ruffled even when she stopped in the middle to inform them that she had thought of the point of that story now: the man thought it was corn-cake, but it was sponge-cake. Captain Joe seemed awed into silence. Dell was apparently meditating an essay on the offspring to the periwinkle.

Mrs. Maginnis' eyes wandered over the case from which she had produced the wooden ball. It was filled with various small articles turned from wood, as well as with wood in its original, unpolished material—in the chunk.

"I have a great many of these interesting articles turned," she said, "but I should have a great many more if my grandson had lived. I don't take any interest in it myself, any more. I worked and collected and begged to get things together while he lived." (The shrill voice broke here into veritable grandmotherly quavers). "But—he died, and there's an end of it. I didn't care about the museum for myself. It was because he would have it after me. I've got the first letter he ever wrote to me, and the last letter, written in his Freshman year at Yale College, two weeks before he went home to die of the measles and give it to four others."

Dell's gaze wandered from the periwinkle and fastened on the little old woman's face, which was drawn and quivering with emotion. Real tears in her eyes veiled their habitual sarcastic gleam.

"But now there's nothing to care about in it," went on Mrs. Maginnis mechanically, as if she had forgotten the

crowd about her, and, for one pathetic moment, lost the show-woman in the grandmother.

"He's dead, and that's the end of it. I idolized that boy. Yes, I suppose I *idolized* him. To be sure," meditatively, "I never saw him."

Dell rose abruptly, and bolted from the room. Captain Joe, after one wild look at me, followed. We were all in the street before I had fully grasped the situation.

"To think," Dell was blazing, "of all the sympathy I wasted on that old—woman! I almost cried. I was going to wait afterward and ask her to tell me more about the odious little Freshman and his measles, and to say some more poetry. I was so sorry for her! And she never saw him! I don't believe she ever had any grandson. How could she have a grandson she never saw!"

But to me, the little old woman, with her overflowing life rushing into the channels of eccentricity, her talent for government expending itself in snappishness, and her far-away, unseen idol, was a veritable Nantucket Idyl.



JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN A. B.

If one will be distinguished one must pay the penalty. Compensation, like an even-handed justice, balances minus and plus in perfect equipoise. If one wears a halo, one cannot wear a hat; or, in other words, the glamour of a title does not always entail solid comfort to the possessor. Pre-eminently is this the case of the A. B. These letters, like exclamation points at the end of a sentence, serve to fix critical attention, and the mild glance of indifference is transmuted into an analytical stare. One confesses to the charm of being considered a monument of learning; but to

wear perpetually the erudite expression of a Latin epitaph is trying to the facial nerves.

It is the fate of all, at one period or another, to pass under the microscope of criticism, and the quivering A. B. seems to be allotted an unusual length of time under the object-glass. If one can only pass through the inspection marked "approved" on every antenna of detail, great is the self-gratulation. A three-horned dilemma presents itself at this juncture: first, the new A. B. signally lacks that very perfection in detail which is breath to the nostrils of society. Finesse of manner can be acquired, but the college-bred have an aversion to artificial veneer. "Are you sound at the core" is their text. Second, the new A. B. is placed in a quasi electric light of criticism which magnifies imperfections and leaves beauties normal size. Third, the A. B. herself possesses some of the characteristics of an unsatisfied molecule, and as a result of special training, exacts from the world in general something more stimulating than mediocrity. But the world in general is mediocre—in fact, an indifferently clever A. B. is not a rare occurrence. In the case of most people, the boundary line of attainment has an extremely short radius. Tearing intellects do not grow wild, and the dilution of the essence of intelligence may be attributed as the result of dividing it among an increasing population.

In undergraduate days we grew callous to the facetious interrogations of our friends as to how much gum was annually consumed at Vassar, and how frequently new balustrades were necessary. It was ever a religious duty to disdain verbal reply, but to respond to these humorous queries with a supercilious elevation of the Vassar eyebrow: result, devoutly to be wished for, complete petrefaction of our interlocutor. Now, alas, the Philistines bear down upon us without stint or scruple, with incisive questions as to how we like being out of school; how we propose using

: valuable education ; whether we will write books or reform society. From this very refinement of torture, deliver ! In a fit of desperation the exclamation is forced from us, Oh yes, we contemplate hiring a southern exposure on Parnassus hill, found two or three French academies, compiling a universal encyclopaedia, and various trifles of like nature : don't you join us ?' Exit Philistine. We love our friends ; we thoroughly appreciate disinterested sympathy ; but we follow the line of endurance at the confidential whisper of a dealer in crewels, "now you haven't anything else to do, make lots of fancy work."

The most interesting person I have met since launching the "Wide, Wide" is an elderly gentleman who has no peer in the art of story-telling, and, be prepared for the *ri passu*—no equal in ordering a dinner. There are old women and old gentlemen. In some the different ingredients of life seem to have produced unfortunately an acid action. In the case of this particular old gentleman the elements had so mixed that the resultant had a piquant, cosmopolitan flavor that only a wide and varied experience of life can bring. The greatest natures, like the best diamonds, are many sided. Our friend had a fondness for telling stories and writing scientific treatises, only equalled by his love for cucumbers. We wished to gratify him as much as lay within our power—we presented him with one of these esculent vegetables. The following is in acknowledgement thereof, and shows the airy, adaptable side of a fully profound intelligence :

" There are presents and presents of all sorts of things,
Presents for beggars and presents for kings,
Birthday presents and gifts for the bride,
And Christmas gifts such as Santa Claus brings :
Jumping jacks, Noah's arks, and bons-bons, beside
Gifts of gold and silver and the veriest knickknack,
Plaques, pottery, pictures and old bric-a-brac,
Souvenirs and mementoes renowned and antique

From the four-posted bedstead that Aaron Burr slept on
To the old faded rug that Hamilton crept on.
From the artist and author who writes upon science
Gifts of friendship and love, of hate and defiance.
There are gifts and givers without name or number,
But the best of all gifts is a winter cucumber.
One slice of it proves that life is worth living
Without undue respect to the state of the liver,
If you take it well seasoned with the spirit of giving
And think all the while of the beautiful giver."

The picturesque element is noticeably lacking in recent novels. Sometimes barely half a page apologizes for its own existence, and describes the scene of action in the fewest possible words, though an occasional sentence shows us that description is not so much a lost as a neglected art. Such undivided attention is bestowed upon the characters that they are often left posing against an indistinct background, and we are forced to bring out the scene by our imaginations, or to have the most striking and strongly-drawn figures set off only by thin air. In some cases, this vagueness is a necessary attribute of the heroes and heroines, who either belong to no particular place, or else never stay long enough in one spot to make their association with it at all distinct in our minds. The modern-novel hero is a cosmopolite, be it in ever so small a way, and usually takes as little time as the novelist to cultivate the picturesque.

To this there are, of course, exceptions. In "One Summer" we could almost feel the breezes which blew over the deck of the *Idlewild*, and the "stern and rock-bound" New England coast forgot its Puritan principles, while the very air seemed redolent of bad puns. In *Guenn*, Miss Howard's descriptive ability is still more marked and pleasing. The Little Breton village and its surroundings furnished exqui-

site backgrounds for every incident, while the fort, the red-sailed fishing boats and the Lannions are as real to us as Guenn, her father, or Madame of the Voyaguers.

Plouvenec is indeed an ideal retreat for an artist, and that thoroughly appreciative seeker after beauty, Mr. Everett Hamor, never felt more grateful to his infantile silver spoon than when he was set down at the door of the Voyaguers. Life in this little village seemed to offer him the only kind of excitement he desired—the continual surprise of the purely picturesque—and, with his usual good-fortune, he was not disappointed. An artist who could, in one evening, see the return of the fishing boats and make the acquaintance of Guenn, Thymert and Hervé Rodellec was indeed to be congratulated, and no one better realized the fact than Hamor himself.

Guenn is artistically perfect, and is never so striking as in contrast with the artist. Her individuality is no less intense than his, and, like him, she seems to have absolute control over her own life. Guenn was too resistant and untrained ever to gain the reputation for "heart" which so persistently clung to Hamor. It always seemed more likely that she took up the cudgels rather out of her keen enjoyment of a skirmish than from good will towards the weaker party. In her simple way she was a more eager character student than the artist; and, partly by her knowledge of human nature and partly by her undoubted superiority over the peasants and fisher folk, ruled Plouvenec royally. Hamor, too, could manage things at his own pleasure, but gained his ascendancy by suppressing the force of will which Guenn asserted, and showing only the more amiable side of his personality. Through him Guenn learned of a world beyond the little village which had already become too small for her boundless activity. She was not ambitious, and could not have lived away from her Breton home; but she needed the con-

stant excitement of her little triumphs which would hardly have staid fresh much longer. "Monsieur" who was so kind and who "needed her beauty" made her life, for the time, perfect; and her love was as much for the new experiences which he had brought her as for Hamor himself. Her feeling for him was quite different from her respect for the curé, her awe of her uncanny brother, Nannic or her patronizing affection for the villagers; still it seemed rather reverence than love until she realized that with him departed every possibility which made life endurable. There is very little of the ordinary heroine about Guenn, and we are more inclined to think of her as we do of Undine or Hans Andersen's little Mermaid than as intensely human, as she undoubtedly is.

And how came Hamor to represent so much to a wild little maiden whose first instinct towards him was of dislike? Well, he wanted it and he was a man who always got what he wanted. He is one of those people whose success in life is never quite clearly understood, except by themselves. Hamor thoroughly believed in himself, not in his abilities, but in his estimate of his own character and his power to properly control his life in accordance with it. Other people's characters he studied as he did their faces, from a professional point of view; but he never allowed his psychological studies to trouble him any more than he allowed himself to be kept awake nights by the haunting faces of his models. Self-analysis was a duty, and therefore quite another matter; and, to do him justice, he was a stern physician and allowed himself no days of grace in which to rest from the rigid discipline he had prescribed. He had the rare virtue of unfailing industry, and, whether brusque or civil, did all for the glory of art. With himself Hamor dealt severely though honestly, while with others he was inclined to be lenient and unconsciously perfidious.

Hamor's gentle treatment of mankind in general was not entirely the result of policy. He really liked the people

is kind to, only he wanted them to "obliterate" themselves when he had no use for them. He prided himself only on being at ease on any social level whatever, but being able to make that level his own for the time, he did with the most charming grace. With the Plouf-fishermen he "wore his béret down among their bés, his sabots down among their sabots," and in consequence got entirely into the spirit of their life without having real sympathy with it. In short, he knew how to "mix" with people, to penetrate deeply into their lives and at all that is best in them without sacrificing his own individuality in the slightest degree. Just how he did this remain a mystery to the uninitiated. It takes a long time to even find out that such people are taking more than they are giving, and as we watch them calmly appropriate the affection so freely offered on all sides, we have to confess that they have a sort of divine right to it, and that there is nothing for us to do but join in the universal game.

Guenn has no moral. It is simply the story of a situation for which no one was to blame, of which the outcome is inevitable as sad. The tragic figure is not *Guenn* or *Thymert*. The contrast between *Hamor* and the earnestly earnest curé of the Lannions could hardly be stronger. The priest, like *Hamor*, had no small share of the guide-sophist-and-friend quality, which makes men acknowledge leaders. He was, perhaps, no more strict in living up to his ideal standard than the artist, but *Thymert's* life was as entirely for others as *Hamor's* for himself; and, and in such different circumstances, and working for different ends, even their points of similarity give rise to differences. *Thymert* studied the characters of people so that he might better know how to help them, but was content to regulate his own simple life by his keen sense of right and wrong. *Hamor*, reading his *Virgil* in

leisure moments with a tender, poetical sorrow for the misfortunes of Aeneas, is quite a different figure from the Breton priest, pacing his little chapel in a storm, and reciting the majestic verses of his only poet. Still, the latter is the more dignified even when stopping a fight or hurrying through vespers.

After all, *Guenn* is a story more likely to suggest questions than to answer them. Whether charming people are morally responsible for their unsought influence over others we cannot presume to decide ; neither can we insist that the man with frank and genial countenance shall draw thereon the lines of villainy with burnt cork, until such times as he can cultivate a conscience to match. We should have a solitary time if we began banishing from society every one who unconsciously destroys others' peace of mind. There must always be many such stories as *Guenn's*, though few will be so charmingly told as Miss Howard's tale of the little fisher girl, "a wave on the Breton coast." That her experience was not solitary makes it none the less pathetic, and the question recurs as we close the book, 'was a little art worthy the sacrifice of so much nature ?'

Editors' Table.

Among other attractions, Vassar has a lake available for skating. We rejoice in this knowledge, for we have a passion for out-of-door exercise, which we are in danger of carrying to the verge of folly, except for the restraining admonitions of those who have our physical welfare deeply at heart. But, seriously, many of us would spend on the lake the time which we have been recommended to devote to exercise, except for an apparently insurmountable difficulty. Most skaters find it hard to skate on ice which is being cut into cubes and hauled off. If one wishes to skate, there is no alternative but to go into the ice-houses for the needful ice. We think of the ice-cream to come, and are silent ; but we see loads of ice vanishing down College avenue to furnish other ice-houses, and cannot repress a smile at the thought of Vassar's little lake being a source of profit ; nor can we repress a sigh at the lost skating. Which must it be ? We would not willingly embarrass Vassar's finances, but we should like to skate.

It is a significant fact that there are more character sketches produced, as a result of our College essay work, than any other kind of composition. The fact is significant because it points to the taste for a special kind of intellectual effort. The mania for analysis pervades everything and everybody from the ambitious Preparatory, who has

heard of a character sketch and wants to write one before she knows what it means, to the Senior who, having analyzed her own brightness, finds that the proper field for *its* exercise is the analysis of somebody's else brightness. Our stories are analyzed to the point of distraction for the readers; attempts at description result in a photograph of the beholder's emotions, and our narratives are all relations of thoughts, not events. Now self-examination is very profitable, and examination of somebody else is very pleasant, but why should we not have, in the way of variety, something objective and spontaneous; something made up of threads which we do not try to unravel?

Everybody and everything seems to "keep" Sunday in some way or other. This is as it should be. We believe in giving free scope for the practice of all theories—in so far as they interfere with the reasonable desires of no one else. But we have some pet ideas concerning Sunday. We have been taught to consider it a day of rest, and who can rest if she is uncomfortable? We can forgive the girl next door who reads aloud during the entire afternoon; we have a charitable feeling toward the one who thrums upon her guitar or banjo; we have a fellow feeling for the student who revels in pop corn and mo— (we beg pardon, that is forbidden, and so, of course, no one does.);—yes, we can stand all this, but when it comes to the chapel steam-pipes, we rebel. Those steam pipes that have nothing to do during six days in the week, *must* they rest on Sunday, too? Truly if you give all but an inch, that will be taken. Can we not have enough warmed, fresh air in the chapel on Sunday morning to render shawls superfluous?

"Do you ever find anything for the *Miscellany* in here?" asked a friend the other day as we passed by the modest, green box labelled '*Vassar Miscellany*.' We tried her ignorance but envied her faith in human nature. Possibly she thought that the demand of literary aspirants for some conveniently-placed receptacle for effusions had been the cause of this particular tin box's existence. It may have been in some pre-historic age of the *Miscellany*, but whatever caused this effect it has not in turn been the means of producing a flood of literary effusions. Where are the writers? The numerous changes in the English Department have taken from it the character of medium between essayist and editor which it has possessed for so long a time. We know quite well that it has not only changed in this respect, but that the new scheme of work, by materially changing the nature of their subjects, has diminished the number of essays suitable for the *Miscellany*. This has inevitably produced a dearth of material which we regret, but have not as yet been able to remedy. In many colleges, all publications are furnished with articles prepared for that purpose alone; the suitable ones are taken, all others declined. It may be too much to expect, but may we not hope that, in consideration of the reflex influence of such work, there will be some venturesome spirits here to make a trial of such work? Write a review of one of the many late, popular novels, a character sketch of an early friend, write anything, only *write*. We speak on higher than an editor's authority when we say that such work will materially aid in general essay work. For the sake of the *Miscellany*, for the sake of the soon out-going and in-coming Boards, write and send the result, anonymously if you are over-modest, to meet a warm reception from the *Miscellany* editors.

Can it be true that music has no power over Vassar breasts? We should be sorry, indeed, to admit such a lamentable state of affairs; but it is certainly true that we place certain branches of St. Cecilia's art above others in the scale of excellence. We have already given expression to our dislikes of banjos and guitars when used promiscuously by unskilled hands. We had no overweening affection for the owl, which for a few short weeks did its best to sooth our slumbers; and now, hardened creatures that we are, we raise our faint voice against the piercing howl of the cat which nightly haunts our corridors. Our dreams of home are shattered by heart-rending shrieks which lead us to believe that our small brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and all the infants of our acquaintance are being put to death in the next room. Thus in our half-awake condition we ourselves are suffering tortures until the raising of a corridor window, and the voice of a friend crying 'scat' recall us to our senses. Horace has sung the praise of Orpheus, who by his magic skill caused the oaks of the forest to follow in his train, but whose pen can do justice to the music of the cat, which can call a sleepy girl from her rest? With the return of consciousness, we are relieved from anxiety on the score of our small friends, but as we realize the true cause of the disturbance, what a flood of anger rushes in upon our souls! Again silence reigns and we are soothed into slumber only to be awakened by a groan of agony from a room-mate. We start up, eagerly enquiring the cause of the out-break. "Oh, that cat" is the all-sufficient reply. At the return of the irrepressible feline, we see our fair dreams take their flight, leaving us to misery and to cats.

HOME MATTERS.

As the Physical Sciences constitute one of our most popular and prosperous departments, all friends of the college will be interested in hearing of the increased facilities of our laboratory. This year's purchases have been chiefly in the line of instruments for the precise measurement of electricity. They are the following sensitive and beautiful galvanometers;—an Astatic of High Resistance made by Elliott Bros., London; a Gangain Tangent; a very accurate one; and a Thompson's Mirror. These instruments in addition to our old ones give us a fine set for measuring currents.

We also add to our list for detecting and measuring static electricity a delicate Mascart's Quadrant electrometer made by Ruhmkorff, of Paris, with its scale for reflection and its commutator complete; and, for measuring the capacity of condensers, a One-third Microfarad from Elliot Bros.

Since the erection of the new building in 1880, additions to our facilities for the study of chemistry have been constantly made. The Laboratory course has been extended to three semesters instead of being confined to a part of so as in former times. Fine balances made by Becker, and apparatus for determining Specific Gravity, including the Westphal and Joly balances, together with gas furnaces for melting and oxidizing, are provided for the use of students. Very recently a separate room has been devoted to quantitative analysis with tables furnished with everything needful for the study of this branch of Chemistry.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The committee for Founder's Day has been elected, with Miss Shoecraft as chairman.

Professor Hinkel addressed *Qui Vice*, Jan. 19.

Professor Mitchell addressed the T. and M. Club, Jan. 19.

The regular meeting of the Society of Religious Inquiry was held Jan. 20. Mr. Ziegenfuss addressed the society.

The day of prayer for Colleges, which occurred Jan. 31, was observed as usual. Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, conducted the morning services.

The Exoteric Society, together with some privileged friends, enjoyed a masquerade party in the Lyceum, Feb. 2.

The following officers have been elected for the present semester :

Junior class.—President, Miss Shattuck ; Vice President, Miss J. Ricker ; Secretary, Miss Gould ; Treasurer, Miss Cochran.

Sophomore class.—President, Miss Southworth ; Vice President, Miss Foster ; Secretary, Miss Sweetzer ; Treasurer, Miss Moir.

Freshman class.—President, Miss Anderson ; Vice President, Miss Amory ; Secretary, Miss Skinner ; Treasurer, Miss Maloney.

Qui Vive re-elected the officers of the first semester.

T. & M. Club.—Manager, Miss Hiscock ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss A. Goldstine.

Alpha --President, Miss Mitchell ; Vice President, Miss Starkweather ; Secretary, Miss Ferris ; Treasurer, Miss Buck.

Beta.—President, Miss Chapman ; Vice President, Miss L. K. Smith ; Secretary, Miss Heyer ; Treasurer, Miss Evening.

Delta.—President, Miss Griffith ; Vice President, Miss
r ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Botsford.

xcteric.—President, Miss Nassau ; Vice President,
s Marchand ; Secretary, Miss Coffroth ; Treasurer, Miss
W. Patterson.

fact to prove that History is not an unnecessary study :
nterested listener to Mr. Arnold's recent lecture asked
latthew and Benedict Arnold were brothers.

Miss Isabelle Mulford, from the Normal School in Tren-
N. J., is teacher of Botany.

mong a number of books recently added to the library
Dr. Ritter's *Music in England* and *Music in America*.

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PERSONALS.

'72.

Miss Brace has returned from Europe.

'77.

Maura Wylie is teaching in Misses Storer and Lupton's
ool in Cincinnati.

arah F. Sheppard has been chosen to fill the place in the
GLISH Department left vacant by Miss Jordan.

'83.

Married, in Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 23, Caroline Curtiss to
hn Quincy Adams Johnson.

Married, in Chicago, Jan. 3, Adèle Dean to Mr. Rollin
atson.

The following students have visited the College during the past month: Miss Braislin, '81; Mrs. Rouse-Behrends, '77; Miss Cutler; Mrs. Dean-Matson.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

By far the most interesting paper in the current *Atlantic* is O. B. Frothingham's discussion of the pulpit, the press, and the stage,—three popular educators, so like and yet so unlike. The business of the pulpit is to promulgate absolute ethics, and to show how they are to be practically applied in our every day life; that of the stage is, not to diffuse information concerning moral sentiment, but to make such morality as exists appreciated, and to recommend it by all the means at its command; while the press,—but we hope that all will read the article for themselves. "Newport" creeps on, but not apace. Another good thing is "A Visit to South Carolina in 1860," by Edward G. Mason. In reading the review of Mr. Crawford's "To Lee-ward," one who has read the work can scarcely help wondering if the *Atlantic* does not intend to pay the author for his "Roman Singer," in puffs. The shortness of the essays in the Contributors' Club is by far the best feature of the department.

Many noted names lend weight and importance to the table of contents of the February *Century*, either as subjects, or as contributors to the number. Signor Salvini gives his "Impressions of Shakespeare's 'Lear'" in a paper which shows how deeply the actor has studied the poet, and with what thought and elevation of purpose he approaches the Shakespearian drama. "How Edwin Drood was Illustrated," unravels much of the "mystery" of Dickens' unfinished

tory, as it was partly revealed to Mr. Fildes (who was the Instructor), and partly anticipated by him. In addition to the interesting papers on Dante and Keats, there is an anecdotal sketch of "Gustave Courbet, Artist and Communist," and a striking description of the military career of Lieut.-General Sheridan." Dr. Robinson's remarks in "Open Letters" on "Artistic Help in Divine Service" should be very widely read, while we feel sure that no one can overlook the charming verses from the pens of Mrs. Burnett, Sidney Lanier, and George Parsons Lathrop.

And the *St. Nicholas*,—the bright, crisp, cheery *St. Nicholas*, with its seasonable frontispiece, is enough to make the coldest-blooded mortal resigned to having the thermometer at 15° below zero, if he may only read such amusing stories of winter life. We hope never to outgrow genuine liking for the *Saint's* good things.

For a young journal, the *Richmond Literary Miscellany* does remarkably well. In spite of its want of conciseness, the "Extract from a Bachelor's Manuscript" is very good. The poetry is all taken from the *Century*; "Pen-pictures from California" gives a vivid picture of the anarchy of 1855, which the contributor evidently considers to have been entirely justifiable; while "The Death of Solomon" is an unusually poor attempt at a joke.

Possibly the *Occident* will not agree with us with regard to the "Tamalpais from Oakland," but the embodied thought seems to us a gem worthy of a richer setting. The meter is far better calculated to bring one's mind down to the level of the "mean and common" than to raise it to the plane of the "strong and true." With the exception of the misuse of pronouns, and a tendency to use poetic phraseology, "The University Dramatic Club" is well done. "Longfellow" would be very good if it was not for the too

frequent separation of noun and verb by the termination of a verse.

The University of Michigan sends us two periodicals,—the *Argonaut* and the *Chronicle*. The ideas of the first are good and sound; expressed in terse English, with an unusually small number of typographical errors.

But the *Chronicle*! We can only forgive its wail over the departure of the old year on the score of its having been written by a Senior who was on the verge of shedding tears at the thought of how soon he would be torn from the arms of his *Alma Mater*. Upon no other hypothesis than that of an ineffectual attempt to keep back the blinding tears, can we account for “drearer, drearer,” or the picture of “Time’s keen scythe’s catching us asleep and summoning us away.” “Blumfusty’s Broken Arm” is good—of its kind. “Pointers from Puck” is excellent—after it gets fairly started.

If the *Amherst Student* would present its writers with a dictionary or some other means of enlarging their vocabulary, possibly there might be a greater variety and elegance of diction, combined with more diffuseness—but we forget, —“verbosity is cured by a wide vocabulary,”—possibly it is already too extensive. Taking this view of the case, we will content ourselves with calling attention to the wit displayed in both its poetic and prosaic contents. Brevit, you know, is the soul of wit.

Has the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* a copy of Hill’s “Science of Rhetoric”? If so, we beg him to study the book. It contains many good things. It intimates something about variety and monotony. It advises a mixture of sentences short, long, loose, periodic, and balanced. It says that a little connection between sentences is sometimes

eat assistance to the "gentle reader." We agree with

However, it would be unfair for us to leave the impression that every article in the *Lit.* is marred by these glaring faults; when it is in fact only the first paper. But these things do make a deep impression, and those sentences are very remarkable.

, yes; we beg your pardon, *Lasell*, for so nearly failing to notice your *Leaves*. Please let us atone for our previous neglect by fanning them with a gentle zephyr. "A man's Prison" is a rather peculiar subject for an editor, but the article is very well written. "Vacation at Lakeside" makes some very good hits. The rest of the number is filled up with the usual school-girl style of essays, poetry, and jokes. Why will people persist in trying to describe describable scenery?



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Delphian, *Amherst Student*, *Atlantic*, *Bates' Student*, *Black Round Table*, *Berkleyan*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Brunonian*, *Chaff*, *Colby Echo*, *College Argus*, *College Press*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Concordiensis*, *Corcoran Review*, *Dartmouth*, *Dicksonian*, *Weekly Enterprise*, *Clinton Coll. Mo.*, *Hamilton Lit.*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Old, Crimson*, *Lampoon*, *Haverfordian*, *Illini*, *Indiana Student*, *Kansas Review*, *Lafayette Coll. Journal*, *Western*, *Lasell Leaves*, *Lehigh Burr*, *Mercury*, *Michigan Journal*, *Chronicle*, *University*, *Modern Age*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Occident*, *Penn. Coll. Mo.*, *Princetonian*, *Sewanee Lit.*, *Rockford Sem. Mag.*, *Rutger's Targum*, *Richmond Lit. Misc.*, *St. Nicholas*, *Syracuse University Herald*, *Syracusan*, *The Collegian*, *The Tech.*, *Trinity Tablet*, *University Graduate*, *University Quarterly*, *University Gynic*, *University Mag.*, *William's Argo*, *Athenæum*, *Woman's Journal*, *Yale Courant*, *Lit.*, *News*, *Record*.

The Nassar Miscellany.

Editors from '84.		Editors from '85.	
M. F. L. HUSSEY.	JUSTINA H. MERRICK.	E. S. LEONARD.	L. H. GOULD.
A. BLANCHARD.			
Business Editors: L. A. BARKER. M. E. EWING.			

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No. 6.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DESIRE FOR GENIUS?

Our distrust of ourselves is never so evident as when we try to establish a standard by which our lives may be regulated. In the fear of overestimating our moral strength we hesitate to make our ideal too difficult of attainment, determined at any cost to escape the bitterness of having aimed too high. We feel keenly that it is vanity which leads us to mistake our better moments for our average state of mind, and in an excess of humility acknowledge ourselves unworthy to carry out our own aspirations, a sort of self-discipline which might be salutary, did we not at once destroy its effect by priding ourselves upon the courage

which has led us to accept the irredeemably commonplace. We tell ourselves "happy is he who soon realizes the chasm which lies between his wishes and his powers," and, frightened at the inadequacy of the powers, and unwilling to abate a fraction of the vastness of the wishes, we count it our duty to impress our minds with the idea that the chasm is permanent.

Sometimes we shun the highest standard, not from modesty, but from fear of the strain of a life above that level to which we belong. "'Hitch your wagon to a star' is all very well," we say, "but it hurts the springs, and we want our wagon for daily use." We fear anything which may separate us from those with whom we must live, and are as much ashamed of our attempt to steal the sacred fire as if it were punishable in the police court. We are afraid that marching through life to the music of the spheres will make us ridiculous to those who do not hear the divine strains, and think we have done wisely when we try only to keep step with those nearest us. This course, like all others wherein prudence is the motive, spares the present at the expense of the future, and we end by finding that we have disregarded the first law of our spiritual life—our continual need of working a pitch higher than our last plane.

In this desire to escape our consciousness of want and ignorance we look about us for some power stronger than ourselves. We want some force which can move others and control us, and we recognize in genius "that larger throbbing of the common heart" which is able to separate us from, and at the same time connect us with the rest of humanity. We would hardly own that there is in this *any* desire to be better than John or Mary, but say that we *seek* to look at their relation to the rest of the world from *the* right standpoint, and we are prone to conceive of *this* as large enough only for one. We do not seek isolation

out rather the nice balance of society and solitude which will keep us sympathetic without destroying our individuality. In short, we seek genius as an escape into another world when this proves disagreeable, and imagine it as a sort of cloud in which we can envelop our heads and forget when our toes are stepped on.

This misapprehension of its use is only one of the errors which we make about genius. Its substance seems as uncertain as its offices, and we constantly mistake for it springs of something else, discovered with a divining-rod out from our private tree of knowledge. We think our faculty creative when it is only appreciative, and in our joy at being attracted by genius forget to distinguish between the part of the magnet and that of the rusty nail. Conscience that our intellect is perceptive we think it also constructive, and cannot be content that others have labored and we have entered into their labors, but long to do something ourselves which shall be a power, however small. We feel the force of impressions, gained we know not where; but when we try to express the new meaning they have brought to us we find that it has been already said, so we despair of ever getting on the credit side of the world's book. "Every reasonable man would give any price of house and land and future provision for condensation, concentration, and the recalling at will of high mental energy," but though we think we know the magic word which will summon clearer perceptions and new views of life we find either that the charm does not work, or that the inspiration it effects is untranslatable.

Thus our very receptivity becomes distasteful to us, and we find it as hard to be indebted for ideas as for benefits of greater commercial value. It is a hard lesson, but a very useful one to learn to say "What does it matter by whom the good is done?" We lose sight of the fact that genius is valuable, not for what we can do with it but for what it can do in us.

Our desire to accomplish something worthy to stand will not amount to much until our apprenticeship is over. We may be fitted only to hold bricks for others to build with, but that is at least more practical than building unworthily or planning castles in the air. The test of our sincerity is a willingness to go slowly and humbly, and any other course shows either that we have no conception of the nature of our aim, or no hope of ultimately attaining it. But even though we know that our endeavor is hopeless let us make our trial no less sincere, since in so doing we shall develop the force which attends an earnest purpose, and have an honest failure to show instead of a vague success. This hammer-and-tongs treatment may dispel some beautiful illusions. We are more likely to think of genius as a hazy nimbus than an electric light, but we shall be gainers in the end, for "the true romance which the world exists to realize is the transformation of genius into practical power."

C. G. L. '86.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

Uncle William sat in one corner of the kitchen meditatively twisting the buckle of his suspenders round and round. To Aunt Sarah, who was busy making apple-pies and who now and then glanced furtively up from her rolling-pin at her lord and master, it was evident that he was being taken possession of by another of his ideas,—and she sighed, but said nothing. Aunt Sarah never said anything. But this did not prevent her keeping up a brisk thinking and while she brushed up the hearth with a turkey-wing and glanced now and then into the oven at the sputtering pies, she was all the time wondering what the aforesaid idea could be. Could he be wanting again to buy a Florida

orange-grove? or did he want one of the solar watches, which were advertised for three dollars and warranted to run forever? or was he only devising another plan for inducing neighbor Bowden to go to church twice on Sunday? "It's a perfect shame," Uncle William often said, "for that man to go to just one service. If the minister's able to preach, he's able to go an' listen, and he's just turnin' his back on his duty." But no amount of cogitation could solve the enigma in Aunt Sarah's mind, and she indignantly seized the broom and swept out doors the white cat, who had been having a delectable time under the stove—for she considered it most unfortunate that one of his ideas should have come on just in haying time. He was far behind the neighbors already. Perhaps she thought she would be taken into confidence if she stayed near by, so she decided that it was too hot to pick currants, as she had intended, and went instead down cellar to get the potatoes for dinner and then proceeded to peel them, though it was only nine o'clock and there was no real necessity for having dinner before half-past eleven.

But still Uncle William sat with the legs of his check pants crossed and the arms of his unbleached shirt folded, gazing at the yellow floor as if he never expected to look away again. She little knew that a raging conflict was going on in his mind; that a high, even heroic resolve was gradually forming there; that in fact he was thinking to himself as Luther did when he decided to reform the church, "It must be done." He nodded his head emphatically as he said it to himself, --a kind of nod that he never made except when he was going to be unusually obstinate,—for the good old man's temporary fits of firmness could hardly be said to constitute what is called strength of character. Presently he got up and strolled slowly out into the hot July air and down the lane toward the hay-field,—and the look that Aunt Sarah sent after him showed that she was not angry, only hurt.

The fact was that as the men rode out to their work aerly that morning, sitting on the sides of the hay-rigging with their feet dangling aimlessly off into space, one of them, John Barnes by name, called out with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Say, Uncle William, did you know there was goin' to be a big race on the turnpike this arternoon? Abram is goin' to take out his four-year-old, and sev'r'l other good horses is goin' to run. Better come." And here a smile spread over the whole hay-wagon, for everybody knew what were Uncle William's sentiments on the subject of racing. Since that moment, hay had shrunk into one of those insignificant pieces of property which moth and rust can corrupt, and his active imagination had been very busy devising ways and means for stopping this unholy thing. He knew it was wrong, of course. He did not stop to question that for a minute. In the first place his father had thought so, and *his* father before him and so on back through a long line of Covenantant ancestors, and he, with a touching confidence in human nature, would not have thought it possible for so many good men to be mistaken. And then he had Scriptural authority both positive and negative. For do not the verses, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and "Let all things be done decently and in order," and others of the same kind, plainly refer to horse-racing and like disorderly things? And then as to the negative evidence, there were no directions given in the Bible that anybody should race horses, and no proof whatever that St. Peter and St. John and the rest ever engaged in the pursuit at all. In fact, Uncle William could have proved to you that if they ever raced at all it was probably a boat-race, as they would have had better opportunities for that. So he knew it was wrong. And what was wrong for him was wrong for his neighbor. He never could have begun to comprehend the fine modern ideas about liberty of conscience and individual judgment. What was contrary to

Scripture was contrary to Scripture, and if it were all the same to you, Uncle William would like to be the judge of what was contrary to Scripture.

And so his mind worked on in its own peculiar way until the idea covered the whole universe and there was nothing else left in it for him. The stars might fade and the sun go out, and they might wash the dishes on Sunday now for all he cared, but stop this horse-racing he would and should. He grew excited and pitched such great forkfulls of hay up on the load that the men looked on in astonishment, and even the oxen, as he darted from one hay-cock to another, madly brandishing his pitch-fork, gazed on inquiringly as if they would like to know what was the matter if it were perfectly convenient to tell. The religious fervor of his mind waxed and grew. He was getting up to the heroic pitch and felt like Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer and John Rogers and all the other inflammable brethren. He rode home in state on the load of sweet-smelling hay, down the long lane where the wheels sank into the well-worn ruts, through the bars which always caught two great wisps of hay on their high posts, and, as the oxen, with a mighty tug, pulled their burden through the open door of the great old barn, I don't know whether the creak of the wheels sounded to him more like the slow rumble of a cart carrying a hero to execution, or like the rolling of chariot-wheels, coming to bear home a triumphant saint.

The dinner he ate that day was the glorified essence of a dinner, for salt pork, boiled potatoes and apple-pie had the ethereal flavor of the milk of Paradise. The grim silence of Aunt Sarah who treated him with cold neglect and paid marked attention to the hired man, he did not even notice. He never knew why, but he found himself mechanically saying over and over the words of Abraham where he entreats the Lord not to destroy Sodom, if peradventure ten righteous men should be found there. There came a feeling

of mingled awe and resignation over his mind as he thought of the abandoned wickedness of the world about him and he glanced unconsciously out of the window at the great elm that stood before the house, wondering if it would do for the ridgepole of an ark, in case—well, if anything should happen.

When Aunt Sarah went to the back-door to scrape some potato-skins from the dinner-plate on which they had been collected, she saw Peter, the old, white horse, already harnessed to the still older family carriage, and Uncle William clambering in. Aunt Sarah did not say anything. She never did. But I warrant from the look that spread over her face, that she was mentally repeating to herself some unkind sentiment about 'shiftlessness being bred in the bone.' Meanwhile Uncle William jogged along down the road toward the turnpike. The white locks that hung down from under his ancient silk hat were slightly dishevelled and the worn reins hung loosely from his weather-beaten hands. But there was no danger of Peter's taking an unfair advantage of his driver's frame of mind, for the family carriage was no light burden for Peter to bear along his path of life. If Uncle William had really needed an ark, he could have made this over into one with little trouble. He would only have to board up the front and the two windows, and perhaps use a little pitch or rosin. The roof was high and supported by two pillars in front and the rest of the way by the well-stuffed and upholstered sides of the vehicle. There were little windows in it, and at convenient distances were fastened broad straps to put one's arms through in case of an emergency, and there was the little round seat fastened in the middle and the large one for the child, which was generally multiplied by three at least.

Old Mrs. Barnes dropped her knitting-work and hastily adjusted her spectacles in her eagerness to see wh—

s passing. Old Mrs. Barnes lived in the little weather-sten house with the white front-stoop and picket-fence.

wonder whose team that is" she exclaimed to her ighter Mary as she caught the solemn rumble of the ily carriage far down the road. "I declare, if it ain't illiam Barnes goin' off in hayin' time. It do beat all & some folks manage," and she put the end of her knit-g needle back into its goose-quill sheath and again de-ed her whole attention to her grey woollen stocking.

But, all unconscious that mortal man had anything to against him, Uncle William proceeded with the look of ivenly self-satisfaction illuminating his peaceful face. esently he arrived at the beginning of the turnpike, and, er stopping a moment to survey the field of action, as a diator would gaze over the arena or a general over a pective battle-field, he picked up the reins again and ggestively mentioned to Peter that he would like to go

The turnpike was about a mile long, a broad, smooth d winding slightly around the foot of a great hill, an ellent place for racing as the young men well knew. cle William rode the whole length of it, never once ncing at the wild roses that waved with the waving grass ng the roadside, nor even lifting his eyes to the hills on

left where his own sheep were daintily nibbling the ort, stunted grass, for his eyes were fixed on a point ortly in advance of Peter's ears, where he saw Heaven d the rewards given to those who have done what they ild.

The racers, who began to assemble shortly after, stood ll in surprise to see the old man with an uncommonly et" expression of countenance go solemnly driving from e end of the turnpike to the other, then turn around and driving just as solemnly back. But, when it did dawn their benighted consciousness what he was up to, a uni-sal grin spread like wild-fire over the faces of the crowd,

and then a prolonged hoot rose on the warm afternoon air and was echoed and re-echoed from the grassy sides of King's hill. They were young men mostly with rough, unkempt hair and honest, freckled faces, farmers' lads who wanted a half holiday in the short interval between getting in the hay and beginning on the wheat harvest. The animals they rode ranged all the way from the old raw-boned, lantern-jawed farm-horse down to the skittish, fuzzy three-year-old colt with terror in his eye and burdocks in his tail. As for their saddles and bridles it must be confessed that they went without the former articles with a noble resignation and supplied the place of the latter with rope halters or cast-off bits of strap. A few middle-aged farmers too, were to be seen among the crowd and quite a number of old, weazened, dried-up bits of humanity were tottering around on their anything but reliable legs.

But meanwhile there was Uncle William steadfastly pursuing the path of righteousness, and Uncle William certainly had a right to ride on the public high road as long as he chose. And not one of them would have ventured to harm him in any way, for the benevolent, well-to-do, good-natured old man had done them all many a favor.

"As nigh as I can calculate the old gentleman intends to keep this 'ere up," remarked one Joseph Jenkins, a withered little man who looked exactly like a chimpanzee, to Aaron Seeley, his neighbor.

"Well, I dunno as we can hinder him," philosophically replied that worthy, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing some thin, blue wreaths of smoke out into the transparent air.

They made remarks to Uncle William, these worldly-minded men, every time he came past them. They were facetious remarks most of them, reflections as to Uncle William's religious convictions, conjectures as to whether he had come out to take part in the race, and most unkind

to Peter's personal appearance. But not one of
rances could mount to that serener air whither
William's soul had winged its flight; they only
on his outer ear and passed away. The look of
solemnity upon his face was caused only by the
adness within his own bosom. The world would
easier with Uncle William if he hadn't had so
possibility. But he was one of those people
vidence has made responsible for the sins of other
l it sometimes seemed to him as if he could not
nder the weight of his wife's transgressions, and
ens' and the hired men's and the neighbors'.
ie long, hot, summer afternoon he travelled up
the turnpike, looking neither to the right hand
left, until the racers grew tired of irony and
n out with sarcasm, and quietly dropped away
e.

ie sun went down, and a slight breeze rose, and
in's task was done. And of all "earth's saints
s rare" whose stories have been said or sung
began I think Uncle William was the happiest
ed home in the dim, mysterious dusk of that
t. A few faint stars twinkled at him approv-
r Heaven, the odors brought by stray breezes
hay fields were like whiffs from the shores of
Blest, and all the crickets and peepers and tree-
ied to have united their voices in one triumphant
is praise. The conflict was over in his soul now,
esolves were all unstrung and his mind was com-
from the sublime heights where it had been all
t upon the grateful sense of conscious virtue.
d well-nigh spent he leaned back in the family
taste such joys as never come except when the
mg and the body tired out, while the darkness
nd deepened around him, and the things of this

world became but shadowy unrealities, for the trees along the road were only whispering spectres and Peter a wraith and ghostly phantom, carrying him somehow away from the shams of time into the certainties of eternity.

Contrary to her usual custom Aunt Sarah did say something when she looked up from her knitting-work and Uncle William's serene face appearing at the kitchen door. But all she said was—and the remark was given in her usual business-like tone without any trace of reproach her voice. "John and I tended to the chores. I milked Durham and Spotted and Long-Legs and Texas." So enough, Uncle William had forgotten all about the cow



A GLIMPSE FROM THE PLEISSENBURG.

When Æneas lands on the shores of Tyre after his long and stormy voyage, he and his companions start out, and are told, like all tourists, to see the sights. They climb the hill which overlooks the city and promises to afford them a bird's-eye view of the whole place: they stand on its summit and look down upon the picture of living industry and labor before them. Æneas is lost in admiration, and, as he stands gazing at the lofty towers and thinking of the difference between them and his native Troy, lying so low in ruins, he is suddenly wrapped in a cloud, and, unseen, is carried down into the very midst of the city. He enters the lofty and beautiful temple of Dido, which seems to him a very bewilderingment of magnificence and art. His gaze is arrested by the paintings upon the walls; he looks and tears come to his eyes as he recognizes the portraiture of exploits in his own country, deeds of the heroes whom he knows so well. The present is forgotten, the strange and all the wonders about him; for the moment he is living in the past—he is in Troy again.

we are not ship-wrecked Trojans, only Americans ; and, instead of being blown to the Syrian shore according to the will and the direction of the gods, we have come to the heart of Germany of our own will and by the means of our own imaginations, and find ourselves not in ancient Troy, but in classic Leipsic. There is no hill for us to climb, it is all one great plain, but standing on the bank of the Pleisse, is the old Pleissenburg with its tower rising far above everything. We take our way to this. The long ascent is finally accomplished and we stand at the top looking out over the second kingdom of the kingdom. We wonder at the mass of houses with their quaint old carvings and built so straight and close together that, as they stand side by side, they seem like single ranks, and their pyramidal roofs remind us of picket fences. The narrow and rather crooked streets are neat and clean, though the sun could never get down to pay them a visit in winter. Out towards the suburbs we see the little cottages with their tiny front door-yards and neat little vegetable gardens, and, if we were near enough, we might perhaps see ladies sitting out in the little latticed porches drinking their afternoon cup of coffee. It all looks so peaceful, so undisturbed, that we are beginning to wonder if it has always been so, when the cloud of time descends and envelops us and we are carried back to a day when all was excitement among men of high and low degree. It is the evening of the twenty-seventh of June, fifteen hundred and sixteen : we are in the Palace of Pleissenburg, the great hall has been hung with tapestries, seats are arranged there for hundreds of people, and in the midst of these are two circles facing each other ; on one is a picture of St. Martin, on the other a representation of St. George. Two processions enter, one headed by Luther, the other by Eck. At nine o'clock begins the controversy between the representatives of the two great religions ; the freedom of the will

and the supremacy of the Pope are the subjects of discussion. Luther's earnestness and conviction of truth win many to the cause of Protestantism, while the boisterous self-assurance of Eck throws contempt upon it. Though victory is claimed by both it can not be honestly awarded to either. But the voices of the two opponents grow fainter and fainter; the picture fades, and in its place we see two armies on the plain of Leipsic. The contest is again one of religions. Through the clouds of dust we see the helmets and cuirasses of horsemen glistening in the sun, and the tumult of foot-soldiers fighting hand-to-hand. The struggle continues till the sun is sloping far towards the west and victory is won. The imperial army of forty-four thousand men has been routed by the twenty thousand brave Swedes and Saxons. The "snow-king" instead of "melting silently away" as he approached the south, has become a mighty torrent, sweeping down in his impetuous course barriers hitherto deemed insuperable. The victory is not for Gustavus Adolphus alone, however, but for the Protestant cause.

Two centuries have gone by. The walls of Leipsic are surrounded and we hear cries of "Vive l'Empereur." Then there is a scene of bloodshed and misery which seems to be without end, and through it all we see from time to time the calm, collected, and decided General—the great Napoleon. Then we see a bridge blown to atoms and the stream beneath it a moving mass of horses, men, wagons and cannons. The French are defeated and this is their way of attempted retreat. We shut our eyes on the horrible spectacle, and before we open them again the cloud of time melts away and we are again in the present. Instead of cries of war we hear merry laughter and the hum of busy talk in the streets below. It is the German Year Market and there are thronging into the city people from all the country around. In the market-place there are

ooths and stalls, and even the angles of the old cathedral have been utilized and the gay streamers and toys contrast oddly enough with the old moss-grown walls. There is nothing which a man, woman or child could want that is not for sale in dozens of places; to be sure the quality is not always the best, but that is supposed to be the lookout for the purchaser. One part of the market is devoted to puppet shows which are great centres of attraction to the admiring peasantry; then there are shooting-galleries, circuses, zoölogical collections and giant shows—in fact everything that the rustic soul can desire for amusement or instruction. And the children, too, are not forgotten,—the Germans love them too well for that; their part of the festivities consist in hobby horses run by machinery, circular railways, and candy to their heart's content. But even the best of German Year Markets must end; it is Tuesday noon, the fair has lasted a week; the people go to their homes and the dealers pack up their unsold goods. We have had a glimpse from the Pleissenburg and are now in America once more.

G. C. '85.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE CONCORD SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

I hope I appreciate my privilege in living in Concord. We generally do. The proverbial pride of Bostonians in hailing from "the modern Athens" shrinks into insignificance before the feeling with which a true Concordian writes his address. It must be admitted that we have good cause to be proud. The name of one of our great men alone would give the town a glory, but when we can begin the list with the name of Emerson, and add to it those of Thoreau, the Hawthornes, the Alcotts, G. P. Lathrop, Mrs. Austin and many minor stars, it seems to put us in a different sphere. And when, to crown all, we can mention the Concord Summer School of Philosophy, the English language is powerless to describe the exceptional qualities of the town.

I do not know how far the fame of our school has reached. Probably only philosophic ears have heard much of it, and to them the subject is a pleasant one ; so I may venture to hope that an account of the history of the school will be acceptable to initiated and uninitiated.

The Concord Summer School of Philosophy opened in the summer of 1880. Several months before, rumors had reached us to the effect that Mr. Alcott was planning a school which should be a worthy successor to that of Plato. The curiosity aroused by these reports was soon satisfied by

culars, which were sent to all who were likely to be interested. These circulars announced that for a few weeks the coming August, meetings would be held in Mr. Alcott's house, or under his apple-trees, having for their purpose the interchange of philosophical ideas and the promotion of abstract studies. Occasional lectures were promised, but in general the attraction offered was conversation, led by Mr. Alcott. It will doubtless surprise the reader, but it is a fact that the average Concordian openly scoffed at the idea of spending the pleasant summer days in a stifling house, or even in an apple-orchard, conversing with the system of some philosopher of unpronounceable name. Imagine, then, our surprise, when, on the day announced for the opening of the school, our quiet streets were thronged with the newly-arrived disciples—it takes very few philosophers to make a throng—and our public square transformed into a rendezvous of the select, whose words were so sure of the importance of their remarks that they were audible to all within the walls. A new vehicle appeared on the streets and was denominated “the barge.” This barge, sometimes disrespectfully called “the philosophy cart,” ran between the town and the Orchard House, Mr. Alcott's home, laden with such of the philosophers as could afford the ten cent fare. Those who have had experience with philosophers can imagine that it was never overloaded. For two weeks, the long-haired men and the spectacled women pervaded the town. They were nearly all Westerners, who had taken a two or three days' journey from pure devotion to the cause. It was not strange that fortnight's trial of Concord should have rendered irresistible the temptation to stay longer. Even philosophers are human. It was several weeks before the town became its quiet self again. In those weeks we learned certain facts which we have since had ample opportunity to verify. The average philosopher was found to possess these characteris-

ties. He is tall, thin and of spiritual appearance. The locks are worn long and unkempt. The whole attire shows approval of those lines of Herrick's, beginning,

"A sweet disorder in the dress,"

The voice is deep and sonorous, yet at the same time penetrating. When all other tests fail, the true philosopher may always be distinguished by his driving. He sits on the edge of the seat with both arms extended and tightly grasps the reins. A gentle jerk at periodic intervals reminds the patient animal what precious freight he bears.

Well, the first session of the school was over. With some curiosity, we waited for the next development; and in due time, it came. More circulars, more Summer School, more philosophers. But this time the salutatory was given under quite different circumstances. A certain Mrs. Thompson, who had attended the first session, contributed a thousand dollars toward a building fund. The board, with praiseworthy economy, built an eight hundred dollar chapel, and saved the surplus two hundred. At least so runs the story.

In this chapel the second year's lectures were delivered. Though we still laughed at the philosophers, largely, doubtless, through our inability to appreciate them, we could not but have a lurking admiration for the devoted men and women who returned to spend the dog-days in speculative reasoning. We found, too, that many of the lectures were not to be ridiculed. There were ten lectures by Dr. W. T. Harris, one of the clearest minds of the day, whom Concord is proud to have retained as a citizen. Denton J. Snider, of some fame as a writer on Greece, spoke several times. F. B. Sanborn, a Concordian, and one of the leading spirits of the school, read several interesting papers. President Porter of Yale, Edmund C. Steadman, G. W. Cooke, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Edna Cheney, and many

er men and women whose names are well known throughout the country, contributed their share to the feast of son. The chapel was daily filled with an appreciative lience, and the numerous, green course-tickets argued a l-filled treasury.

but just here came the frown of fortune. There was omething rotten in the state of Denmark," which none of suspected. The school seemed thoroughly established l promised to rival that Academy which it had made its del. But when August brought around the time for the rd session, the pile of green tickets in the office did not inish, and the boarding-house keepers, who were antici- ing another prosperous month, found that one fatted f would be quite sufficient for all who applied for the terial food necessary to the continued enjoyment of their ellectual diet.

he philosophical market was evidently dull. Alluring ices of lectures unintelligible to the common herd drew audience of only twenty or thirty. It is even on record t an able discourse was delivered to exactly eleven hear- and several of these were members of the board. At end of the three weeks' session, the Faculty wore abled faces, but at the closing business-meeting, it was ided that while there was life there was hope, and the ater brought another set of circulars.

but alas for the Summer School! The great inducements red for the summer of 1883 were all in vain. The West- trains brought no more eager philosophers, though the r promised to be more attractive than ever before. ough the courtesy of the directors, many Concordians e furnished with course-tickets, and the little chapel n held large audiences, but the empty treasury only cked the hopes of the persevering Faculty. Still they not discouraged, and another session is advertised for t summer, which, if it must be the last one for the

present, will certainly be a glorious ending. The whole session is to be devoted to the study of Emerson ; and almost every one whose opinion is worth hearing will deliver it before the school. It seems as if even the overwhelming heat of August would not be able to keep Concordians from assembling to hear the thoughts of other great men on their greatest man, and this summer may see the dawn of a brighter day for our School of Philosophy.

M. K., '86.



A SOCIAL OYSTER DEFENDS HIMSELF.

(The Oyster speaks.)

I feel that before I commence to defend myself I should first offer an apology for proceeding on the supposition that I stand in need of such defense, for not only do I consider that the course of social inaction I pursue is entirely void of offence, but I venture to think that it is the happiest thing I can do with regard to us all.

It is my theory that we are all oysters, differing only in the management of our shells, those useful shields which it is not in our power even to cast off. I rejoice that we cannot do this and I see no reason why we should desire it, as some of us do. In my eyes it would be a return to a lower form of life ; what would we say if we heard our humble neighbor *Helix* desiring to cast his shell that he might be like the soft little snails who haven't any ?

Since the limitations of oyster-nature forbid our showing the world absolute confidence, I would that we used absolute reserve, it being my opinion that anything between the two extremes is wishy washy and savors of untruth. However, very many estimable mollusks differ from me on this point, and this particular difference gives rise to the va-

riety which I term sociable oyster. I distinguish, moreover, a third class whose views are a compound of those held by the last mentioned sort and of my own.

You rather unjustly represent my especial variety in saying, "I am the world's oyster. Let it open me if it desires." You yourselves—I am addressing now, be it understood, the large body of sociable oysters—have two leading principles; one may be stated thus, "The world is my oyster. I will open it." The second, which is not yet clearly formulated, is your strong curiosity to learn the nature of the testaceous around you. The third variety represents both itself and the world as oysters, and, on the principle of diamond-cut-diamond, declares war to the knife. I consider the errors of this last class too obvious to need more than a passing mention. For any poor molnusk who starts in life with the belief that he and the world are of the same size and a fair match for each other, one should display compassion rather than contempt. As for me, my heart is troubled with a great pity when I see one small oyster feebly opening and shutting his shell under the impression that his weak muscular contractions and expansions are somehow sawing the world open for him. With something of the same feeling do I regard the pretensions of your own class as world-openers. O friends, be sure the world is too large for you! It is a pitiless, horrible, overwhelming thing; and it resembles an oyster only in that, when it once has a hold on you, its grasp is never released while life lasts. The other thing you desire,—to investigate the nature of the shell-fish around you, is much more possible, but to me quite as absurd. Of what use or interest, pray, can such knowledge be to you, and do you suppose that you are really gaining knowledge? How should the petty little-varying lives they lead within their horny tegument instruct you? It is your very own. They can be nothing which you are not, can say nothing which

you have not already thought; in all respects are they your counterparts. Do you say that their nature is dear to you from the fact that is the common one, that its least variety is a thing to be studied and cared for? I tell you, nothing which is yourself or of yourself is worthy of your love or thought. If you wish to elevate this race around you, elevate yourself. You are its microcosm.

I feel that it becomes me to speak briefly and modestly upon the advantages of my own view of existence. I would simply wish to correct your mistaken impression that we wish to be opened to the world. Nothing is farther from the truth. Oyster-opening is not the world's vocation, it would occupy too much of its valuable time, and there are very few pearl-oysters. When, however, it does turn its attention toward us for such a purpose, we strenuously object, for we know it is not done as a matter of scientific investigation,—there is not one of us who would not cheerfully be dissected in the cause of science—nor even for pleasure, but for common utilitarian motives. The attitude of the world toward us is well represented in the words of the ballad:—

“ Thus to the bivalve,
Thus to the bivalve,
Thus to the bivalve speaketh the man,
Good for a stew, good for a fry,
Good for a bake, good for a pie,
Good little clam !”

Since, then, our fellow-beings are so uninteresting as single specimens and so cruel in the vast aggregate, what wonder that I find only that oyster truly happy who clutches firmly the ocean-ward side of his lonely rock and dreams out his life in listening to the infinite, vague intimations of the sea!



THE LABOR PROBLEM, AND THE BREAD WINNERS AS A SOLUTION OF IT.

The strike belongs as essentially to summer as if it were a product of soil and sunshine. Side by side with each year's watering-place notes come developments of the labor question. When newspapers have exhausted the facts, the reviews take up the comments, expressing such contradictory opinions that we are at a loss to decide whether the rebellious working-man is an avenging angel, a misguided patriot, or anarchy made flesh. Still, when the crisis comes, the stricken finds that prejudice is usually against him. Serene respectability is afraid of possible brick-bats, and the favored portion of humanity which settles perplexing questions by the exercise of pure reason, complain that he is illogical. He is regarded as an ungrateful member of society who, on the strength of the inch given him, has proceeded to take an ell, without even saying "by your leave," and just and unselfish humanity longs to punish his presumption. His attempt to improve his condition is unheroic in purpose as well as blundering in execution, and the man who is fighting for an abstract principle is much more likely to be commended than one who is struggling to butter his bread more plentifully.

But the striker, although unpleasing as a picture and unpleasant as a fact, deserves more serious attention than he has yet received. When the individual laborer contracted for the use of his time without the fear of Trades-Unions ever before his eyes, his management was usually left entirely to the master, who proved himself equal to the occasion. That the terms were often unfairly advantageous to the latter is undeniable; but the man was free to leave and seek employment elsewhere, and if this was not a magnificent privilege, it was still a safeguard against too great exactions on the part of the master. The workman, very

naturally dissatisfied with a system which left him no choice but to accept the terms of his employer or leave, soon found out that union was his only source of strength. The master discovered the same truth, so each side has continued to combine against the other until the question is only which party is capable of the most complete organization. "The civilization of a nation is measured by the capacity of its people for association," but the consideration of the Trades-Union and the consequent strikes as the product of our complex life makes primitive existence seem not so undesirable, after all. The price we pay for the fullness of our lives is our inability to control or even to understand the interests which fill them.

The object of the strike is not exalted, but neither is it altogether base. It is a protest of the many, and demands the attention always due to a plea for fair play. In trying to better his condition, the labor agitator pleads for a state of society worthy to preface the millenium. He cannot always describe this ideal republic, but it is founded upon principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, and in it the oppressions of "brute capital" are no longer felt. But the point where the effort fails as an agent of reform is seen in the difference between the end in view and the end accomplished. Peanut-heroic oratory and temporary idleness fail to impress the public as characteristic of a reformer, and the world fails to see the advantages of the tyranny of the many over the tyranny of the few.

But the strike not only does not accomplish its object, but sometimes even prostrates its own ends. A very frequent result is absolute triumph on the part of the employer, or, worse still, a compromise which settles nothing and widens the breach for next time. The people who suffer most are not the great capitalists whom it so delights the preacher of Socialism to denounce, but the smaller employers who have not the means of sustaining a disorgan-

ized business, and the steady workman who is skilled in one craft only and who does not understand getting his living by his wits. The real leaders of the movement wait for the storm to blow over, when they turn their ingenuity into some new channel, while the man who has really desired the greatest good to the greatest number finds that he has made sad work of the interests of number one. A man has certainly a right to prefer no bread to half a loaf, and to express his preference by a strike, but at the first pang of hunger he usually yields, showing the defect of his plan of action, and reminding us of the man who would have kept his horse on shavings had not the animal died when the experiment was almost proved a success.

While there were only two sides to the question the public could afford to leave the decision of it to the interested parties, but the general inconvenience caused by the strike of the Western Union operators proves that more decisive measures are necessary, and what these shall be is the nineteenth century philosopher's stone. The point at issue is neither social nor political, but combines all the perplexities of both. The half-trial of any system, however ingenious, will be of no effect and there is not enough faith in any one to give it a fair chance. Coöperation between employer and employed is a premature attempt to make the lion and the lamb lie down together, while still in an unregenerate state. The continual demand of the workman for more wages and less work leads us to wonder what rate of progression he would use to reach the point of all wages and no work ; while, on the other hand, the capitalist shows a tendency to make labor all profit, or at least to approximate such a result. Legislation can do nothing but revise the riot act for use in extreme cases, and refuses to help either party while neither can tell what is wanted.

Ruskin solves the difficulty in a Utopia which leaves nothing to be desired, but the first article of its constitution seems to be the excellent but unpalatable advice, "in

whatsoever state you are, therewith be content." gospel he preaches is that "the healthy sense of pro which is necessary to the strength and happiness of does not consist in the anxiety of the struggle to att higher place or rank, but in gradually perfecting the ner and accomplishing the ends of that life which we chosen or which circumstances have destined for us." short, he seeks to make men prosperous by making philosophers, and tries to satisfy them with culture substitute for wealth and rank.

But the fact remains that the average laborer want condition improved not through the medium of his and heart, but of his pocket ; still, it has been left to Bread Winners to prove that he is utterly brutal sordid. With Offit, Professor Bott and Sam Sleeny b our eyes, the only possible remedy for a strike seems the summary justice they received ; but the questi whether these are fair types of the men who originat manage labor insurrections. The author who has let residents of Algonquin Avenue so undefined may sought to balance this vagueness by drawing the plebeian characters particularly black.

Perhaps he is right, and philanthropy and common must always be diametrically opposed in the discussi the rights of employer and employed, but it seems st doctrine to preach in a country where master and change places so easily. Vulgarly is not incompe with a bank account, nor is sound judgment impossi the man who has exercised his hands more than his he two facts which the author of "The Bread Winners entirely ignored. It is hardly fair to dishonor a re because the man who makes it is unworthy of consi tion, yet this is the policy used with the Cleveland stri In fact, the whole defense of the other party is bas the social and moral worthlessness of the lower classes

the chief effect of the story has been to point out a broad and difficult field of missionary work. The Bread Winners is an interesting commentary upon some phases of the labor problem, but it offers no solution of it but to crush the riots it raises and leave the reformers to find out the helplessness of their cause. But this has already been proved a failure more times than the public can afford, so it must be thrown aside, and a new answer sought to this question which, every year, grows more difficult and dangerous.



Editors' Table.

The thoughts of an editor about to lay aside the pen are naturally retrospective, and, in looking back over some months of effort, she finds herself remembering with amazement the anticipations of an innocent editorial youth,—a youth of inexperience in which, deluded by the joy of her maiden effort in a much-coveted corner of *De Temp.*, she dreams of timid aspirants for literary honors only too eager to shine on the *Miscellany's* literary pages. She has no visions of days of trial to come, days in which the aspirant for literary honors is not to be found, or, at least, not to be found as one with the deserver of literary publicity ; she has no forewarning that *Home Matters* will alternately be filled by a succession of festivities to the point of crowding its neighbors to the wall, and drained by a dearth of gayeties until its annihilation is imminent. There are vexations, but they are as nothing beside the conviction which experience does force upon enthusiasm that the editorial department is not the oracle to which anxious casuists come for final advice. Alas ! With the remembrance of our first editorial effort to reform society well behind us, we make our confession of skepticism : the chief effect of an editorial is the pleasure which its composition affords the author !

Do these reflections dampen the ardor of our enthusiastic successors ? Then we have taken *our* revenge beforehand for their prospective overshadowing of *our* editorial labors.

But, though revenge is sweet, we must take the sting out of it in this case by our final and most sincere assurance that our work, now past, has had so much more pleasure than annoyance that we feel only regret in the loss of our *Miscellany*, even though we bequeath it to those for whom we predict the greatest success, and for whom we desire as much enjoyment in the sanctum as we have felt.

Cheering is all well enough in its place, but we are willing to leave it to any right-minded student to decide whether the place is before or after the curtain rises. Suppose that unforeseen difficulties did delay the beginning of the Hall play for more than twenty minutes after the appointed time, was that any reason for our forgetting our ladyhood and dignity to such a degree as to create a disturbance, wearing alike to the nerves of committee and actors who were as anxious as any of us to hasten the performance? Last year we were strong advocates of the proposition to open the Hall a full half hour before the time announced for the performance to begin, but if the proceedings of last Friday night are to be repeated, we shall feel compelled to beg for a return to the former system, as a choice between two evils. Further, we would recommend the appointment of a few additional ushers who should make it their whole business to preserve order for the comfort of ourselves and our friends. It is whispered that the offenders were, in the main, Preparatories, but there must be some mistake. Surely no invited guest would be guilty of such discourtesy—unless some older students set the example.

A word to the wise is sufficient. For editorial reasons it is well that all dwellers within these walls are not wise; but the satisfaction of having a subject for one's next edi-

torial is forgotten in the annoyance we feel at finding the various reference-tables in the Library unloaded of the best part of their burden, whenever we stroll Libraryward for an hour's reading. Many faults are excused and excusable on the score of thoughtlessness, but the difficulty of discovering, in this particular offence, either books or culprit is to be accounted for only by the success with which certain pursuers of a higher education conceal their borrowing. However promptly one intends to return a book thus borrowed, the execution of the intention is often delayed. If a student cannot read reference-books in the Library, she should submit to the hard fate of leaving them unread. It is with much earnestness, and in behalf of many readers, that this is written ; and it is to be sincerely hoped that all will interest themselves sufficiently to see that reference-books are left in the Library, and in that section of it to which they belong.

The rising generation is evidently not ambitious for College honors. The height to which the American collegiate mind is aspiring is far beyond and above any reward to be won by hard work. To study hard is not worthy any right-minded student, and to be a *dilig* is to be something to blush for, or to be blushed for by one's friends. Quickness, slipperiness, good times and little study are the most desirable accompaniments of a College student. Is work old-fashioned ? Very. Who craves the first place for scholarship ? Possibly the one remaining Senior at Hamilton College ! The other ninety and nine do not. Ah ! no, the highest honor is to be acknowledged the most prominent in wordy, - no, not always simply wordy, assaults upon the Faculty and Professors. The young enthusiasts of Princeton and Columbia, etc., are meeting with discouraging difficulties in their endeavor to cause a revolution ; but when

was the way of reform ever anything but the reverse of easy! And yet, if only a brave heart is maintained, the good time will doubtless come, when youths of five-and-twenty will occupy and fill completely positions from which justice and wisdom are at present so conspicuously absent. Let us wish the reformers great success, for we are Americans, and Americans all love freedom. "Make the trustees realize their proper position?" To an impartial observer it begins to seem that the trustees are indeed fully aware of their *proper position*, and that young America must soon realize that its age is very young. Is it not hard to strike against the wall? It does not hurt the wall.



HOME MATTERS.

Like all other classes, '86 wanted something new and enjoyable for her Trig. Ceremonies, so Madame Jarleia Mathematica was engaged to give two performances of her wonderful wax-works. The four daughters were phenomenally rigid, and Arithmetica, unlike most children, behaved charmingly on exhibition. Trigonometrica was appreciated by all except Mr. Atyseven, who was too deeply buried in Horace and a huge bunch of heliotrope to give much attention to his fiancée. Still we have positive authority that the marriage will take place, as all the Freshmen received cards for the wedding, which will be celebrated in Room I in the latter part of next September. Prof. Braislín will officiate.

March.—There was but a moment to "take in" the attractive face of the Hon. John Thompson after Dr. Caldwell's introduction, before the clear, metallic voice absorbed the general attention and dashed us into a world of

elegant language, rhythmical and rhetorical phrases and an abundance of metaphors. The lecturer introduced us to the elegant scholar, stern lofty-minded statesman, fearless, devoted patriot, Milton, placing him on the steeps of Parnassus with no one above and only one beside him—that one Shakespeare. He described the great poet as a person of singular beauty, having a face with no defect except that his eyes looked dull, “the penumbra of that long darkness which settled upon him in after years.” He sketched his education, travels and political principles, giving insight into his character throughout the account. Then followed his political career so closely connected and interwoven with the composition of those unparalleled writings which controlled the actions of his party so long and so successfully. From his retreat the mighty Anglo-Hebrew sent forth his works inspired by a sense of duty, and desiring to leave something that would not be lost to posterity. “I write,” he said, “for an immortality of fame.” “He himself wields no small sword nor stands in the battle field in silken slippers. He holds a truncheon with a power that is felt far and near and his comprehensive gaze enables him to scan and master the entire field.” Milton himself was the revolution. While his praise rang through England and Europe for that masterpiece of his essays, the answer to the attack of Salmiatus, the light faded from his eyes. Then, at the age of forty-nine, no man of his time or before had written so much or so well nor was held to be so great a scholar and controversialist. In seclusion and disgrace, in the loneliness of his old age and blindness, dependent upon his daughters and friends, he brought forth *Paradise Lost*, the most wonderful of any epic, more simple than Homer, more sublime than Tasso, more nervous than Lucretius. Milton lived in a most stirring period. Circumstances make men, but the heart within controls affairs without. Had the times been dif-

ferent his genius might have sought development in some other way, but we can imagine no age in which we would wish to test a man who was a hero in a very difficult one. The world will never see his like again. As husband and father he was kind and amiable ; as Christian and man he showed more than Roman fortitude and firmness. He was too great for our mortality and our companionship, possessing genius so divine that it is hardly idolatry to worship.

Mr. Thompson's earnestness of expression and delivery carried us over bad metaphors and false rhetoric, and directed our attention to his strength of thought. Our Vassar world might probably have been better satisfied if the lecture had been more a criticism than a eulogy, if defects and faults had balanced genius and nobility. The lecture is of a generation which we see but do not belong to. We are willing to be taken back but neither persuasion nor compulsion can keep us with feelings of constant admiration and in a posture of worship at any shrine.

Of late years the plays that have appeared upon the Vassar stage have been so well known, and many of them have been so recommended by the actors that have appeared in them, or the theatres that have copyrighted them, that it is no slight undertaking to bring an unknown play before one of our critical audiences. The committee that produced *The Ladies' Battle*, Saturday evening, March 1, succeeded not only in overcoming a slight prejudice against the play, but in making it a decided success. The play itself is deficient in strong and varied characters, there is but one striking and interesting figure in it. The scene of the play is laid in France in the early part of the present century. It was impossible to secure costumes suitable for that time and consequently a somewhat incongruous mingling of the ancient and modern resulted,

Many of the defects of the play were redeemed by excellent acting. Miss Hancock, as the Countess, showed that she had studied her part carefully and critically. Her acting was far above what is expected of an amateur and deserves almost unqualified praise. Miss Smith played the timid, hesitating, Frenchman admirably. A slight stiffness in Miss Merrill's acting can be excused in a débutante. The remaining parts were fairly well taken. Miss Hyer's gestures were open to criticism, and Miss Walch was at times unnecessarily vehement.

The play was successful upon the whole, but it illustrates what has been so often said before, that a careful training in chapter-meetings should precede an appearance on the stage.

On the evening of February 26 we listened to the first student concert of the year. We found quite an innovation in the programme in the introduction of the two Mozart quartettes, which we were enabled to hear by the distribution of the different movements among several students.

The quartette in G minor, the opening piece, was given by Misses Farnham, Halsted and Wellman, and Messrs. Brandt, Schwarz and Bergner of the Philharmonic Club. Miss Farnham's first appearance made a pleasing impression: her playing showed a delicate touch and good expression.

In the Andante given by Miss Halsted, as in several other parts in the programme, the beauty of the whole was somewhat marred by the want of perfect sympathy with the piano on the part of the stringed instruments.

Miss Wellman's Allegro was given with spirit and decision, and showed a marked improvement over her work of last year.

The air from Moszkowski, given by Miss Sarony and Mr. Bergner, was a slow movement in agreeable contrast to the preceding number.

We were glad to hear Miss Miller again. She has a rich, contralto voice but upon the stage does not do herself full justice.

Miss Glenn in the Beethoven Andante showed good and easy execution, but there was a lack of feeling in her interpretation.

The Alla Polacca for Messrs. Brandt, Schwarz and Bergner made an agreeable variety in the programme, and was so enthusiastically received that they returned to give us another movement from the same serenade, which was equally satisfactory.

Miss Walrath's rendering was clear and accurate, and showed more sweetness and expression than ever before. It is to be regretted that her selection was not a better one.

The Romanze for piano and violin was given by Miss Neill and Mr. Brandt.

We are always glad to hear our organ, and the Air d'Eglise, for piano, organ and violoncello, by Misses Griffith and Lester, and Mr. Bergner, was listened to with much satisfaction.

The programme ended with the quartette in E flat. The first movement was well given by Miss Merrick. We regretted that we were unable to hear Miss Lane, but her part was ably given by Miss McMillan, who deserves unusual credit not only for her beautiful playing, which is always listened to with pleasure, but for the manner in which she prepared in so short a time the part assigned to Miss Lane.

We were gratified to observe throughout the concert a freedom from that painful nervousness on the part of our performers which is so frequent an attendant at our musicales.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Professor Drennan addressed *Qui Vive*, the evening of Feb. 9, upon the subject of Daniel Defoe.

The Trig. ceremonies of '86 took place Feb. 9.

A meeting of the Society of Religious Inquiry was held in the Lecture Room, Feb. 10. Miss Merriam, from the Woman's Association of Home Missions, Boston, addressed the Society upon Mission work in the West and Southwest.

As heretofore, Feb. 22 was observed as a holiday.

The Annual Meeting of Vassar Alumnae was held at the Gilsey House, New York, Feb. 23.

The first concert of the season was given in the chapel, Feb. 26.

The second Phil. play, *The Ladies' Battle*, was given March 1.

The following students have been elected editors of the *Miscellany* for the year beginning April 15: Miss Leonard, Miss Gould, Miss Hiscock from '85; Miss King '86. Miss Ewing, '85, business editor; Miss Witkowsky, '86, assistant business editor. The second literary editor from '86 has not yet been elected.

Mr. John Guy Vassar has presented the Laboratory with \$10,000, the interest of which is to be used in increasing the apparatus of the Laboratory.

The Hon. John Thompson, senior trustee of Vassar College, gave us a lecture upon Milton, March 7.

PERSONALS.

'78.

Miss Wing is teaching in Raleigh, N. C.

'79.

Miss Bafield is spending the winter in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Miss Dike is teaching in Boston.

'80.

Miss Blake is teaching Latin and Higher Mathematics in Ingham University.

'81.

Miss Smith is spending the winter in Racine, Wis.

'83.

Miss Wygant is teaching in Morristown, N. J.

Married, March 11, in Grand Haven, Mich., Esther Pomerooy Cutler to John Newbury Bagley, of Detroit.

The following students have visited College during the past month: Miss Smith, Miss Skinner, '80; Miss Jones, '82; Misses Evans, Swift, Cushing, Page, Bernard, '83; Miss Winne.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Modern Age for March contains its usual quota of impossible stories devoid of literary ability. The "Sayings and Doings" are very bright; the critical notes upon "Books and Book-men," very cutting; and the "Examination Papers," remarkably stupid.

A friend has asked us to classify the best of the college weekly, bi-weekly, and monthly journals which do not

aspire to literary fame, according to their especial characteristics. Being of a naturally obliging disposition we proceed, in spite of the injury to our own feelings, to say that:

The *Princetonian* is the best authority upon Athletics.

The *Record's* specialities are poetry and columns of quotations variously connected by conjunctions.

For obituary notices we recommend the *Amherst Student*.

In the way of sudden and rapid improvement, *The Cornell Era* takes the lead.

The *Harrard Lampoon* takes the palm for wit and fun.

The Athenaeum abounds in good resolutions. Its theories are first-class, but we are inclined to question its ability to put them in practice. Our wide-awake brother will, however, not be the first who did not know whether he was carrying out his own ideas or not.

Lasell's efforts produce nothing but *Leaves*. A good deal of its foliage is bright, but that is the only merit.

The *Chaff* comes next, but it is a small paper, and its contributors have not yet learned the art of condensation.

The *Yale Courant* and *Harrard Advocate* always contain some good things for which we are duly thankful. Yet it would not be fair to call the last number of each an average specimen.

The *Brunonian* always has first-class common-sense editorials. The quality of its literary miscellany might be improved. Further, when much space is given to a local

joke, it might be well, for the sake of outside readers who are not thoroughly acquainted with the facts in the case, to add an explanatory foot-note.

In addition to the above opinions we would express our delight at noticing the unusual modesty of the *Indiana Students'* exchange department,—this month it does not contain a single notice of its own merits clipped from the columns of its contemporaries.

Also, we feel called upon to mention the *Hamilton Female College Monthly*. In quantity it is almost unsurpassed.

The *Yale Lit.* contains "A Eulogy,"—the first thing of the sort that we were ever able to read completely through. The author of "Dinah Morris" is to be congratulated upon both his happy insight into this peculiar character and the literary merit of his production. The funeral oration pronounced over the deceased imagination and the birth of a new kind of poetry from the decay of the old, is a finely written production—so well done in fact, that for the moment it almost reconciled us to the presence of the various rhymes which the number contains.

The Student World is new claimant for literary notice, whose mission in this portion, at least, of the mundane sphere we are unable to discover.


The newly started "*Foreign Eclectic*" we have handed over to the reading-room authorities. Its aim is a very good one, and the first number seems to come very near fulfilling it.

The March *Atlantic* continues Dr. Mitchell's story, "In War Time," and Mr. Crawford's "A Roman Singer."

Henry A. Clapp contributes an admirably intelligent and discriminating article on Henry Irving. "Drifting Down Lost Creek" is a story of East Tennessee life, by Charles Egbert Craddock, who must know that peculiar life intimately to be able to describe it so well and so dramatically.

The current *Century* has a fine frontispiece in Von Moltke's portrait. The character portrait of Irving as Hamlet, lends a personal interest to the number. The paper on "The Next Presidency," by ex-Attorney-General Wayne Mac Veagh, is a powerful analysis of the political situation, and a cutting satire on the men who are responsible for the abuses which await the reforming hand of the "coming man." Another important essay discusses methods for "The Suppression of Pauperism." Among the illustrated papers is an interesting description of "The New Washington," considered both in its material and social aspect. Pictures explain the "Old Public Buildings in America," about which Richard Grant White writes with his usual pith. The short story of the number is "Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan," by Octave Thanet, and deals with the Eastern and Western social prejudices. The poems are quite numerous and short. To us not the least interesting article is the open letter from the anonymous author of the "Bread-Winners," in which he replies forcibly and sarcastically to strictures on his story.

In *St. Nicholas*, we had only time to read Louisa M. Alcott's third "Spinning-Wheel Story," and "Girl-Noblesse," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. If all the other articles are as good and as brightly written as these two, we are tempted to envy the boys and girls who are supposed to have plenty of spare minutes.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company send us the first four numbers of "The Riverside Literature Series;" Longfellow's "Evangeline," "Courtship of Miles Standish," with notes; "Courtship of Miles Standish," dramatized; Whittier's "Snow-Bound" and "Among the Hills," with notes.

From the Bureau of Education have come "The Bufalini Prize" which lays before the American scientists the opportunity of competing for a prize of 5000 francs under certain conditions; "Education in Italy and Greece," which answers many interesting questions respecting educational progress in those countries; and "Recent School Law Decisions."

Also from the Cincinnati School Board we have received a very long and full "Annual Report" of the Common Schools of that city.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Adelphian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Argo, Argus, Athenaeum, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Berkleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chronicle, Colby Echo, College Journal, Columbia Spectator, Columbiana, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Review, Sun, Dartmouth, Hamilton Lit., Hamilton Coll. Mo., Harvard Advocate, Herald, Crimson, Lampoon, Illini, Lafayette Coll. Journal, Lantern, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Michigan Argonaut, Notre Dame Scholastic, Princetonian, Nassau Lit., Spectator, Syracusean, St. Nicholas, Tech., Trinity Tablet, Undergraduate, University Herald, University Magazine, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Courant, News, Record.



The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

'85.			'86.
De Temporibus et Moribus.....	E. S. LEONARD.	Exchange Notes.....	M. KING.
Literary Miscellany.....	L. H. GOULD.	College Notes and Personals..	L. F. SWEETSER.
Home Matters.....	C. HINCOCK.	Assistant Business Manager...	E. WITKOWSKY.
Business Manager.....	M. E. EWING.		

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No. 7.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY'S PLACE AND WORK.

A man in general must *be*, far more than he does. Over the stunted outgrowths of too many noble souls, their truest lovers are forced to sigh,

"Nobler than any fact
His wish, which failed of act."

But the name of Arthur Stanley stands for an harmonious whole. His life, his writings and his work were one— one effort to unite "The saints of many a waning creed"— and just because his writing was a faithful transcript of his actual thought, and because his life grew so close to his ideal, I can find no words which so fitly describe his position in his generation as his own words concerning a man

who lived in a transition period long before the Christian era,—“He was not the founder of a new state of things, or the champion of an existing order of things. He stood between the two—between the old and the new, between the living and the dead, between the past and the future, with that sympathy for each which, at such a period, is the best hope for any permanent solution of the troubles which torment it.” So Stanley stood in the church of England, between John Henry Newman on the one side and Francis Newman on the other, with a hand stretched out to each, and it never once occurred to him as meritorious that he recognized his brothers.

No volcanic convulsion of nature threw him to the front. He grew up into his niche in the world. Let him speak again. “The especial work of guiding, moderating, and softening the jarring counsels of men is, for the most part, the especial privilege of those who have grown up into mature strength from early beginnings of purity and goodness—who can humbly and thankfully look back through middle age and youth and childhood, with no sudden rent or breach in their pure and peaceful recollections.”

Arthur Stanley's early recollections were of a home of the broadest culture and widest religious sympathies ; of a home where Reginald Heber was a frequent guest. It was a Bishop's palace—but the palace of a Bishop who declared that the orders of the clergy had “come down to them through a long and doubtful series of Arian and Popish Bishops,” and who recognized Unitarians as brother Christians, and who openly defied his Primate by appealing to the House and Lords for a relaxation of the professions of belief required of candidates for ordination. At his father's knee the boy began to learn the lesson which the life of the man was to proclaim, namely, “that Christian Unity and the perfection of Christ's Church are independent of theological opinion,” and that truth does not stand or fall with dogma.

He went from such teaching into the hands of Arnold of Rugby. Although he won his Balliol scholarship in the year of the publication of the Oxford Tracts, small wonder that the son of the Bishop of Norwich never passed through the phase of a contributor to the "Lives of the Saints."

Perhaps it was this same wise early training which saved him from that period of spiritual chaos which we have almost come to think must herald any spiritual creation.

Stanley ripened, sweetened, broadened.

Nowhere, unless it may be in the delicate sympathy always shown by him in after-life for those who were "desolate and oppressed" by doubts, do we find any indication that he ever for a moment slipped from his foundation of "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

Few school-lives can have been happier than that of Arthur Stanley at Rugby. We pause for an instant over it, because he has so constantly asserted that we owe to Arnold the whole tenor of that life which has been devoted to the cause of spiritual freedom.

There is no keener joy than the joy of conscious mental growth, and this joy is at its height in the years between childhood and youth. When to this intellectual happiness is added that adoring love for one above ourselves which we are never afterwards free to give quite self-respectingly, when mind and heart pour themselves through the same channel, and tasks which in themselves would be a delight are transfigured as acts of worship, there is nothing in after-life which can make us quite content to have left our school-days behind.

To the day of his death, Stanley looked back on Rugby with a love which was only not regretful because it was not possible for the man, every moment of whose life had a meaning to waste an instant on useless mental act.

The love of master and pupil was mutual--Arnold felt that this boy, at least, he was "educating," with the fullest

meaning which Arnold himself could put into the word. He felt that here was the pupil to live what he taught. But in so living Stanley has done far more toward making Arnold famous than Arnold did toward making Stanley great. The Dean's first literary work was the "Life and Letters," published in 1844, of which Macaulay's phrase has been often quoted. They have "the peculiar charm which belongs to the narrative of the disciple whom Jesus loved."

The year after he erected this monument to the memory of his school days, he was made select preacher to the university, and six years later, canon of Canterbury. There he wrote the work whose composition gave him more delight than that of any other. "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" was the first book in which his historic genius had play. His passionate love for his church, too, found vent in the collection of those memorials of the first spot of English soil whereon she set her foot; and in her records his delicate appreciation of the romance of history found full scope for action.

In 1853 he was made professor of ecclesiastical history to the University of Oxford, and from that time till his death, he stood at the head of church writers, in the foremost rank of living historians. It has been said of him that he "ranks only second to Macaulay." The two men cannot be compared. Say, if you like, that Stanley rivals Macaulay in word-painting, in ability to grasp and turn to account the most barren incident, the most trivial speech. You can hardly praise too highly the genius of the man who has so made the dry bones of Old Testament history live, for this generation. But historian is a term no longer applied to simple chroniclers. The man who writes history seeks the underlying current far below those ripples on the ocean of time which are traced by the mere annalist. The excellence of history as literature depends upon the skill with which facts are brought into relationship with this governing prin-

ciple. The excellence of history as history depends upon the selection of the governing principle, and must be a matter of opinion and point of view. The ideal historian can never be found until all mankind shall agree in its theory of the universe, and we may, therefore confidently predict his appearance somewhere about the Greek Kalends of the millennial year. Macaulay and Stanley took each for the governing principle of history what he held to be the governing fact of the universe, the one, man—the other, God. Macaulay ascribes all power to the individual. For him, kingdoms rise and fall at the will of the pre-eminent intellect of the time. To Stanley, times are “good or evil according to the goodness of the man who worketh good” in them, but “he is good through God.” The difference goes deep. It is not merely that one wrote ecclesiastical, the other, political history. Neither were men prone to divorce Church and State in such matters; nor is it that the Dean, writing the history of the church from which his own church sprung, and the story of the sects which grew out of her, feels that the facts of which he treats are in a private and particular sense under the supervision of deity. The same spiritual basis underlies his account of the Mahometan Empire. Mahometanism stood or fell according to the purity or baseness—not of its theoretical, but of its practical ethics. We never for an instant feel that he speaks *ex officio*. If Arthur Penrhyn Stanley had been shipwrecked as a baby, on the Fiji Islands, the islanders would have tried no more vainly to eradicate his inborn sense of citizenship in the spiritual world than did the indignant sacerdotalists of England to rouse him to a sense of the spiritual aristocracy of his position.

Upon such a spiritual basis alone would it have been possible to write a vivid history of those Old Testament worthies who seem so far away that we only recognize our common nature in their strivings after purity and goodness.

Upon this basis Dean Stanley wrote a history of the Jewish Church which has proved entrancing alike to believer and unbeliever in the inspiration of the Jewish records. Fancy writing history for a public as familiar not only with your facts, but with the very MSS. of your authorities as English Christians are with the English Bible. For such a public Stanley wrote, and by such a public he was read. The stories which grew trite for us before we finished our primers glow with new meaning when he sets them before us. For how many of us did "little Samuel" preserve from perpetual and inglorious childhood till the Dean of Westminster set him before us as a man, and ranked for all time as a prophet not by his mystic call, but by his obedient response to that call to be and to do, which he shared with every man who comes into the world. Stanley rescued the man from the myth. He has "reduced Abraham to the level of an Arab sheikh" forsooth? In heaven's name, what else could he do? The man never rendered a greater service to the cause of historical Christianity than when he insisted on applying the tests of historic criticism to the Hebrew Scriptures and his own inimitable historic interpretation to the traditions of Hebrew patriarchs and prophets. That must be a poor inspiration which is not even good history.

As we turn the pages of the "Eastern Church," we are rebuked before the Broad Churchman who will not acknowledge even Athanasius. His "History of the Church of Scotland" is a yet nobler evidence of fairness and candor. It is so much harder to be charitable toward little faults and near neighbors than toward heinous crimes and atrocities of distant centuries. A Millerite is so much more tempting than a Gnostic. How Dean Stanley triumphs in what seems the hardest point of brotherly love toward a churchman, let his enemies say, who style him "the Non-conformist in the Church of England."

1863 was an eventful year in his life. In it he was made Dean of Westminster, and in it he married Lady Augusta

Bruce, long one of Her Majesty's maids of honor. Before his marriage, genial, whole-souled "brother of men" as he was, Stanley had yet gone little into society. But the Deanery became one of the most distinguished *salons* in London. All that was best and freshest in life and literature, provided, always, it were pure and good, found its way into that English home, where the talents and charms of the wife were quite as emphatically forces on the side of social good, as the husband's world-wide celebrity and high ecclesiastic rank. That home opened its door to Colenso, "the despised and persecuted Bishop of Natal," and gave shelter and support to Pere Hyacinthe when, in the period of his suspended social and ecclesiastic animation, he sought refuge in London. The title of "Dean of Society," though given in scorn, well befits the man whose doors were never closed to the weary, the friendless, or to those who were persecuted for what *might* be righteousness' sake.

If he had been happy in Canterbury Cathedral, he was much more so in Westminster Abbey, that pile consecrated not merely to the glory of the Church of England, but to the memory of the men of England— "the wise, the good, fair forms and hoary seers." What fitter temple for the priest who holds the doctrine of "the Real Presence in the holy life, the courageous act, the just law," and finds "a testimony to the name of the Son wherever we are taught to know and admire the best of human excellence?"

Westminster Deanery was the place of all others in the English Church best fitted to him: no such cosmopolitan throng kneels before any of her other altars as the motley crowd of all nationalities and creeds which worships meekly, their presence partaking of the nature of a pilgrimage, at the shrine where lie the ashes of the monarchs and heroes of England. If any man in England or in the world could be the mouth-piece of God to all those waiting souls, Arthur Stanley was the man. He never held a "cure of souls,"

but he was father-confessor in All-Souls Church ! In what school did he learn his far-reaching comprehension of spiritual difficulties and intellectual doubts ? It seems to have been the very perfection and sensitiveness of his own spiritual nature which enabled him to touch every minor chord of doubt which jars in the full, rich diapason of Christian belief.

Down in the very roots of his being were laid the foundation of his love for his Church, a love which perhaps no American can fully understand. Those of us who were brought up in a Ritual Church, who drew our childish dreams of angels from her white-robed priests, and whose thoughts can never rise to heaven quite so freely as when borne on her rhythmic utterances, can comprehend enough of it to realize the grandeur of the man who, loving the Church of England as Dean Stanley did, never for an instant let that love pale the ardor of his devotion to the Church of the World ! The law of England forbids the occupancy of Anglican pulpits by non-Anglican divines. Stanley devised services in the nave of Westminster by which non-conformist divines might be heard there, and the law not be broken. He attended the General Assembly. It was whispered about London that he had been seen at a Presbyterian soirée. (What that may be, we do not know. If it partakes of the nature of a church sociable, his taste may be questioned). He admitted a well-known Unitarian divine to the communion in the chapel of Henry VII. Do these things seem to us matters of course in Christian love and charity ? They took on the shape of heroic protests in the storms which they raised !

Men have been singularly unfortunate in their choice of epithets to hurl against this "good gray head." I can find no choice, title with which I could choose to crown it, than one which was thrown at it— the "Honorary Member of All Religions."

Orthodoxy and heterodoxy have alike reviled Dean Stanley, the one because it held that he had no right to be liberal within its ranks, the other because it held that he had no right to be liberal outside its own. The one point wherein their criticisms have a shadow of justice is when they attack him on the ground of "subscription." The fact must be admitted that he did, at his ordination and at each successive step of his church advancement, sign the Thirty-nine Articles. It is also a fact that he held, with Robertson, that there is no theological doctrine whose external shell does not contain the seed of a detestable heresy. We do not see the incompatibility of act and opinion. No Radical Unitarian ever lived who felt or said more strongly than Stanley that church membership should not be made to depend on a belief in the adequacy of language. He labored all his life for a relaxation of terms of subscription which did not press heavily upon himself because he was brave enough to declare continually that he subscribed not to the letter of creeds or articles, but to the spirit; that he was in harmony with the general tenor of his church and by no means with all its dogmas or canons. The man who "has no genius, no scholarship, nothing with which to fight the battle" with superstition save the resignation of his preferment, does nobly to lay it down. The man who can do nothing to expand the walls of his church in which his soul is cramped, does well to leave it. But so long as Stanley could do better work for the cause of liberal Christianity inside an illiberal (if you must) church than outside, and so long as the church of England was willing to keep him inside her gates while he frankly avowed his position, so long was it right for him to hear her orders. Listen to his glorious eulogy of Calenso before the men who were scouting him as a heretic:—"I do not enter into questions of ambiguities, into such questions as how far the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, how far the excellent Bishop of Exe-

ter, or how far the wise and prudent Bishop of Worcester has been condemned by the speakers, or would be condemned by the resolutions of this society. I leave those who deal with ambiguities to settle that as they can. Neither will I enter at length into the question whether the distracted church of South Africa is schismatic from the church of England, or the Church of England from the church of South Africa. I will only say that, speaking to you as a society for the propagation of the gospel, I am ashamed that these questions should occupy your attention, relating as they do to one who, as a propagator of the gospel, will be remembered long after you are dead and buried ; I know that every thing I say will be received with ridicule and contumely ; nevertheless I say that, long after we are dead and buried his memory will be treasured as that of the one missionary Bishop in South Africa who translated the scriptures into the language of the tribes to whom he was sent to minister ; the one Bishop who, by his researches, and by his long and patient investigations, however much you may disapprove of them, has left a permanent mark upon English theology--yes, though you may ridicule, the one Bishop who, assailed by scurrilous and unscrupulous invective unexampled in the controversy of this country and almost in the history, miserable although it is, of religious controversy itself, continued his researches in a manner in which he stood quite alone, and never returned one word of harshness to his accusers ; the one Bishop who was revered by the natives,....the one Bishop to whom the natives came long distances to place themselves under his protection or merely to have the pleasure of looking upon his countenance,....For all these things the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel appears to have no sympathy ; but you may depend upon it that outside these walls--in the world at large--wherever Natal is mentioned, they will win admiration ; and posterity will say that among the propa-

gators of the gospel in the nineteenth century the Bishop of Natal was not the least efficient."

Could he have been heard so far from James Martineau's chapel? Could he have spoken more frankly there?

Christian Institutions "is the ripe fruit of a life which has been called the consummate flower of the Christian culture of the day." It is "an attempt to show the Religion which is behind all religions." Purporting to deal with the real meaning of the forms of Christianity, it might be used as a manual of devotion in any church—save the Positivist.

Dean Stanley *has* "rationalized Christianity," if to rationalize be to make reasonable. He *has* shown us the union of all religions—in the heart of the Christ. He has lived close up to the pattern of his Master, who came not to destroy, but to fulfil, and who was baptized by a rite which his own words say had for him no possible significance save a showing of his sympathy with all the forms whereby men strive to express the Inexpressible.

S. L. S., '83.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

America, feeling that the eyes of all nations were turned upon her, as an experiment, a new departure from the old order of things, is inclined to pose, while standing under the light of criticism. Like an extremely young lady, upon her first appearance in a new dress, she does not know exactly how to deport herself in her unfamiliar garb, and becomes quite sensitive to any critical remarks, ventured by her elder sister. When her youthful follies and crudenesses are made the subject of criticism, her displeasure fully arouses itself; for she does not intend to be so completely snubbed. She feels herself quite independent

of smiles or frowns and fully able to take care of herself ; so she assumes airs of superiority and, though she did not start even in the race, is resolved to onstrip her self-sufficient elder sister. The only trouble is that she is in too great haste and sometimes makes pretensions which have no foundation. As a nation we seem to be on a strain to meet other people's expectations.

We would like to surpass everything which has existed before our time. In our temperament we are intense, highly-strung, nervous. Nature is trying to produce a new type in our western world. The transformation must go on during several generations before it is complete. It is a gradual process which converts the sturdy Teuton, and hearty John Bull, into the finer American organization. Self-consciousness is the inheritance of such a temperament. The typical American is much given to introspective reflection. In Puritan, New England, the men who had any pretensions to scholarly thought,—and in those early days culture did not extend her province far beyond the black Massachusetts sea-coast,—were theologians.

Their minds pondered much on metaphysical questions. Most of these people, indeed, had left old England for the sake of religious liberty, and in face of all the hardships of a new and sterile country, could find little delight in things earthly. Hence speculation about the heavenly was their only solace. This turn of mind, due, as it was, partly to extraneous circumstances, might have changed after a century ; yet the descendants of William Bradford, John Winthrop, John Carver, and others of May Flower celebrity still found delight in doctrinal discussions. Even the most unleavened had his original theological convictions, which he was pleased to expound to an audience.

They meditated much upon free-will, for-ordination, and other Calvenistic dogmas. They scourged themselves, mentally and morally with keen self-examination. They

took the diagnosis of their mental frame and thought little about things of the flesh. They were morally self-conscious. In a later day there has come a reaction from stern Puritanism. New England thinkers have ceased to find their intellectual pleasure in theological discussions alone. With a greater increase of worldly prosperity, the narrowness of those earlier days has passed away. A Liberalism, almost extreme on many points, and especially in theology, has succeeded ; but that same proneness to self-study has remained, and much of this inward searching produces a self-consciousness which is quite as pernicious as a more material kind. This tendency, engendered first in the earliest center of civilization, has extended, through similar causes and almost to a similar degree, outward over the land, until now it is universally declared to be a characteristic of the nation.

A marked tendency of modern America is toward the hot house method of growth. One phase of this forcing process appears in the training of youth.

The precocious child of fond parents is placed in school, at a tender age, and imbibing copiously from the fountain-head of knowledge, giving free scope to the thirst of ambition early engendered in him, soon becomes a wise young person, at whose feet his elders may according to his opinion, sit and learn.

Young hopeful knows no free unhampered childhood, unless with exceeding independence, he breaks the chains prepared for him by aspiring relatives and teachers. Possibly he may run away from school to play with bad little boys, with whom he has a clandestine acquaintance ; but this disobedience involves a crushing sorrow to his devoted parents and any well-regulated boy would hesitate before taking such a step. He has learned that frivolous pleasure is folly and a waste of time. He develops into an intellectual phenomenon by poring over pedantic books, when

he should be a happy, careless child and thus the freshness of youth is dried up within him. He has no time to digest his acquired knowledge ; but is hurried on to fresh fields of conquest, and the cramming process is continued indefinitely.

To many minds the super-excellence of modern culture presents itself in the philosophy of the Transcendentalists. An offshoot from a German stock, it seemed to thrive best in that hot-bed of fine-spun and philosophical analysis, Boston. The shining lights of this school, learned men, who have devoted their lives to philosophical research, have done no slight service to the thinking world ; but many of their followers merely affect Transcendentalism and wear it as they would any other new fashion.

Another significant feature of the literary taste of the day appears in the revival of the works of Robert Browning, an author admired with great fervor by the would-be-learned. According to a peculiar standard of literary merit, the depth of thought in any production increases as the possibility of interpreting that thought diminishes, and hence the shrewd supporters of this method find in Browning the acme of all their desires.

Critical analysis carried to the point of an exquisite minuteness seems to be the prevailing mode in fiction as it appears in the representative school of Howells and James. The style of Thackeray and Dickens has lost its preëminence. In the works of those authors we are shown that a character possesses certain qualities of mind and heart ; but we do not see the working of these characteristics in all their remotest phases. The author of to-day appears self-announced as a student of human nature, and his personality gives its peculiar tone to his works.

The æsthetic rage, heralded throughout the land by the self-styled apostle of the beautiful, has hardly produced that revival in art which was thought inevitable. Al-

though it has called greater attention to artistic effect in household decorations, yet, this is dilettanteism rather than true art.

We glory in our Republican institutions. We look from heights of fancied security with a calm, critical eye upon the enslaved peoples of other lands and neglect to turn our eyes upon our own defects. The enemies of Republicanism assert that a Republican form of government will be feasible when the Millennium has arrived. The true Republican has a double duty to perform,—he must protect the commonwealth from himself and from others. He must labor disinterestedly and see that others do likewise. It is asserted that we have not arrived at a civilization complete enough to produce such universal forbearance, and monarchy alone is safe for poor humanity. Yet, we are reaching a higher state of civilization and becoming every day more capable of the highest. The question whether Republicanism shall be a success or failure is thus practically left with us for an answer. Other nations look on to see whether it shall sink or swim. We are prone to be somewhat jealous about this Republicanism of ours. Independence is the American prerogative, and countrymen abroad have frequently been criticised for the perpetual declaration of independence conveyed in their bearing. The Daisy Millers are not typical of the better class of Americans though they do exist.

The Americans are essentially a wealth-getting nation, and they are not content with slow accumulation. Wealth is power according to the popular rendering of the old adage. The mass of people are engaged in a restless pursuit after riches. Foreigners flocking here from other countries rush eagerly into the scramble for power; for they are informed that gold is the sesame which opens all American doors. In time they become naturalized Americans and assume the American spirit, "I am as good as

you." Every ragged urchin on our city streets presents the possibility of an embryo president. This haste to amass wealth often results disastrously. In their frenzied haste business men enter into wild speculations, and the result of years of labor is often swept away in a day of panic on the Stock Exchange. A man may be penniless one day, the next day, perhaps he will have millions at his command. Society, founded on this false basis, is constantly fluctuating. The lowest in the social scale often becomes the highest and *vice versa*.

We spend more money, in proportion to the amount of our wealth, than any other people. In the large cities of America the display of wealth is greater than in any European cities, and happily the poverty does not increase proportionally. Wealth recently acquired is likely to induce vulgar ostentation. Unaccustomed riches are not worn gracefully by the many. These facts belong to the crudeness of our country. The ignorant foreigner, dazzled by the glitter of his wealth, wishes to astonish other people. Walk up Broadway any pleasant afternoon and the American love of display will be apparent. American society in its turn has its little affectations. In certain localities, aping aristocratic England, it boasts of a long line of noble ancestors, forgetting that only a few centuries ago its high-bred forefathers were perhaps drawing in their seines on the banks of the Hudson or sitting with their worthy fraus on the door-stones of their humble dwellings and smoking their short, fat pipes were quite unconscious of any claims to royal descent.

Only time can wipe out these unpleasant characteristics. Time will rub away the angles, will soften the high coloring, will tone down our crudeness and rawness and newness. The American life is a fresher, more vigorous one than that of the mouldy cities of the Old World, and we trust the flight of years, while it adds desirable qualities to

our inherited proclivities will not take away the vigor of youth.

E. A. T. '84.

THE ALHAMBRA, AN EMBODIMENT OF MOORISH CHARACTER.

When the Moors finished their conquest of Spain, they formed the idea of building for their monarch a home worthy of a nation that had conquered almost all the known world. They were a wandering race, never having had a fixed place of dwelling, and here especially, in a land that had been theirs for so short a time, they were uneasy and fearful for the results of their conquest. They had good cause to fear incursions from the surrounding nations, and, as a refuge in any sudden danger, they built the Alhambra large enough to contain an army and strong enough to withstand a long siege. The choice of situation was singularly fortunate. It was built just outside of the principal city, Granada, on a hill. It was surrounded on every side by rivers and was defended, also, by a double enclosure of walls. The care taken by the Moors in securing each of their fortresses is one of the secrets of their wonderful and sudden success, and nowhere is this prudence more strikingly shown than in the fortifications of Alhambra. The situation was a happy one, also, because it furnished a large and constant supply of pure, cool water that came from the Sierra Nevada mountains, just back of Granada. The Moors were masters in the science of artificial watering, and throughout the Alhambra, they displayed great skill in improving these natural advantages.

Travellers who have visited the Alhambra tell us that nothing with which we are familiar can give us a correct idea of the architecture of the Moors. They cared little

for the exterior of their buildings, but bestowed all their thoughts on the interior. The "beautiful palace of the Alhambra" seems on the outside to be merely a collection of irregularly-built walls, formed of stone, and dark-red in color; and it is from this circumstance that the name is derived. There are no windows except on one precipitous side. On all the other sides, the blank walls are stern and forbidding in aspect. The superstitious Moslem purposely avoided all external display and ostentation. He dreaded the evil-eye, which "scowls at the prosperous and mars their felicity;" and sought by outward humility to propitiate and avert it. The façade is, for this reason and for the sake of additional strength, simple and unpretending, even to meanness.

The only entrance to the citadel from Granada was through a tower at the end of a long, steep avenue, which was shaded by beautiful elms. This gate was a substantial structure, designed to serve as a defence and as a Court of Justice. For the former purpose it was well adapted by its thick walls and peculiar construction; and, when used as a tribunal seat, could be thrown open into a court. The monarch was the patriarch and father of the people, and here it was that he made himself accessible to the humblest and poorest of his subjects. The external face of the gate presents us the first of the many religious symbols that are to be found about the Alhambra. There are three arches and over all is the inscription:—"There is no conqueror, but God." Engraven on the key-stone in the centre is a gigantic hand, and over one of the side arches, a massive key. An ancient legend tells us that when the hand reaches down to grasp the key, the fate of Granada will be sealed; but the more probable explanation is that the five fingers represented the five fundamental precepts of the Moorish faith, and that the key is a symbol of power. Upon the very entrance of the palace is thus shown the ruling motive of Moslem life,—religion.

Upon the interior of their buildings, the Moors expended all their energies, and it is here that they have left marked indications of their character. The race had long been accustomed to the hot sun of the tropics, and their nature had a voluptuousness and passion unknown to those who dwell in northern climates. These inborn tendencies, softened and directed by their learning and culture, gave rise to an ardent love and intense appreciation of whatever was rich and beautiful in form, or color. These characteristics are shown in the undulating lines, the crowded ornaments and the rich colors that so strikingly distinguish Moorish architecture. The fantastic and graceful curves form a strange contrast to the pointed arches of the Gothic style. The Alhambra embodies the fanciful character of the Moors, just as the Parthenon embodied the blended simplicity and magnificence of the Greeks, and the Cathedral of Cologne, the sublime splendor of architecture consistent with the Teutonic character.

The general plan of the palace is, like that of all old Eastern fortresses, a perfect labyrinth of rooms, with towers and battlements here and there, secret passages leading to dungeons, and beautiful gardens scattered among the different apartments. It would be impossible in a short space to describe all, or even a part, of the rooms of the palace; so, would it not be well to select two, one in which we could study the Moors in their public life, another which shows them in private life; and notice how each bears the stamp of Moorish character?

Let us first take the Hall of the Ambassadors, the largest and most magnificent. It was the grand reception-room where the throne of the Sultan was placed. Around the walls are niches where each one of the Ambassadors was seated in state on great occasions. Above each seat and above the throne, are appropriate quotations, principally from the Koran, but partly from poetry. Those over the

Sultan are in praise of the monarch and are expressed in fanciful Oriental imagery. A star-shaped ornament bears this inscription,—“Oh ! how the stars themselves desire a splendor equal to mine ! If they had obtained it, they would have fixed themselves, nor ever be seen wandering in the hemispheres.” Those from the Koran are simpler, but all contain a boastful grandiloquence. The flooring of this room is inlaid with the famous Moorish tiles, and a colored tiling covers the walls to the height of three or four feet. Above them commences the arabesque work ; and among its figures, at regular intervals, are belts of Arabic inscriptions completely surrounding the room. These for the most part express praise, both of Allah and the ruling monarch, as, for example,—“My fellows are as the constellations of the Zodiac in the heavens of this structure, yet in me abides the preëminence of the sun.” The dome of this room, and in fact of all the others, appears to rise from the walls and pillars like a “web of gossamer.” The materials used in its decoration are rare and costly. The monarch was surrounded with every possible luxury, and was treated with the greatest reverence, almost as though he were an earthly god. The Moors loved ceremony in their public life, and their affairs of state were conducted with the greatest dignity.

The rooms opening from this are very interesting, especially the Hall of the Abencerrages, which Mrs. Hemans has described in verse, and the Court of Lions. The latter was so called from a fountain it contains, supported by twelve irregular, marble figures which resemble lions. Except a statue of a mistress which one of the later kings erected, these are the only carved figures in the whole palace. Mohammed, to discourage idolatry, forbade his followers to make images in any form ; and with these two exceptions, the injunction was obeyed in the decoration of the Alhambra. Some have attempted to explain the in-

consistency by saying that this court was built at a later period than the others, but there is no proof of this and we must believe that the Moors did at times fail in their devotion to religion. The imperfections of the statues show that they had little knowledge of anatomy, the study of which was strictly forbidden.

Though not allowed to represent animal life, their quick, subtle intellects devised means of adorning the palace by the development of geometric ornamentation. The Hall of the Two Sisters, or the private apartments of the wives and slaves was the most highly ornamented. The name is derived from two immense marble slabs that form part of the pavement. In the centre of the room, as in almost all the others, is a beautiful fountain. The Moors must have thoroughly appreciated the benefits to be derived in their climate from cooling water, for hardly a room is without a flowing stream. The walls of this apartment exhibit the perfect taste of the Arabians in the arrangement of brilliant colors, and in the prosperous days the ornamentation must have been superb. In the upper parts, the colors were red and blue, with yellow representing gold; and on the lower levels, as in dados and pavements, the secondary colors were used, orange, purple, and green. The effect of the whole is that of an imaginary, fairy room. Thousands of reed-like pillars support the dome, giving an appearance that is perfectly bewildering, while both pillars and dome are decorated so elaborately that there seems to be no foundation. But there must be one, and a strong one, too, to have stood for almost five hundred years. Washington Irving sums up the Moorish system of embellishment by saying that they invariably decorated construction, but never constructed decoration. Their love of luxury and ease made them seek to combine permanence with great elegance, and durability with delicacy and extreme finish. The walls of the Hall of the Two Sisters are the result of

the liveliest imagination of designs. They are almost covered with love poems celebrating in the most glowing language the sensual delights of the harem. The ceiling is composed of stalactites and is said to consist of five thousand pieces, yet it is constructed on true mathematical principles, and by repetition of the simplest elements. So are all the confused involutions of lines and curves on the floor. In this room more than any other are displayed their great command of materials and marvellous technical skill, delightful music was played often throughout the palace, and constantly in the private apartments, and a great love of music is shown everywhere by the boxes for performers, lyric songs and the accompanying airs, and the many instruments that have been found among the ruins. This room was lined on one side with balconies for music, and every other possible form of amusement was furnished to the women. The sleeping apartments contained alcoves in which couches were placed, always near a fountain because its murmur and coolness would be conducive to slumber. The profuse decorations and the abundance of luxuries show that the monarchs, though occupied constantly with affairs of state, did not neglect their wives. They were surrounded by beautiful orange groves, sparkling fountains and immense gardens of roses. On the floor of the Queen's dressing-room, there still exists a slab of marble pierced with twelve holes to admit perfume from incense that was constantly kept burning beneath. The many tales of love and of intrigue that have come down to us show that the women were by no means dull, or inactive, though steeped in luxury.

If there were no other evidence the Alhambra alone would prove that the Moors were lovers of learning. The many branches of science displayed there testify to their wonderful erudition. Though handicapped by a religion that tended to make them narrow-minded, their restless in-

dustry touched on every department of knowledge, and in some degree illustrated and extended each. Their knowledge of mathematics may be seen applied in every room in the arrangement of designs. Their study of the stars is clearly proved by the existence of a lofty tower that was, to all appearances, used as an observatory. The very name Algebra is Arabic. Their skill in Chemistry is shown in the manufacture of the substance used so largely by them in decorations, a plaster, but so much harder, closer in texture and so much less absorbent than the modern article that it has remained intact from the corroding air.

Their literature, as shown in the Alhambra, is hardly praiseworthy. The poetry on the walls is sensual, or else is expressive of exaggerated praise of the ruling monarch. The figures are all from nature and are original and local. The wild, romantic scenery around them, the sacred recollections of their former life and their manner of living in Spain must all have been highly conducive to poetic inspiration. It would be natural to suppose that their numerous wars and chivalric deeds would have given a subject for an epic, or dramatic poem, but none exist, only the senseless love lyrics of a sensual nation.

The feature of their character shown most prominently in the Alhambra is their devoutness. Almost nothing was done contrary to the laws laid down in the Koran. Inscriptions from it are to be found everywhere. Even their crescent arches are in accordance with an ancient belief that Mohammed wished them to be so. Their religion was closely allied with their every-day life, but, being one that appealed wholly to the senses, it did not elevate, but degraded them. Added to that was their innate love of luxury and ease which so took possession of their nature and weakened it that they were ultimately driven from Spain, and suffered the loss of their beautiful, and much prized palace. The Alhambra still bears the impress of their

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character and especially of that feature which was so fatal to their happiness—that their intellectual nature was subordinate to the sensual.

M. E. E. '85.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVANCED STUDY.

When our nineteenth century shall have passed into the morning of Time, and when History shall have posed her for her portrait, it will be seen that she possessed two marked individual features ; her devoted study of Nature's laws and the intellectual advancement of her woman.

Possibly the eye that shall see us in far perspective, when temporary and minor interests have lost their power, may be able to trace clearly the relation and correlation of the ideas and forces that are now governing our movements and may see that an intimate and dependent connection exists between these two seemingly isolated characteristics of our century. It may then be shown that it was the development and inculcation of scientific methods of thought, the love of experimental knowledge, the belief in facts, that led men to break down the hedge of theories that for so many centuries had hindered woman's intellectual progress, and to permit her to test the strength of her mental powers in an open field.

The centuries before us have furnished here and there an example of an intellectual woman who has in consequence stood out boldly from the background of her sex ; but these isolated instances only served to throw into deeper obscurity general feminine ignorance and bigotry. Therefore, the work that the educated women of our day may accomplish in the interests of science is as yet unmeasured ;

and college-bred women ought not to ignore the appeals, coming from the multiform departments of natural science, for the devotion and zeal of minds trained to accurate methods of thought.

In these days it is generally admitted that it is not the duty of a college to prepare its students for special professional work ; but to teach them something about everything. A college curriculum should prescribe such an amount of the classics as will insure grace of expression; such a training in mathematics as will discipline the mind to accuracy of thought ; such a portion of the natural sciences as will tend to give insight into the workings of the great laws of Nature ; and so much of history and philosophy as will give the student a conception of the power of man's thoughts and deeds in the past. This harmonious development of the faculties of the mind should send a young woman from her Alma Mater with a consciousness of her capacity to undertake successfully higher studies in special fields.

It is in the belief that every opportunity that is offered woman for advanced study and research should be as generally known as possible among college graduates, that the present writer wishes to occupy a little space in the *Miscellany* with mention of some of the chances for special and higher study that have recently been opened to woman.

The last annual catalogue of the Institute of Technology, in Boston, states that women who are properly qualified are admitted to any of the courses of the school. Only those who have had the opportunity of reading over the nine courses marked out by instructors of the Institute can appreciate the importance to women of this brief statement, throwing open as it does to them the doors of the best scientific school in the country. Vassar students should especially be interested in this educational gain for their sex, as in a great measure the action is due to the high

standard of scholarship and persistent efforts of one of their own Alumnæ, and nine Vassar graduates have been enrolled as students of the Institute, two taking the degree of Bachelor of Science, which won for them the degree of Master of Arts at Vassar.

It may be of interest to the students who are desirous of continuing study after taking their college degree to receive a brief sketch of the departments in the Institute of Technology that would present the strongest attraction to woman's mind.

There is no hesitation in placing Chemistry first in the enumeration of Scientific pursuits, that will command the interest of woman. Under this head, three courses are laid out by the Institute,—Analytical, Industrial, and Organic Chemistry. The course in Analytical Chemistry extends over two years and more, and is so flexibly arranged as to give a wide knowledge of general Chemistry with opportunities for progress in special directions. Individual study and research is a prominent characteristic of this course. Lectures in the Philosophy of Chemistry supplement each course. Under Industrial Chemistry are given chances for the acquisition of more practical knowledge. Opportunities are continually opening for the wider development of this branch of Chemistry, especially in connection with pursuits that are preëminently claimed to be womanly. It was to such a possible extension of the work of the Industrial department that the late President of the Institute, Wm. B. Rogers, looked, when he laid out a section for household analysis ;—the testing of water, the adulteration of food, with lectures upon the chemistry of food and upon respiration and nutrition. The practical utility of this course in Industrial Chemistry has been tested by a Vassar graduate who has charge of the preparation of chemicals for the trade of a large drug establishment.

The recently published general catalogue of Vassar records fifteen of Vassar's daughters as practising medicine.

The successful work of women physicians will yearly tempt a larger number of college students to enter the ranks of the medical profession. By such the opportunities for biological study offered at the Institute, in the departments of Biology and Organic Chemistry, will be gladly accepted. The intimate connection existing between the conditions of life and those of chemical action make it imperative for the medical student of to-day to prepare himself for his profession by a thorough study of Biology. There are but few medical schools for men that can offer equal advantages for biological research with the Institute, and no woman's medical college has as yet sufficient funds to be able to maintain a biological laboratory with its essential and expensive apparatus.

To the student whose proclivities lead her into studying the mysteries of Nature as revealed in lower animal life, it will be a sufficient index of the completeness and satisfactoriness of the work that can be accomplished in this direction, to mention that the Institute has at its command the full and rich collection of the Boston Natural History Society, whose building is contiguous to the two main buildings of the Institute. Again, the applications that are yearly made for women so thoroughly trained in Physics as to be competent to take full charge of a physical laboratory and lecture on advanced physics, proves that such women are rare, and that in the variety of its studies a college cannot give to Physics sufficient time to render a student prepared for professional work, while this institution can.

A scientific school, originally founded in the interests of young women naturally includes in its departments a number of pursuits that offer no attraction to the tastes and sympathies of women students. In this category can be placed the instruction given in mining, civil and mechanical engineering, and in the mechanic arts; but there seems to be no valid reason why the study of Architecture

should be relegated to this class. It presents none of the objectionable features that might be urged against a woman's pursuit of the former studies ; but on the contrary, calls for the exercise of powers essentially feminine ; love of harmony, sense of fitness, delicacy of touch, and appreciation of beauty. It is a strange and lamentable fact that Architecture has not appealed more successfully to woman, and that no woman's name stands enrolled on the list of famous builders. It may be said, with some justice that no opportunity has been offered in our country to acquire the necessary technical knowledge, and that it is but recently that Architecture has asserted its true position among our American people. Its present prominence among our professions and the resources at command for acquiring the necessary mechanical skill, may seem to turn the attention of art-loving women in this direction.

The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, more widely known by its less famous title of Harvard Annex, published lately a report of its experience during the five years of its existence. Both in the general report of the Secretary of the Society and in the testimony of the instructors and pupils can be detected the feeling that the Annex can best fulfill its educational purpose by promoting the studies of advanced students in special lines. The following paragraph quoted from the letter of a Professor in charge of one of the departments expresses clearly the conviction of one who has had an opportunity of witnessing the character of the work accomplished at the Annex. He says ;—

“ Woman who, for educational or other purposes, desire to explore thoroughly certain fields of study, can hardly be provided for in the system of colleges which aim to build upon the general education given by the schools a similar structure, only carried much higher. This is the function of Wellsley, Smith, Vassar, etc., and one cannot overrate

its importance. It is doubtless the chief want in woman's education at this time, and these colleges are satisfying it excellently. But their very success will create a limited but most important demand for higher instruction in special directions. The young men in the same position go to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns, Hopkins, or more generally to Europe; but where are the woman to go? It is just here, as it seems to me, that an opportunity is offered to Harvard, through the Annex, to render a real service to the cause of woman's education, which shall not be a repetition of opportunities already open. A glance at the *perspectus* of study marked out by the Annex for '83, and '84 shows tempting courses of work for a linguistic student. Hebrew, Sanskrit, Comparative Philology, Greek and Latin are offered under the tutorship of men whose names are widely associated with this classical scholarship. Philosophy, Political Economy, History and Botany, present a rich array of elective courses. But it will probably be to the classical student that a residence at Cambridge with its venerable associations, with its opportunities for contact with enthusiastic students and ripe scholars will present the strongest attractions."

The Institute and the Annex together offer the full possibilities for scholarship, and the proximity of the two institutions renders it possible for a student to reap the advantages of both; gleaning rich treasures of classical lore within the shadows of fair Harvard, and at the same time gathering an ample store of scientific truths within the walls of the Institute.

There may, perhaps, be earnest women students to whom this recital of the openings for higher study can mean but little on account of their inability to seek for intellectual assistance beyond their own homes. Such will hear with great pleasure that in this age of utilitarianism and expedients, the United States mail has been seized upon as a

promoter of intellectual information, and by its mediatorship a Correspondence University has been established. It is the scheme of this University to carry into broader and higher fields the system of study so successfully carried on for some ten years by the Society for Encouragement of Home Studies. The Correspondence University has issued a promising circular to announce its aim and method of work. To any one desirous of learning the details of its plans, the Secretary of the University, Mr. Lucien A. Wait, Ithaca, N. Y., can give information.

A few years ago an article appeared in one of the English periodicals, questioning, what shall we do with our college girls? The writer saw that there would be before society a vast and difficult problem, when the colleges should have sent forth a body of educated women to whose mental cravings only the professions of teacher and author offered themselves. We must remember that the writer was an Englishman and his point of view, consequently, limited to the customs of the British Isles. He took for granted that there would be a throng of women whom neither inclination nor necessity would urge to enter the rank of instructors and who would not wield so facile a pen as to be tempted into literary pursuits. What mental pabulum was society to offer these women? With gloomy forebodings, the writer saw only a cheerless outlook for their superfluously educated women, who bound down by social restraints to a narrow home life would not be able to extract from it the stimulus and inspiration for healthy intellectual activity. In the vision of this pessimistic seer, only a life of unhappiness and dissatisfaction awaited these martyrs to the theory of women's higher education. He recognized the force of the Scriptural warning that it was a mind swept and garnished, out of which had been driven the devil of ignorance, that tempted the entrance of the league of evil spirits.

We American women have no reason to complain that we are debarred from the exercise of intellectual pursuits. Both Law and Medicine have yielded up their secrets to women, and all the departments of Science stand invitingly open to women with minds trained to carefulness of observation, to patience for details, and to a love of truth.

ALUMNA '74.

The old knights of the time of King Arthur and Charlemagne knew one virtue—bravery, and one vice—fear. The present age is infinitely removed from that primitive creed, but surely courage is a virtue that should never be neglected, that should, if possible, be cultivated.

This fact must certainly be recognized by everyone who gives the subject a moment's thought, and yet how pitiable is the condition of the average child. From its earliest infancy it is fed by the babbling nurse upon ghosts and hobgoblins as regularly as upon bread and milk; then come "governess, teachers, spiritual masters, and pastors," who are ready with their lists of prohibitions and punishments before the young mind has yet fairly grasped the fact of its existence; really it is not wonderful that, with such training, men are tainted with cowardice. Physically, of course, the dweller in towns has not that hardiness which is the birthright of the frontiersman, but in the civil institutions of life his lack of moral intrepidity is felt as well. Sometimes it is veiled under the euphemistic term conservatism, but it is there none the less. The political world too often demands wheels or pivots instead of men, to make it wholly conducive to the production of heroism; while in the church, it is often only by chance that we detect the real man, so carefully is he covered with impenetrable layers of customs and forms. He has committed himself to some sect and henceforth is merely the spokesman for a

creed. So he need never speak, since his arguments and conclusions are already known,—he is pledged to see but one side.

In society, plain-speaking is the blackest in the catalogue of crimes ; the highest virtue is complaisance. This is the age when one must be a good talker, a suave listener, an affable entertainer if he would be a favorite. As Thackeray wittily says, “a man may have private virtues as he may have half a million in the funds, but what we *du monde* expect is that he should be lively, agreeable, keep a decent figure, and pay his way.”

The truth is that we are afraid of each other, of ourselves, of the past and the future, of books and dead institutions. To be sure, in a comparatively new Republic, there are not so many of these ancient bugbears as under other forms of government, and we are so continually waging war with our fewer adversaries, that they do not loom up as portentously through the mist, as the Dean of the Chapter or my Lord of the Opposition must to the average Englishman.

Although every one has a natural longing for bravery as well as for beauty, and any example of it recives instant and wide-spread admiration, yet something keeps many a man, consciously or unconsciously, from attaining the sometime desire of his heart. Why is it that he, who would not deign to present propitiatory offerings to a Jove or an Apollo, or burn lambs to mitigate divine vengeance, yet trembles before a convention or a caucus—a mere matter of names and persons ?

The world says a man fails because he has not succeeded in some business enterprise, if he considers it a failure, it is indeed so,—but the vital energy should die hard. Many a boy with brains for capital wrests triumphs from his defeats, twists and forces circumstances to his will, is a sailor, a carpenter, a farmer, or a printer, and, like the old giant

Anæus, rises with renewed strength from every fall. These affirmative natures are the force of the world. A country is not founded by compromises and half measures, nor is a religion born of negations or expediciencies. This power, this courageous perseverance added to spiritual insight makes a man the savior of his time. He represents the high-water mark of the age, and to him all eyes turn.

Napoleon possessed this concentrating energy to a wonderful extent. Apparent reverses were to him but weapons for a future victory. It seemed as if art and philosophy, all science and mechanics, the very seasons of the year had been suborned to his interests, and he would have been a hero if he had only been an honest man. But the benefit of his life lies in its exemplification of the extent to which the common virtues, that every man possesses in some degree, can be cultivated, and the way in which they may be brought to their highest development. Decision, prudence, common-sense, and promptitude he had, but he did not have the spiritual elevation which led Mahomet to victory, nor the grave earnestness and faith in a cause which were the characteristics of Cromwell and of Washington. Indeed, there was in him less than the usual amount of honor and morality, and he left France worse off at his death, if that were possible, than she had been before,—but he utilized what power he had to its utmost. His victories were not sudden bursts of valor on the part of his troops. Every battle was organized beforehand, every side of it examined, defeat prepared for, each possible contingency considered. And just here lay the secret of his success,—in an untiring energy, an infinite capacity for hard work, with a keen tact and shrewdness that seized upon all opportunities.

Men in general, however, do not respect their natures, but are continually begging and borrowing,—a fashion of dress from one, a set of associates from a second, and a

creed of politics or religion from a third. They let the world choose for them in most of the affairs of life, or else they tread in the footsteps of some great man whose very power consisted in following his own light and disregarding the clamor of others.

Heroic deeds gain half their impressiveness from the man behind them. His strength is seen and shows that no matter how great his achievements have been, there is that within him which transcends anything he can ever do. Neither his charities nor his victories, his benefactions nor his virtues, but, in the end, only the man himself has weight. And this intense personality, this character—in a word—is felt in all assemblies in all society. It penetrates differences of birth, language, and education. Some of the old colonial records state that certain of the Indian “Sachems did meet the worthy magistrates with the dignity of kings,” and, in the fine old stories, the hero is instantly recognized and received with acclamations. All doors fly open at his touch, and even the wild creatures of the wood hasten to do him service. The rude miscellaneous crowd of the street and tavern, also, are quick to perceive the presence of firm, unshaken courage in an orator—though he be a man of parlors and libraries, and it commands a sure respect.

The old “prowess” of Cæsar and King Arthur, and Charlemagne may be as powerful to-day as it was in the childhood of the world if only individual force and soundness be preserved. And then, but not till then, will the reverence and praise paid to one man’s simple intrepidity, and honesty to himself, sooner or later, vindicate the bravery and truth of his fellow-men.

H. J. B.



Vituperation is not criticism. The satire which is a thin veneer of personal ill-feeling is, at best, a poor though tempting literary style; while the satire, which is evidently free from private pique, but which is as plainly displayed for the advantage of the writer, is surely a mean production.

Eulogy is not criticism. Whether the panegyric be the result of a seemingly tacit understanding, that the continuance of the publisher's advertisements and the sending of books for notice shall depend upon the frequency and the high praise of such notice, or whether it be the expression of an admiring friend's view, seem through the glamour of love and veneration,—one is as false as the other. In this world, perfection is impossible.

However, few readers are deceived by sugar-coated plums. It is in him, by whom works and workers are slashed, and tomahawked without mercy, that the 'gentle reader' confides. Nor does that same confiding individual seem to learn by long habit that the sparkling satire, ridicule, and banter of the Mohocks of literature are worthy of no more consideration than the highly-flavored advertisements.

There is good reason, then, for the critic to realize the real dignity and responsibility of his task. His work is to assist his fellow-men directly,—by pointing out the merits and demerits of the composition in question, and indirectly,—by helping the author to see and forsake his faults. He must not forget that, though perfection is unattainable, imperfectness does not preclude all good qualities; that while nothing is ever absolutely good, a thing is never wholly bad.

Not that he should furnish a mixture made up of equal parts of praise and censure, or ever give commendation against his better judgment. A man is oftener helped by censure than by praise,—but it must be just censure given in

a humane spirit. If the criticism has been written for the sake of making a good hit, for the purpose of getting up a lively, spicy article at another's expense,—for, in short, the critic's own glorification rather than for the real advantage of men in general, and the author in particular, the writer may have done a 'smart' thing, but he has certainly not been honest.

But, perhaps, no man could be expected to scale such an Alps of virtue, then, at least, he may make his points of criticism so clear and reasonable that however the author may regret them, and however mortified he may feel, yet he cannot fairly accuse his critic of injustice.

If a man writes in meaningless platitudes, say so, but prove it. If a man is a coxcomb, say so, but show it. If a man is a fool, say so, but make it evident. Be honest and just and let no statement rest upon no mere assertion. It is not to be expected that a criticism, will be judged any more fairly and fully than the folly it specifies. The critic is a jury man rendering a verdict; as such he must be ready with the testimony if he wishes that justice and not his word shall prevail.

It was the evening of the last day of March, the night before all-fools' day, which that year came on Saturday. Lu and I were sitting cosily before the great fire-place in the wainscotted drawing-room, now chatting merrily about books and people, now dreamily watching the bright red flames as they circled around the huge back-log.

For Lu's home was a pre-revolutionary built mansion with polished oaken floors and panels, broad hearths, and an exterior of solid stone. Rough and uneven, these stones had been in the beginning, but good Father Time, in his hatred of wrinkles anywhere save on the brow of man, had filled in each furrow,—every nook and cranny with beautiful parti-colored mosses, while over the whole trailed English Ivies and Virginia Creepers.

Here Lu had been born, and not only Lu and Lu's brother Will, but their father, too, as well as numerous ancestors before him. The first member of the Robertson family came over from London in 1766, settling what is still called Portland Point. Robertson, consequently, is one of the oldest names in New Jersey.

Can any good come out of New Jersey?—perhaps not from that part of the State where nature fell short of “top soil,” and compels the luckless wanderer to sink over his shoe tops in deep beds of minute pebbles, (though even this clean white sand is much valued by the thrifty New England house wife for scouring purposes); but there are few spots on the earth more beautiful than the heart of the Navesink Highlands, with its dark bluffs guarding a shining river, and just beyond, a long, low, narrow glistening strand separating both from the Atlantic Ocean.

The Robertsons must always have been lovers of the beautiful, for they have preserved their broad acres almost intact, so that to this day one can behold that part of the Highlands wrapt in the sylvan-beauty of its primal morn. Lu and Will are the only remaining scions of the ancient stock, and to Lu, her father had bequeathed the bulk of the property which was worth several millions of dollars. The sister wanted to share the lands and gold equally with her brother, but he would have none of that which was not intended for him, so with his portion converted into ready money, he had established himself in business in New York city.

With the exception of the lawn and gardens, the whole estate is one magnificent wood of red oaks, tulip, hickory, and chestnut trees. So large is it that when once we had been riding for many miles with scarcely a turn, I asked Lu,—“where are we now?”

With a barely perceptible smile she replied,—“Still at home.”

"Are we on your own grounds yet?" was my amazed exclamation. She simply answered,— "Yes";—but I heard Pompey the colored footman, who was a privileged character because of his long residence in the family, mutter to himself with a chuckle of delight,— "Sakes alive! dunno where you wouldn't be in dese heah parts."

I had been visiting Lu for almost a month, and was so enchanted with the rural Paradise, that I had almost decided to accept her pressing invitation to stay through the summer. It was so charming to be able at will to roam over wooded hills and dales, to row on the smooth river, to bask in the sunshine on the sandy beach, or to dance up and down in the ocean's breakers.

Will, the paragon of brothers, had been detained in the city by an unusual pressure of business, so that as yet I had not met him. Up to the time of my arrival, he had been in the habit of making what his sister called "flying visits," coming down late on Saturday and returning either on Sunday or else very early Monday morning. Lu was becoming quite anxious to see him, and talked so much about him, that I, too, began to have a similar desire.

But,—on this particular afternoon as we sat before the glowing fire, we were discussing a little private excursion of our own which we had planned to take on the morrow, a regular school-girl frolic.

It had come about on this wise. During my brief sojourn, I had discovered that the Shrewsbury river was famed, and justly so, for its succulent bivalves. I wanted not only to eat them but to catch them. This, and this alone, I felt sure, would complete my happiness. Not that I had a very distinct notion of the way in which the thing was done, I only knew that it at least meant a boat on the river, and this with oysters caught by yourself, opened by yourself, and above all—eaten by yourself, presented to my imagination a thoroughly ideal picnic. To my delight, Lu did not

seem at all averse to the scheme, and proposed that the plan be carried out on the coming day.

So we had been busily talking about it, during a greater part of the afternoon. We had decided that Bloomer costumes would be the most appropriate; that we would start immediately after a nine o'clock breakfast; that our sole luggage should consist of pepper and salt boxes, and vinegar cruets; that Pompey should be constituted Lord Protector; that he should see to having the boat supplied with everything needful in the line of implements for ensnaring the luscious shell-fish, and do the rowing.

We had just reached this interesting point, when, with a premonitory knock, the aforesaid Pompey opened the door and, with a very low bow, handed Lu a letter. Another of those grand salaams—even lower than the first—in the process of which his nose almost touched the floor and the return from which to a vertical position occupied several seconds, then the door closed noiselessly behind his dusky figure. Pompey was a whole menagerie in himself and I liked to watch his various manœuvres. Meanwhile, Lu broke the seal, and after a hasty glance down the page—

“How nice! my letter is from Will and—But isn't tomorrow the *first of April*? I half believe it is all a joke. However, this is what he writes:—‘Dear Sister, expect me on Saturday, A. M., to spend Sunday with you, etc.’”

“But, he would not say he was coming and then not come, would he?”

“Not he, but he only says *expect* me! It would just please him to imagine me here making extensive preparations for him, and to picture you putting an extra crinkle in your hair for his benefit. I never knew a man who was fonder of a practical joke.”

“Why, my dear Lu, I thought that he was perfection itself.”

“So he is,” she stoutly maintained; “I do not object to tricks as a general thing, though I do like to get the better

of the tricksters, if possible. You know that I used to plaster up my neighbor's gas-jet, and take the slats out of her bed as often as any one, when we were in college, and I think that you never heard me complain of any joke that was ever played upon me—even when my seal-skin jacket was almost spoiled by the drenching it got from a pitcher of water carefully poised on the transom. What do you think that boy did last year? He was up in Connecticut visiting Aunt Sarah, whose doughnuts are simply perfection. Knowing my fondness for them, he sent me a package of the most beautiful looking ones I ever saw. It came upon All-fool's day, but I did not recognize the fact until I had bitten one and found that it was mainly cotton."

I laughed,—“that was a very old trick.

“Yes, but it answered its purpose thoroughly. Now, he is not going to fool me this time and cheat us out of our sport,—we will go oystering to-morrow, in spite of him.”

The next morning dawned brightly for us, and the birds sang never so sweetly. Poets may write if they like, of rare June days, but give me balmly, sunny, showery April, with its hundred changes. Then it is that the fresh green of the grass, the merry chirping of the feathered songsters, the trees in their exquisite garb of blossoms and foliage,—all things seems to unite in one grand conspiracy to banish from our hearts and memories the dreary barren winter of both life and year.

Possibly we added nothing of the beautiful to the immediate landscape, as we sauntered down to the river, attired in old-fashioned long-skirted bathing suits, with our hair braided tightly in ignominious little pig-tails, and mammoth straw hats with their broad brims tied tightly down over our ears,—Pompey, had he known enough, might have said that whether we were climaxes or not, we were certainly well capped. However, he did not; he only grinned from ear to ear.

After we were fairly off on the semi-briny deep, I began to take an inventory of the boat's contents in the shape of tools. Pepper, salt and vinegar; oyster knives; rakes and drags were there in an abundance which pointed to an expectation on the part of the provider that some of them would find their way overboard. When I had heard Lu speak to Pompey about the rakes, I had had some faint and, as it proved, not a very inaccurate idea of a crooked-toothed utensil; but the word *drag* had conveyed to my city-bred mind nothing more than some sort of a carriage which, I supposed, was to convey ourselves and our booty,—what there might be left of it,—back to the house after our run was over. Imagine my surprise and disgust, then, at finding that it was nothing more nor less than a net,—a dredging net.

I soon recovered, however, and quickly learned to use it skilfully,—that is, skilfully enough to get in it all the oysters that I could comfortably lift into the boat; for I scorned Pompey's proffered aid. How we raked, and dragged, and pulled away! Now getting our load in to the great danger of getting our ourselves out; keeping poor Pompey on the *qui vive* in his constant fear of having to rescue both of us at once from a watery grave; now getting our burden almost over the boat's side only to make a vain dive after it as we saw it sliding back into its accustomed bed. Finally, wearied with our unwonted exertions, we lay back on the cushions in the stern and gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the exquisite scenes about us.

Another advantage April has over June, is the lack of intensity in the sun's heat. So we threw off our hats, and enjoyed the faint salty breeze, and listened to the rhythmic chant of the waves, as we floated down the stream. Westward, stretching away in the sun-shine, with gentle undulations like an emerald sea, lay the forest clad Highlands; on our right was a strip of sand, the yellow Sandy Hook;

beyond this, a fringe of foamy breakers,—the beginning of the broad Atlantic Ocean, sweeping northeast, and south, with here and there a sunlit sail, and bounded only by the eastern horizon.

But, hunger will always recall one to this mundane sphere, unless she be a monomaniac. The way in which those oysters disappeared, was by no means slow. In the midst of our delicious repast, we were interrupted by an exclamation from Pompey's direction, and looking up our astonished eyes beheld a skiff just off our bow, in which sat two gentlemen who looked as if they might have been watching us for some time. Lu almost upset our boat with her cry of delight, while I blushed and grabbed my hat. Not that it would improve my appearance much, only it would at least harmonize with the rest of my costume and hide my rumpled hair. Soon they swung around until they were along side, and Will sprang into our boat, gave his sister a hearty greeting and then received an introduction to "my friend, Miss Sylvester."

"And I, too, have a friend," he said as he turned about and presented "Mr. DeLano." "I thought that I didn't have any more than one, though, when I got up to the house and found no sister to meet me. I suppose you did not get my letter, eh, sis?"

Lu was disconcerted for a moment, but quickly recovering herself she answered, "Yes, I did, Will; but I thought that it was hardly worth while to spoil our plans for what might prove only an April-fool trick."

"Ha! ha!" they laughed. "And so you were taken in after all, and worse too, I guess," he added after a glance which embraced our costumes from the crowns of our heads to the soles of our feet.

Lu smiled, "I admit that we would not have chosen to meet you gentlemen in our present attire, but since the meeting is over, and the style of dress is so comfortable, I

propose to retain it at least long enough to show your friend the beauties of our home."

Then, amid much fun and frolic we rowed down the stream far enough to get another even more exquisite view of the Highlands. Looking over the river, we saw them rising, massive and darkly beautiful, from its waters, lifting one above another, sweeping west and northward, with here and there a cottage on the nearer slopes, while higher up beyond, the twin lighthouses of red sandstone peeps out from among the trees like ancient English castles.

At the foot of one of the hills we landed, and, sending Pompey back with the boats, we sauntered homeward through thickets of mountain-ash and silver birches interspersed with masses of tall rhododendrons, flushing the woods into sudden splendor with their rosy blossoms. Past the unused family chapel we walked,—an exquisite little Gothic structure, looking as if some genii had borne it over the sea and dropped it on the sunny side of the hill. Built of the warm-tinted breccia, trimmed with sandstone; its mullioned windows half concealed by a rich growth of ivy which mantels the walls to the very top of the tiny tower, I longed to see it open, and to hear the intonations of the surpliced rector at vesper-time.

From a long, low, shadowy lane, roofed in by red dog-woods and hickories, whose spreading boughs were so thickly interwoven that only here and there a ray of sunlight could creep through, we finally emerged once more into broad daylight, and felt the fresh breeze on our faces as we climbed the hill to the house, where we gave ourselves up to the sweets of idleness, and love-making. For John,—Mr. DeLano, I mean—and I became—but here he stands looking over my shoulder, and threatens to take my pen away if I write another word about it. I did not promise to obey him, but then ———.

Will and Lu are living together now in the old home. Sometimes we,—I mean *I*, go to visit them, and “watch the rainbow on the sun-lit surf”—when we—*I*—can spare the time from fishing, boating, and bathing. Somebody is very fond of oysters—on the half-shell, and I think that the joke was not so bad after all.

Editors' Table.

Knowing that a *debut* is usually of little interest to anyone but the *debutante*, we hasten to make our best bow to the public in general and to our predecessors in particular, and withdraw to the depths of our *sanctum*.

Most of our colleges look askance upon college journalism, and consider it something to be barely tolerated, if not entirely suppressed. It is considered something wholly apart from a student's other college work, and even as having no connection with the collegiate literary department. Why need such a state of things exist? Undoubtedly, the students engaged in the publication of the journal put their best energies into the work and do their utmost to make it worth the reading, as well as to make it an exponent of the literary training of their college. This being so, why need a college publication, if clever and dignified, be a thing tabooed? Why cannot the literary department extend a helping hand, now and then, say by giving an essay subject that will have some bearing upon the needs of the journal? Thus, the two will work together and there need be no danger of the latter laying itself open to the charges of frivolousness and stupidity. In past times, we have not been disturbed, except in a far-away and vicarious manner, by the grim comments of "powers that be" upon the general unprofitableness of college journal-

ism. But our enemy seems to be stealthily making his way into our midst, and we are beginning somewhat to miss the cordial help and coöperation, which we have hitherto enjoyed. Far be it from us to own that we cannot, like all good Americans, paddle our own canoe, but it is always easier to paddle with the current than against it.

It is a well-known physiological fact, that badly ventilated rooms are not conducive to a clear brain, and surely without this we cannot read with any degree of comfort or satisfaction. We step into the Reading Room with the intention of spending a pleasant half-hour, but before many minutes have elapsed we begin to gaze longingly at the windows and whisper to ourselves—Oh? for a breath of fresh air. We are almost tempted to lower them, but we have regard for others who might object to draughts and—(we beg pardon, it is a ru—) so we forbear and suffer. Now, the windows in the corridors are regularly opened, morning and evening, for thorough ventilation, and it would take but a moment and be very little trouble to lower the sashes in the Reading Room. Or, if the room is in special demand during those times and there are no other portions of the day during which it is vacant, the moments when there are apt to be but few readers, could be set apart for the purpose. They would probably find other hours equally convenient, or if not, they should practice self-denial for the common good. It is only a small favor that we ask, but the granting of it would make the time spent in the Reading Room more enjoyable and profitable for all.

We have heard very often lately an assertion which comes in tones of scorn from our brothers and masculine

friends, and in melancholy acknowledgment from our feminine acquaintances, namely, that women are not as capable of firm friendship as men are. The arguments which uphold this statement are two in number,—one inductive and one deductive. The first rests on the well-known fact that tradition and history have handed down to us the stories of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Æneas and his *fidus Achates*, and, as some rashly add, with a little doubt as to whether they weren't women after all, Scylla and Charybdis, while we hear of no such friendships between women. This is easily answered. What ancient historian would have wasted valuable time and still more valuable parchment, in recording the stories of mere women? The second argument (the masculine side of the question) is that “women are fickle creatures, any way.”

Must we admit that the charge is true? Let us hope not. Yet we cannot help feeling that a difference in this respect does show itself between our college and the men's colleges with whose workings we are acquainted, and college is proverbially the place for forming friendship. There must some reason for this difference, and we refuse to accept our fickleness as explanation. May it not be accounted for in the same way that many other shortcomings of ours are to be explained,—on the ground of our lack of time? Women live in a hurry in college as well as outside it, and in the press of daily duties look upon friendship as an expensive luxury, if, indeed, it is not crowded out of their thoughts as well as out of their active life. Real friendship, more than any other passion, requires time to grow, for it can only come from the most thorough acquaintance. Would it not be well to consider whether time spent in learning to know our acquaintances better is not put to a profitable use?

No insect however enterprising, is expected to be able to stick a pin through itself, and to choose its proper place in the long catalogue of its race. And yet we can imagine what might be the feelings of the bee when he sees himself always labeled a frivolous butterfly or a plodding ant. Vassar girls at least would find it very easy to sympathize with his indignant little majesty, for we are constantly seeing ourselves misrepresented in a very similar manner.

To some 'Vassar girl' brings up an image of a happy-go-lucky maiden with hair disheveled and dress awry and with never a thought beyond having a good time. Such people have a firmly rooted idea that September's bright days lure us back to our Alma Mater, there to play and revel until June. Those who do not hold this opinion go to the opposite extreme, and set us all down as hopeless 'digs' whose sole pleasures are confined within musty book-covers. To these the usual image underlying the term, Vassar girl, is that of a stoop-shouldered, spectacled creature with broken constitution and shattered nerves; and they think moreover that such is the unavoidable result of becoming a student at Vassar.

We insist that the majority of our girls come under neither the one nor the other of these heads; but that they work when they work, play when they play, and partake of both these wholesome things at proper intervals. The average Vassar girl knows how to study and does study, but she also takes bright and appreciative interest in the things going on about her. If public opinion would give her her proper status, it would be of benefit both to her and to her *Alma Mater*.

HOME MATTERS.

The water used for the domestic purposes of the college has, for the most part, been brought from a spring on the college farm. In times of dry weather, however, it has been necessary to filter the lake water, in order to supply the needs of our community. This is not at all a pleasing thought to those who are familiar with the dubious complexion of the water in Mill Cove Lake ; and all will be pleased to learn that a new spring has been found and opened in the gravel pit beyond the old one. The old spring yielded, of its own head, three gallons of water in every five seconds. The new one has a syphon flow of three gallons in every nine seconds, and can be forced to any extent. The two springs are connected with each other, and with the mill, by a three inch pipe. An independent pipe also runs from the new spring to the mill, so that water can be drawn from either one, without interfering with the other. During the twenty-four hours, 32,000 gallons of water can be pumped from the new spring alone, and this supply is sufficient for even the large demands made by the college establishment. The water has been analyzed by the Boston Journal of Chemistry, which says, "This water is in all respects a good water, and one which may be used with entire safety for all domestic purposes." The analysis shows that the per cent of any foreign matter is unusually small, and that the water is, to all intents and purposes, pure. So there need be no further fear of the discomfort caused by the necessity of drinking unwholesome water. It is needless to say, of course, that, whenever it has been necessary to use the lake water, it has been carefully filtered. Still, it is not impossible that some lurking impurity might have remained, and it is always pleasant to be relieved from any misgiving, however vague and unfounded.

On Friday evening, March 14, Prof. Dwight introduced, to our expectant Vassar audience, Mr. Bliss, who was to speak to us on the "City of the Sultan." Prof. Dwight said that he felt no introduction was needed for a speaker who had so long been a resident of Constantinople, and who was, therefore, so well-prepared to set the city before us. As the lecture was to be illustrated, the lights were quickly turned out, and Mr. Bliss began with a few remarks about the beautiful water scene which appeared first upon the screen. From the water-side of the city, we were conducted through some of its streets, and halted for a few minutes upon one of its crowded bridges. Here we had an opportunity for observing some of the prominent types of the city's inhabitants. We visited the palace of the Sultan, and were charmed, yet somewhat chilled, by the vast proportions of the magnificent interior. It was evidently not a place of which one could make a home, and we could well see how the Sultan might prefer his beautiful little kiosk, even if he were free from the fear of assassins lurking in the larger and more imposing building. The mosques, of course, were not to be neglected, and the rich interior of the Agia Sofia is indeed a feast for the eyes. From the mosques, we went out into the streets again, and were disgusted by the groups of unpleasant looking beggars, but the disagreeable impression was dispelled by a visit to the bazaars. Among other pleasant sights, were the way-side fountains, a fruit-seller's shop, a Turkish family out on a picnic, picturesque little groups of many-colored houses, and an occasional specimen of a true Arabian horse. The lecture closed with a trip up the Bosphorus and back, during which we felt the full charm of Turkish life on the water. Mr. Bliss accompanied the illustration with appropriate remarks, and, having lived so long in the old city, was naturally enthusiastic in his description. His enthusiasm left his audience eager for a trip to Constantinople.

It is not often that we have the privilege of listening to such an enjoyable concert as that given on Wednesday evening, March 26, by the New York Trio Club. Before the first movement of the opening trio was finished, it could be seen that the instruments were in perfect sympathy and this was noticeable throughout the programme. The second movement was played with the spirit befitting its character of *sehr rasch*, and the third, *mässig langsam*, was interpreted, with great feeling.

In Dr. Ritter's Trio the charming Romanza seemed to be the movement most appreciated, for it elicited much applause for itself and its composer. It had the great advantage, not always granted to Dr. Ritter's compositions, of being well played. In all the movements the violincello takes a prominent part giving a rich effect to the whole.

These trios with the Finale by Schumann were probably the most interesting features of the programme. The rendition of the Finale was spirited and fine and served to confirm the belief that we had been listening to conscientious performers who neglected neither execution nor feeling.

Mr. Boekelman's playing was an especially pleasant feature of the entertainment. There was an entire absence of harsh tones, and many of the piano effects which he produced, were remarkably fine.

We had the pleasure of welcoming upon our Vassar stage, Miss Wilson, who was particularly successful in her rendering of the two ballads. She sang with great power and sweetness and we hope that it is not the last time we shall hear her.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On March 14, Mr. Bliss of Constantinople gave us an illustrated lecture on "The Home of the Sultan."

Morning chapel was omitted, March 16. An Episcopal service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Ziegenfuss in the afternoon. In the evening, a praise service took the place of the regular prayer meeting.

Miss S. H. Hubbard has returned to college to take Miss Bliss' place.

The Seniors entertained Miss Stanton in the Candy Room, Friday evening, March 21.

The Faculty have refused the petition presented to them by the Students' Association, asking for a longer vacation at Easter.

Prof. Drennan addressed the T. and M. club March 22. Subject, "Dikes of Holland."

A fire alarm has been placed in the building.

'Twas a "young and guileless Sophomore," who remarked that she did not remember when the Feast of Pentateuch occurred.

Appointments for Commencement are as follows :

K. A. ACER,	M. J. GARDNER,
M. E. ADAMS,	M. C. HUBBARD,
A. BLANCHARD,	J. H. MERRICK,
M. A. CHAPMAN,	C. L. PATTERSON,
E. M. FREEMAN,	J. I. SPAFFORD.

The class honors are as follows :

<i>Historian,</i>	- - - - -	M. F. L. HUSKEY.
<i>Prophet,</i>	- - - - -	M. A. CUMNOCK.
<i>Chapel Orator,</i>	- - - - -	E. A. TOWNSEND.
<i>Spade Orator,</i>	- - - - -	L. K. SMITH.
<i>Marshal,</i>	- - - - -	L. A. BARKER.

The chairman of Class Day Committee is L. A. Mitchell, and for Class Supper and Senior Auction, H. M. Jenckes.

Miss Craig has been elected Spade Orator from the Junior Class.

A new safe weighing 7400 lbs., has been placed in the office.

Miss White of '75, is desirous of making up a party of young ladies for European travel this summer. Her address is Mt. Auburn, Y. L. Institute, Cincinnati, O.

For information concerning the doings of the "Collegiate Alumnae Association," we are indebted to Miss E. M. Howe, of '82. The article with regard to opportunities for post-graduate study is by an Alumna who knows whereof she is writing. The subject is considered of so much importance that the Boston Alumnae Association has decided to have several hundred copies of the article printed separately for distribution among college-students.

There was a concert in the chapel during the evening of March 26.

PERSONALS.

'75.

Miss C. F. White expects to make a tour of Europe during the coming summer.

'76.

Miss Harrison is building a cottage in Denver, Col.

'77.

Miss L. A. Bliss sails for Germany, April 2.

'78.

Miss J. M. Davis has been spending the winter in Florida.

Miss Day is travelling and studying abroad with the intention of remaining during the summer.

'84.

Miss Stanton sails for Germany April 2.

Miss Mackey expects to sail for Europe, April 9.

The following have visited the college during the past month: Miss A. L. Smiley, former teacher in the Latin Department; Mrs. Carrie Curtiss-Johnson, '83; Miss Ida Fenn; Miss Slee, '83; Mrs. Swift-Atwater.



EXCHANGE NOTES.

The exchanges have rather more than their usual quantity of verse this month. The "Salutatio" which begins the *Notre Dame Scholastic* will be found interesting to others as well as to students of Horace. The *Occident*, lacking original material shows good taste in copying some verses from the *Harvard Advocate*. Columbia seems to be rich in poetically-minded students, and both its papers contain excellent verses.

The *Cornell Era* publishes some imaginary examination-papers which are amusing even to one who does not understand the allusions.

We always expect something good from the *Spectator*, but were rather disappointed by its last issue.

It is a pity the *Varsity* has not a more attractive exterior. Its last two numbers contain articles on both sides of the co-education question. We like the first one the best of the three. It has some new ideas and is written in a spirit of fairness. The translation of Horace's "Ode to his Slave" is not as good as one which appeared in the *Advocate* for January.

We are glad to learn, on the authority of the *Concordiensis* and of the *Targum*, that "a glee club has been formed at Vassar."

The attractive cover of the *Lehigh Burr* is its best quality. That would be tolerably high praise if its March number were a fair specimen.

The last number of the *Lasell Leaves* gives a vivid description of woes attendant upon weekly house-work. We quite agree with them that Saturday is needed by students as a day of rest, and are thankful that our Faculty are like-minded.

The *Student* publishes a letter describing an imaginary visit to Lasell. With the intention of being witty, it only succeeds in being excessively rude. It would be bad enough without the personalities which render it quite unworthy of any publication in regular standing.

We recommend the *Foreign Eclectic* to all French and German students. It copies from the best French and German periodicals the lighter sort of articles, and those which are most interesting to American readers. In the April number begin two serials which promise to be interesting.

The illustrations in the *St. Nicholas* are, if possible, better than usual. One who has not time to read the stories might spend a few minutes very pleasantly in looking over the pictures ;—only then one would probably be unable to resist the temptation to read.

The *Atlantic* has an article on "Presidential Nominations," which offers a plan for remedying some of the evils in the present system. Its four serials,—if Henry James' "En Province," may be called a serial,—leave comparatively little room for the usual short stories. The "Rhymed Letter" by Lowell makes us regret that space made it necessary to omit a part of it. We hope that the vexed question of the New England use of "as" will soon be settled.

The *Century* devotes several pages to a letter from Richard Grant White on the subject of Prof. Ritter's new book, "Music in America." With many compliments to the earlier musical publications of Dr. Ritter, Mr. White charges him in the present work with inaccuracies as to dates and names, and with lack of comprehension of the subject. To these general charges Mr. White adds, in words more witty than wise, that Dr. Ritter's long discussion of our early singing schools and primitive church-music "is about as much in place as a critical discussion of the warwhoop of the American Indian." To the first charge we would answer that even Mr. White sometimes makes mistakes, and that his search for Dr. Ritter's inaccuracies seems to have been prompted at least as much by personal feeling as by the desire for truth. He does, however, strengthen the criticism by good proofs, and we admit that there are four or five mistakes in the book in question, which we hope will be corrected in the next edition. In answer to Mr. White's charge as to the lack of

comprehension of musical sentiment in America, shown in Dr. Ritter's book, we only say that we found the work so purely historical that the question of sentiment is only indirectly touched ; and the fact that Dr. Ritter saw in our early psalm-singing the beginning of our musical development, while Mr. White found it only worthy of comparison with the Indian warwhoop, scores one for our Professor in the matter. Our singing schools and rude church music are the sole distinctive features in the growth of American music. Where Mr. White's criticisms are just and not influenced by personal feeling, we accept them as we accept all fair criticism, with perfect good will.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Adelphian, Acta Columbiana, Amherst Student, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, Chronicle, College Journal, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Cornell Review, Ewing Student, Foreign Eclectic, Hamilton Lit., Harvard Advocate, Harvard Herald-Crimson, Harvard Lampoon, Illini, Lassel Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Madisonensis, Michigan Argonaut, Notre Dame Scholastic, Oberlin Review, Occident, Princetonian, Rochester Campus, Student Life, Student's Journal, Student, St. Nicholas, Rutgers' Targum, Thieleman, Undergraduate, Stray Shot, Rockford Seminary Magazine, University Herald, University Cynic, University Magazine, University Reporter, Varsity, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Yale Courant, Yale News, Yale Record, Wesleyan Bee, Willistonian.

ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ.

The March meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, was held March 22, at the Institute of Technology, Boston, about sixty members being present. Miss Florence Cushing, of Vassar, presided. The Executive Committee offered amendments to the Constitution, whose purpose was to define more exactly the status and scope of branch associations; the amendments were fully discussed, and it was moved that they be printed on the notices of the next meeting, when they will be voted upon, in order that they may have the necessary consideration from the members. Miss Howes of Vassar, reported that about one hundred more of the health circulars had been returned, and that the committee hoped soon to have the requisite number. The subject of the meeting, "The Idea of the College," was then taken up, Miss Freeman, President of Wellesley College, opening an interesting and suggestive discussion.

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ARNOLD'S CRITICISM OF EMERSON'S POETRY.

Mr. Arnold as a critic receives and deserves high praise, in spite of his academic narrowness. But his mind is essentially formal, and though his style is perfect perhaps, just as the English ritual is a complete and well developed whole in its way, still there are some few things in life that are not to be measured by a carpenter's rule, though it be made of the best seasoned wood and fashioned by the most respectable of workmen. In affairs of the mind we have grown beyond Pope's epigrams and Addison's periods.

A mysterious power called style seems to be the goddess of Mr. Arnold's devotions and most loyally does he make votire offerings at her shrine. But if we strip off the float-

ing draperies of words with which he has enveloped this divinity we discover what it really is; its mere name defined signifies "diction, fashion, or manner," but of course the meaning here is broader, the form of composition in which any work is written, the setting ornate or severe in form and workmanship by which the living jewel of thought is encircled.

It is by this that Mr. Arnold forms his judgment of literary work, and denies the true poetic fire to all who have not this art of setting thought,—we had heretofore supposed poetry was rather judged by inspiration than hexameters.

The same law holds with prose. Carlyle is not to be compared with Dean Swift and Voltaire, because he lacked this most awe-inspiring factor to fame. It was an unlucky comparison which proved more than the lecturer wished. The grim old Scotch face with its deeply furrowed lines, the keen sorrowful eyes that penetrated through all shams and forms, the stern mouth that disclaimed to utter a word for self-advancement or to palter an instant with the truth, rises before us and confronts these others who appear paltry beside him;—Dr. Swift with a most tender regard for his own interests, lying to one political party, cringing to another, attacking and defaming his own friends; Voltaire in lace and ruffles, malicious and childish, and even Addison whose muse had always a discreet regard for his finances, and who remained till death an obsequious courtier of the powers that be. One can imagine the old Scotchman beside these, and the keen contempt that would shoot from under those bushy eyebrows and penetrate even to the mind of the suave lecturer himself, whose neatly rounded sentences and well turned periods so amply illustrated his own theories.

Arnold states that Mr. Emerson was neither a poet, a man of letters or a philosopher, and then admits in conclusion

that he has attained a position which without being in in many senses all three he could never have reached. His influence, Mr. Arnold says, is great among cultured people, he is the awakener and inspirer of men, he kindles the intellectual power to light unattained before, "he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." If a man can be all this without poetry, philosophy or literary art one would be willing to let those stand as empty words or dead symbols.

The lecturer in saying Mr. Emerson was not a poet gives us the fact that his poetry has neither sensuousness nor passion, and states afterward that it is deficient in force and energy. The world had ignorantly supposed that if there was anything that Mr. Emerson's poetry did possess it was just those very qualities.—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."

"Stainless soldiers on the walls,
Knowing this, and knows no more,
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,"
Justice after as before.

Not that Mr. Emerson's greatest admirers claim that he is essentially a poet,—his mind possessed too much of the old Puritan instinct for that. The truth as he saw it was the only thing of which it was worth writing, and that after it was stated, was too complete in itself to need any poor ornament of words wherewith to drape its perfect

proportions. Then his mind was both too keen and too passionless for poetry which needs a certain amount of cloudiness and misty background of romance. His shrewd wit and penetration prevented his indulging in long sustained flights of imagination like Milton, just as his innate integrity forbade his perverting the truth for the sake of an epigram like Dryden or Pope. His poetry is so deeply laden with thought that the rhythm breaks beneath the burden. He never knew the art of saying nothing in an attractive way. But those few, terse, strong lines leave forever their impress on the memory. To those who have learned to love his poetry there remain afterward, a certain distaste for the rhythmic enchantments wherewith others garnish their verses whose plentiful ornamentation or ostentatious severity often covers a very weak solution of thought. We are not often satisfied with nor are we in the mood for ritual and ceremonies when the mind has once caught a glimpse of the eternal verities behind them.

The lecturer also stated "that not one single passage of Emerson's poetry has become a familiar quotation." If Mr. Arnold had kindly added to this statement his definition of the word familiar, it would doubtless have aided our wondering minds which had heretofore supposed such lines as "Beauty is its own excuse for being," and "He builded better than he knew," etc., were somewhat universally known among people of average education, perhaps however that most convenient term *familiar* excludes this class.

Mr. Emerson was not a "literary man," but a man speaking through letters, and he always regarded mere literary art with a little contempt akin to Carlyle's. Letters were with him a means and never an end; he can therefore be contrasted but never compared with men like Dryden whom the lecturer mentioned in this connection, and who made the form of his poetry his only object, and its spirit quite a secondary consideration.

In Mr. Arnold's consideration men of this stamp, Swift and Pope, etc., were minds with a higher literary standard than Emerson; yet no one claims to obtain from them either mental elevation or spiritual insight which would leave an inference in respect to the highest literature which, it would seem, a mind like Mr. Arnold's would scarcely acknowledge.

In earlier times Shakespeare and contemporary dramatists were criticised much in this same manner. Hamlet, Julius Cæsar and Macbeth were too rugged for the cultured taste; they were unconnected and the lines were not in correct metre and lacked the harmonious cadence and periodic perfection of Congreve and Farquhar.

But we of to-day have passed a little beyond the boundaries that cramped and narrowed so many minds before us, and have no desire to be led back into mediævalism even by such cultured and classic teachers as Matthew Arnold.

H. I. B.

A RETROSPECT.

Our lives are much like a certain book of a certain eminent author, in which every tenth chapter is a retrospect, and there is always one chapter, at least, devoted to that most beautiful part of our lives which the subtlest historian is too rude to depict, the most faithful biographer unable to describe—our childhood. It can never be reproduced; yet every human being makes the attempt at one time or another, in one way or another, to reflect a ray of its light on his later years. If he is, happily, a poet, he sings of his childhood, and he who runs may read in Cowper how * * * * *

* * * "the gardner Robin day by day
Drew me to school along the public way."

If he is a philosopher he philosophises over it ; if he is a political economist (heaven help him !) he probably repents of it, and we find John Stuart Mill thanking his stars that, by the elimination of his childhood, he had twenty-five years the start of his contemporaries ; but if one is only and simply a common-place sort of person whose chief grace it is that he once lived a child, he loves to soliloquize about it, dwell upon it, and recall its little passions of hope, and love, and fear, its dreams, its fancies, and its imaginations. I do not say that childhood is a happier time than any other, but only different, with its experiences less capable of reproduction, its delights and despondencies more spontaneous and objective. Yet, though childhood is unique, we can match some of our maturer experiences in it, and, looking backward, see a fairer self which makes the ignorant beginnings of our lives a model for the struggle of our wiser years.

Our first lovers ! How innocently we loved them, and how, of all things we wish them back with their umbrella wings, and entire devotion. The very first lover can never I think appear later than in our tenth year, except in some unnatural cases where the effect is that of a late spring, with its blood-root and hepaticas smothered in the scent of June roses. My lovers all came between the ages of six and twelve and were, for the most part, the fruits of that happy social institution, a district school,—an institution which a long subsequent course of “girls seminary” has made me regret. In that joyous time I lived the romances with which Scott afterward fed my intellect, and Tennyson delighted my fancy. How shall I speak of my first knight, as meek as Galahad, and from whom I differed, I remember, in politics, like Alice, in “Woodstock” from her lover ; of him who wept when my first curls were shorn and I was left with a crop of short locks which made me look more like a boy than he did ? I loved him greatly for his

tears as well as for many other gentle virtues, but I fear I did not admire him as much as his constancy deserved. I regarded him rather as a friend, and he remained as faithful as one through a succession of inconstancies on my part. If he was not very alert, he was very "willing," and would gladly have performed all kinds of services for me if I had not been able to accomplish them much better myself. He was not supplanted but supplemented by William and Moses, two dull, heavy twin boys of sixteen, with a smouldering sense of humor which was wholly smothered in their relations toward me by a livelier sense of chivalrous devotion. Perhaps the difference in our ages precluded much social intercourse, and made me think them duller than they were. But, I loved them well, and gave them the best reward in my power, I am sure, by putting them to the lowest of my menial services without a shadow of hesitation. I had, at this time, begun my education with sufficient earnestness to trudge to school on pleasant days, and on snowy ones, for it was winter, to watch the more robust spirits rioting past the window in a maze of falling flakes and flying snowballs. But, on one of these snowy mornings, Moses and William—I didn't then, nor ever have known which was Moses and which William—presented themselves at our door in an attitude which wholly delighted me and completely mystified the rest of my family. Moses' right hand was clasped around his left wrist, and William was in the same position, but Moses' left hand was clasped around William's right wrist, and William's right hand was clasped around Moses' left wrist. In short, a royal conveyance had been made for me from the hands of my own subjects. I saw this in an instant, (which was lucky, considering the poverty of the boys' vocabulary, which would probably have rendered explanation impossible); in another I had mounted my chair (which, in the school dialect, was the name of my chariot), thrown my arms around the

necks of my charioteers, and was riding grandly to the school-house. The embrace, which safety in my elevated position required, was otherwise a convenience as it enabled me, by a series of pressures, pulls and strokes, to change in any way, or even to stop altogether the movements of Moses and William. With a means of necessary communication thus established, we talked little, but enjoyed so much that these journeys came to be of daily occurrence, and every morning I rode to school thus perched aloft on my chair between the blue and white of the winter sky and snow,—a most happy little princess. But the friendship of the twins for me was born of the charms of my earliest childhood, and could not survive the occurrence of my ninth birthday, when a boy with orange-red hair, and a temper to match, paid me court by the presentation of a large Baldwin apple. I did not understand why he seemed anxious to bestow his gift in secret, but accepted this tacit avowal of good will, and after this was for some time a very contented bone of contention between this fiery knight, and the worst boy I ever knew. But I sweetly ignored his immoralities, whether from extreme innocence, or extreme admiration of his valor I cannot now say. His prowess was displayed in fighting his rival of the red locks, and I can remember sitting patiently by while the two fought, after which I was taken gaily and triumphantly home on the sled of the conqueror.

O my first love! O William and Moses! O boy of the red hair, and valorous rival of him! As I write, I feel that I shall never see your like again, and that you were all too rudely torn from my life. Dark days came; days when advancing young-girlhood brought with it the wisdom of the serpent, and I was removed from my beloved district school to nourish that wisdom in a "young ladies' school." It has been nourished but too effectually. I know now of good and evil, and of the fruits thereof. Alas! I have seen my boys since, and Moses and William are no longer

chivalrous ; nor should I like to ride on a "chair" of their making. My first love is a peddler, and the boy of the fiery oaks has married Jetty Idella Farewell, a girl whom I used to despise because she would not do her "sums" in school.

THE GRADUATE'S LAMENT.

To *wed*, or *not* to *wed*?—that is the question—
Whether 'tis wiser in a girl to enjoy
The tempting visions of single-blessedness,
Or, to be led, by some man of our times, to the altar,
And, by marriage, end them? To *wed*—to doubt
No more ; and by that act to end
The heartache, and calm the palpitating
Bosom of some love-sick youth ! 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To *wed*—dependent
On another for our daily bread !
To *wed*, perchance, a brainless fop ! Ay ! there's the rub ;
For the thought, to what kind of men shall we be mated
When we have taken leave of maidenhood,
Should make us pause. There's the motive
That makes celibacy of so much value :
For who would bear the impatient thirst for bliss,
The yearning for some nobler, better half
Sometimes intruding in her musing hours,
When she, by simply saying "Yes,"
Might realize it all ? Who would prefer thus
To live alone, day after day—year after year,
But that the dread of brainless, thriftless men
(Prodigies of modern self-conceit) appalls us,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than hazard thus being taken in !
Such men make cowards of us all ;
And the joyful heart of many a maiden
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And the fairest, with good will and spirit
And due regard for marriage, turn away,
Disdaining name of *Wife*.

THE WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH OF ENTHUSIASM.

"Great men and men of great gifts you shall find, but a symmetrical man never." Each has his hobby, though all may not ride them on the public highway. Strong instincts compel us to accept certain ideas, and before we are conscious of it, we have enclosed the universe in very narrow limits. In the midst of much that is desirable we may hesitate, but "Nick Bottom cannot play all the parts, work it as he may." Yet, each has a certain amount of energy which is capable of almost infinite diffusion or concentration, and he must decide for himself where this force will do the most good. Upon one point all agree, it must not be capriciously spent or wasted upon trifles. No man is so unsatisfactory to himself and others as he who has always some new enterprise of all-absorbing interest in view, unless, perhaps, it is the too good-natured person who thinks that "all is grist since it comes to the mill," and goes through life with a firm determination to be interested in everything. The wearisome man of one idea and the still more tedious one who never had an idea, but thinks himself called to be the apostle of every new scheme which presents itself have both tormented the world so long that we have taken the warning, and strive to conceal the place where our heart and treasure are bestowed.

This tendency can hardly be blamed. To make a demonstration over small matters compromises our dignity, which must be maintained at any cost. So we leave enthusiasm to small boys, Fourth-of-July orators and the favored few who can afford to disregard public opinion. Then, too, we live in an age when to remain apathetic is to be called liberal, while the slightest exertion in behalf of any cause is stigmatized as fanaticism. While moral laziness is at a premium it is no wonder that we have to lament the decay of

enthusiasm. Another reason for our passiveness is the prevalent pessimism which we cannot entirely escape. We hear so often that there is nothing worth being energetic about that we finally come to believe it; and, instead of seeking new sensations, amuse ourselves by abusing the ones we have had. Happiness is impossible, so we run up and down the scale of our experiences, seeking the keynote of that life

“ Whose secret is not joy, but peace.”

There is also the danger of making mistakes, of finding that we have wasted our moral vitality upon an object which can yield us no return. The loss of time and strength is serious, but the discovery that the cause in which we have lost them is too poor to pay is much more so. We shrink from identifying ourselves with an enterprise which may prove a failure, and will not commit ourselves for the sake of a possible success.

But, after all, it is a poor enthusiasm which we may assume or leave as reason dictates. To almost everyone comes the call which cannot be gainsaid, and we ask what effect will our consecration have upon ourselves and upon the cause to which we have devoted our energies? What sacrifices shall we have to make, and what good will they do? The enthusiast must do without the hearty, pleasant intercourse of people who are open to conviction. He can no longer be all things to all men, but finds that he is congenial only to the character student and to those who happen to share his views. He probably has also to bear the imputation of self-interest, for, let a man do what he may, provided that he does it heartily, the world will say that he has an axe to grind. He may be specially devoted and disinterested, but the harder he works the more closely are his motives examined. Again, people sometimes forget to distinguish between a principle and its advocate, and even between two followers of the same cause, so our en-

thusiast may have his zeal smothered by reproaches which do not belong to him ; and last, but not least, he is accused of partiality and narrowness, and, examining himself, finds that he has no defence.

Yet the enthusiast has, after all, the best compensation which life can offer. He may do harm rather than good to the cause for which he works, for "a good cause needeth not ill helps ;" but, if so, he never knows it, and has all the satisfaction of a public benefactor. The more ardent his enthusiasm the less judgment will he probably display, but the idea that there is a magnetism about the man who is in earnest is not wholly unfounded, and this power compensates for the wisdom which is calm and peaceable. Enthusiasm leaves little time for the commission and repentance of petty sins, but becomes our conscience, judging leniently every offence, especially those committed in its own interest. But the enthusiast finds his greatest defence in what others of his kind have done. We can forgive a great deal of rant and tediousness when we think that almost everything which makes life desirable once made some man an enthusiast.

Another plea for enthusiasm is the individuality of its possessor. He saves us from a society of admirable Crichtons and *blasé* philosophers. A man may be a veritable "crank" or have spent his life in the investigation of the dative case and still be more inspiring than he who has seen nothing worth looking at. There is a charm about people who act as if they had found some infinite good in the world, and what enthusiast thinks that there is any limit to the beauty of the idea which possesses him ? And this brings us to the enthusiast's most admirable quality—generosity. His courage may be unavailable to everyone else, but he offers the freedom of it with royal hospitality. The world is hardly large enough for this cause of his,—as well economize the ocean as his idea ! Truly, it is well that

there are many enthusiasts with each a different aim, for one would soon convert the world to himself. As it is, with that energy they keep it from stagnation, and remind us that "the sanity of society is a balance of a thousand insanities."



De Temporibus et Moribus.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

Within a year the father of a graduate from a prominent woman's college was asked by a committee of the Alumnae to contribute money for the enlargement and re-furnishing of the gymnasium of the college. "No!" he replied, "your gymnasium nearly killed my daughter. I approve of everything else about your system. I'll give to your Library, your Laboratory, your professorships, your scholarships,—but never a penny for your gymnasium, unless to induce you to burn it down. I don't believe in gymnastics for girls." He was a thoughtful, intelligent man, and his observation had led him to that conclusion.

On the other hand, we have all heard gymnastic exercise proclaimed as the gospel of health by this and that authority. The amount of discussion concerning the possibility of physical development and sound health during the period of education for a girl is waxing so enormous, that it threatens to induce a morbid physical self-consciousness, which will render certain the very nervous or muscular break-down which the agitators are so eager to avoid. It would seem that there must be some reason for the aversion of the father whose daughter was "nearly killed" by gymnastics, and also for the enthusiasm of the reformer who believes that calisthenics will cure every disease from spinal curvature to typhoid fever. Truth, that

is health, lies most often on a high table-land, removed from the dampness of valley, and the cold of mountain tops. Let us see where a little common sense will lead us.

We may premise that an elaborate argument for abundant exercise is no longer necessary with the college girl. If she is not convinced of that necessity now, neither will she be though one arise from the dead. There is only one verdict to be passed upon the girls who still feed the brain at the price of flabby muscles, vitiated digestion, imperfect circulation, and, finally, worn and tottering nerves. That verdict is ——— so much the worse for them! Had they only their own welfare to consider we might be contented to let weakness and pain work out their own revenge, but they may directly or indirectly harm others. The more's the pity. This article, however, is not intended as a plea for exercise, but as a consideration of the requisites for the most perfect exercise.

What kinds of exercise are best suited to the woman who is studying is still a fair question for discussion. Let us ask ourselves what are the fundamental requisites for such exercise, as set forth by modern medical science, combined with the experience of the best educators.

The first essential for perfect physical education is that it shall be adapted to the needs of each. The age of intellectual education, the age of individualism is upon us. Harvard College and the Johns Hopkins University are its apostles in America. Educators of the body have not been slow to take the cue, and faith is rapidly waning in promiscuous class-practice of gymnastics—even the lightest—under the instruction of a teacher whose grace and accuracy of movement are her sole qualifications. The daughter was “nearly killed” by just such physical education. She had used dumb-bells, wands, rings, with a vigorous, long-armed girl for a partner, although she was a delicate, small girl, with a sensitive spot in the spine

and imperfect heart action. Her teacher had probably been an exquisite dancer, and had an infallible memory for evolutions; but had known nothing—absolutely nothing—of the effect of violent arm-exercise upon spinal irritability or upon weak muscular action of the heart. As a result, the girl drops in a dead faint in the middle of the gymnasium some day, and frightens herself into nervous prostration. But had the so-called victim of physical education been examined by a competent physician to begin with, and had her exercise been prescribed with as much care and accuracy as would be required in the case of a diphtheria patient, for instance, another result would probably have followed. Certainly it may be asserted with emphasis that though we are not all diseased, “there is always somewhere a weakest spot.” We may safely go to the doctor-poet for our lesson.

“Fur” said the Deacon, “’t’s mighty plain
That the weakes’ place must ’stan the strain;
’n the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

First, to find the weak place, and second, to make it, if possible, as strong as the strongest parts of the body are, the functions of the educator who will take the same cognizance of physical idiosyncracies that we now demand from the trainer of the mind.

The second essential which I should name for successful physical education, is that it shall be pleasant in itself. Exercise ought not to be swallowed at a gulp like a nauseous medicine. It should rather be lingered over, like a rare wine. The proverbial theologian, who walks religiously ten miles a day over the same pavements, thinking systematically all the way about the next sermon, and who looks a little more pale and drooping and careworn when he comes in than when he went out, is just as good an illustration of the evils of aimless, useless exercise as he ever was.

he third place, exercise must not take too much time. objection to walking as the single exercise is that it is an immense investment of time in order to secure return. Three or four hours a day of walking, with able interest in nature or in companionship to direct end, would be excellent. But few of us who lead the it's life have three or four hours a day to give. We and justly, that we ought to be able to get more for ne.

he fourth and last place, the ideal method of physical tion will demonstrate its excellence by its results. pun theories about mind training are bad enough, ie body ought surely to exhibit practical gains or to the eye, even of the amateur in physical science, we are willing to accept it. The old-fashioned d of gymnastics had little enough to offer us. We know the new as the old by its fruits.

latest methods of gymnastic training claim for them—these four points of excellence:—perfect adaptability lvidual need, pleasant exercise, the maximum of l for the minimum of time, and effects plainly to be red, seen, and felt. Dr. Sargent, of Cambridge, is the successful among the new trainers, and the results are nly remarkable. Given the necessary apparatus and illed teacher, there seems to be constant gain in both st and vigor.

Miscellany is not the place for an array of statistics, will give a few facts. One girl has gained fifty cubic of lung capacity in six months; another has straight- t pronounced lateral curvature of the spine, and has l twenty pounds of flesh in three months. From my bservation, I can vouch for three cases in which women dious habits have regained lost vigor, appetite, sleep, s than a year of faithful practice with the Sargent d. But apart from the merits of any special system,

it is certainly high time that women, and the educators of women, awake to the necessity of abandoning the old heterogeneous collection of gymnastic apparatus, the former unskilled teaching, the former dangerous indiscriminating exercises of bygone days, and of adopting some method which shall treat the body at least as well as the mind ;—to the necessity of recognizing individual need, and the want of carefully adapted appliances, of scientific teaching, and of that pleasure which comes from the consciousness of continuous physical progress.

AN ANCIENT BORE.

[A Drama some years after Horace.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS,—a literary gentleman who has succeeded in attaching himself to a rich Roman Mæcenas.

GARRITOR,—a bore who desires an introduction to Mæcenas.

FUSCUS ARISTIUS,—a witty friend of Horatius.

ADVERSARIUS,—a prosecuting lawyer.

SCENE,—Rome.

TIME,—84 B. C.

SCENE I.—*Via Sacra Ten o'clock, a. m.*

Enter HORATIUS, *Joga Succincta, soliloquizing*

HOR.—Now, if Mæcenas is only at home, I think I can induce him to give me that Sabine villa of his, and I wonder if he wouldn't put a *fons agnæ* somewhere near the house.

Enter GARRITOR.

GAR.—(*Seizing* HOR. *familiarly by the hand*). My dear fellow, how do you do !

HOR.—I'm quite well at present, thank you. I hope you're the same. (*Attempts to pass on, but finding Gar. at his elbow, turns*). Can I do anything for you?

GAR.—Now, see here, Horatius, you ought to get acquainted with me. I'm a pretty smart man.

HOR.—Thanks for the information. You're rising in my opinion. (*Aside*) O, Bolanus, if I only had your temper, I could easily get rid of this fool. Hang it, I'm too confoundly amiable!

GAR.—(*Attempting conversation*). Don't you think that these houses along here are very fine? I tell you what, Rome's the place.

HOR.—(*Drily*) indeed!

GAR.—(*Undaunted*). Oh, Ho! that is not sufficiently materialized. Your little scheme's as transparent as glass. Maybe you'd like to be rid of me. But you can't do it. Where are you going, down to the Forum?

HOR.—(*Frigide*). Well! if you insist upon knowing, I am going across the Tiber to see a sick friend with whom you are not acquainted.

GAR.—All right, I've nothing to do, would just as soon walk over as not,—(*seeing a look of despair cross HOR.'s face*). Horatius, you don't do me justice. If you only knew me, I wager you'd like me better than Viccus, or Varius. I write better verses than either of them,—and a good deal faster; I dance to perfection; and, as for my singing, Hermogenes himself would—

HOR.—(*Interrupting him*). Have you a mother?

GAR.—No, thank you, no apron strings for me. I follow my own sweet will—not a relative living.

HOR.—No wonder! they couldn't possibly have stood it. (*Aside*). Alas! I see my fate. Thy prediction, O, Sabella, is about to be fulfilled. I shall not die of a deadly poison, an enemy's sword, pleurisy, or the gout, but I shall be *talked to death*!

SCENE II.—*Forum.*

HORATIUS, *and* GARRITOR. *Later*,—FUSCUS ARISTIUS *and*
ADVERSARIUS.

GAR.—Now, my dear fellow, I have to go into court this morning for a while, and I wish you would come in too, and help me.

HOR.—I would if I knew anything about legal affairs; but I must go,—you know where.

GAR.—(*Giving HOR. a suspicious glance*). I don't know which to give up, you or my suit.

HOR.—Me, if you please.

GAR.—No, I rather think not; you're too anxious,—(*walks on ahead*).

HOR.—(*Aside*). Well! I give it up, I might as well follow.

GAR.—(*Trying to appear nonchalant*). What terms are you and Mæcenas on, Horatius?

HOR.—(*Erasively*). Mæcenas is a man who shows his good sense by having few intimate friends; and no one has made a better use of the favors of fortune.

GAR.—Well, you ought to know that.

Now, see here, Horatius, I have a little plan,—you introduce me to Mæcenas and I'll promise not to cut you out, but I'll help you in every way I can, and then we'll share the profits. Zounds! Horatius, if you only play your cards well, we can win every point, and—

HOR.—(*Cum dignitate*). Excuse me. You are mistaken. Mæcenas is not the man you take him for. No house is less impure than his, and none is freer from such evils. There one need not care if another is richer or more learned than himself. Each has his own place.

GAR.—(*Crestfallen*). You don't mean it!

HOR.—Yes, I do, most decidedly.

GAR.—(*Recovering*). Well then, that is all the more reason why I should want to meet him.

HOR.—(*Ironically*). You have only to wish it. Your accomplishments certainly ought to overcome everything. He is a man to be conquered, and for that reason the first advances are the most difficult.

GAR.—Oh! I'll manage that. I'll bribe the slaves. I'll not give up, even if I should happen to be kicked out the first day. When I have a good chance, I'll meet him on the street, accidentally, you know, and escort him home. You can't get along in this world without a little "cheek," Horatius.

Enter FUSCUS ARISTIUS hastily; but, seeing this well-known bore talking to HORATIUS, is about to pass on.

HOR.—(*Hailing F. A. joyfully*). You're just the man I wanted to see, Fuscus.

FUS.—Why, good morning, Horatius, how do you do and where are you going?

HOR.—(*Pulling FUS. by the sleeve and winking significantly toward GAR*). I had intended to go across the Tiber, and won't you walk over?—I want your opinion on something important.

FUS.—(*Highly amused, but pretending not to understand*). Sorry not to oblige you, but I have an engagement at the other end of town, at eleven. Should be delighted some other time,—besides this is the day of the Pass-over and we wouldn't want to offend the Jews by talking business.

HOR.—I have no religious scruples on that head.

FUS.—But I have, you see. Excuse me. I will see you later. (*Exit*).

HOR.—(*Aside*). Oh! that I should live to see this day! Why did he leave me to my cruel fate!

Enter ADVERSARIUS, sees GAR. and hastens toward him.

ADVER.—Here, I've found you at last, you rascal! (*Turns to HOR*). Will you be witness to this arrest?

HOR.—(*Radiantly*) With the greatest of pleasure.
(*Offers his ear to AVER. who touches it according to law*).

ADVER.—(*To GAR*). Come along. (*To HOR*). He ought to have been in court an hour ago.

HOR.—(*Looking with delight at the retreating form of GAR*). "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"



The requisite to our happiness was a cat. The occasion was a picnic. Our intentions toward the animal were murderous. Moreover, the cat must be forthcoming for this especial picnic. My explanations shall be woman-like, last end first. For this especial picnic, firstly, because we had indulged in so many that the salt had lost its savor, as it were, and Frank and I had pronounced fishing stupid, tennis a bore, and hammocks and novels better at home. So our wager as to who was the better dissector, which was the result of one of our hottest discussions that hot morning, fell in opportunely with our longing for a variation in our picnic routine. Besides (this is the secondly) it was the very best excuse, Frank insisted, for his taking me. Alice and Helen, Clarence and Frank, were visiting my sister and me. We were six unusually affectionate cousins, and for that reason, probably, Alice's sense of justice suggested to her the propriety of her driving with Frank once out of four times at least. But when that became evident and my hostess duty seemed to demand the mildest of suggestions, Frank silenced me by saying that, while he had the privilege of "running that team" (the pony phaeton), he would take the liberty of inviting whom he chose to occupy it with him. "And unless you prefer to go with Clarence, Kate—" "No," I interrupted, "I am very fond of you. But Alice—" "Comfound Alice," was my exquisite cousin's reply, frowning impatiently, "Alice can't go with the cat." That set-

tled it, and I accepted the situation, which Frank made graceful and proper by his elaborate explanation of being unselfishly unwilling to trouble anyone except our two selves with such a feline nuisance through the long ride. He suavely ignored the fact that Alice loved animals, and cats in particular ; but was gracious enough to picture with lively horror the almost unendurable drive, as well as the particularly disagreeable and ferocious character of the victim he proposed to slaughter. So nothing could make us yield our determination to have that, to all but Frank's vivid imagination, indefinite cat.

He literally scoured the country that morning in unsuccessful search for the beast. Every cat within the village limits was some infant's precious property and adoration, while those without the corporation, wither the youth's enthusiasm carried him, must have each with malice aforethought sought a safe retreat in some remote spot ; for neither eager and willing urchins nor pestered cooks could find one of the many that they asserted were before, always on hand

He returned to luncheon with a gloomy face, and enlivened the meal with an account of his sufferings,—heat, dust, squelches and last and worst,—failure ; and, finally, seasoned the whole with such a mixture of proverbs and moral reflections that we were kept in a gale of laughter.

I agreed to take it up where he left off, and proposed to continue the search along the road. Clarence preceded us with the carriage, and with great consideration for Frank's state of exhaustion, stopped at every farm-house. As we, in utter ignorance of his kindness, did the same thing, the people stared with astonishment—thinking, probably, that we were making rival collections for a cat show. Finally, we came up with him and discovered the trick just as a great yellow tail disappeared in the bag in which Clarence was vainly trying to tie up the treasure. With Frank's

assistance, however, it was deposited in the bottom of the phaeton.

We did not find it an especially disagreeable companion during the drive but, after we reached our destination, it required the ingenuity of the party to devise a secure place for its bestowal until the hour for sacrifice. That settled, there arose a still more puzzling query,—how to administer the chloroform. We had meant to smother the cat in the carriage-box, but had not calculated upon coping with such a monster. While we were debating this serious question, the coffee began to boil and our attention was instantly turned to the great tin coffee-pot. It was the very thing. I am afraid some of our friends will long remember the haste we insisted on every one's making with that meal. Frank refused to converse, for fear of diverting people's attention and thus lengthening the dinner, but sat and gazed abstractedly at the pile of shawls where the object of his interest was imprisoned.

The company did finally yield to the attractions of fishing and tennis, while Frank and I, each with a confident air, turned to what we had thought was the easiest part of our labor. But in spite of the immensity of the coffee-pot, I thought we would never succeed in getting the beast in it. Every leg stood out stiff and straight, his tail seeming to make a fifth one more unmanageable than all the rest, while the girls laughed and Clarence scoffed at our ill success.

When we gave up in despair because our arms ached, Alice came up quietly, took the cat by the nape of the neck and without the slightest apparent effort poked him down into the coffee-pot. Frank clapped the sponge on his nose and we considered him dead.

But he did not yield so gracefully as we had anticipated. The assumed feline tenacity of life asserted itself and Frank, sitting on the coffee-pot lid, looked as though he was on the escape-valve of a locomotive. Such a scratching and howl-

ing as that creature managed to make far exceeded the most ferocious encounters of a pair of them at midnight on their native heath—the garden wall.

However, he died in the course of time. The howling and scratching might with reason have been the cause, but though we made examination when we cut him up, we could not discover but that his lungs were perfectly healthy and his claws in an excellent state of preservation.

That evening, while telling the story at the tea-table, I noticed uneasiness on the part of the usual still and proper black figure behind my mother's chair. As the tale reached the climax, Sarah could restrain herself no longer, but forgetful of time and circumstances, and with horror evident in face and figure, exclaimed, "O Lor' ! Dat coffee-pot ! Dat great el'gant coffee-pot ! Why dey can't have no mo' church sociables widout dat coffee-pot. What ye 'spose dey 'll do nex' winter ?"

The question was shortly answered though not to her satisfaction. The coffee-pot was scoured and we took it to a picnic the next day.



Editors' Table.

In the *De Temp* of this issue of the *Miscellany* will be found an article on the need of a new gymnasium, or of improvements in the old one. The department of Home Matters also takes up the subject, so editorial remarks on the same theme would seem unnecessary, but for its great importance. The difference between our gymnastics and the athletics which play so prominent a part in many colleges, is too great to need comment. Whether men in colleges do or do not give too much time and attention to their athletics, is an unsettled question ; but it is certain that we take far too little interest in our calisthenic work. The development of mind to the detriment of the body, while it is of rare occurrence, as we believe, at Vassar, is very much to be dreaded ; and a course of gymnastics which would afford muscular work at once beneficial and interesting, particularly during the days when much outdoor exercise is unpleasant, would have the effect of developing the body, and increasing our mental strength through our physical. We hope that the students will take sufficient interest in the matter to bring it before the Trustees and Faculty in a way which shall ensure the success of the plan.

At last, after what seemed an interminable season of waiting, we are gladdened by the fact, that the boats are

once more on the lake and ready for use. Their presence is hailed with joy, and, on every pleasant day, Mill Cove Lake, presents quite a lively little scene. Last year the condition of the boats was a source of much complaint, and feeling upon this point sometimes become so intense as to seek an outlet in the editorial columns. Now the boats are as trim and neat as could be desired,—they shine with fresh paint, the missing oar-locks have been replaced, the oars are new and strong, and, to crown all, there is a small boy constantly in attendance to push off the boats and do other small services of the kind. It is to be hoped, that the students will do all in their power to keep the boats as presentable as they now are. We know that it is fun to paddle for turtles, but then, nothing else is so ruinous to oars; no doubt it is pleasant to have a pair of oars snugly hidden away for private use, but even the one who hides is sometimes not able to find. These are nuisances of last year, and it is hoped that they will not be revived this summer, at least.

In the Spring, our eyes are gladdened
By the violet-sprinkled grass,
By anemones and cowslips,
Nodding to us as we pass.

Mill Cove Lake is in its glory
Set around with budding trees,—
Its our pride,—though some folks call it
Vassar Pond,—but you wont, please.

Oh, what endless stores of pleasure
Find we on the tennis ground,
Whilst the gay bycycle riders
Spin their courser round and round.

Founder's Day in its recurring
Always brings its own delight,
And the wished-for Junior Party
Cheers us with its promise bright.

Shakespeare Club with Sister Dickens
Off a picnicing do roam,
While the favored ones look forward
To the Party in the Dome.

With these joys, and many others
How explain the look of gloom
On your friend's once smiling features?—
Disappointed in her room.

Complaints have lately been received that there are not enough jokes in the *Miscellany*, and every one knows how much they add to a paper. It is our earnest aim to make the *Miscellany* a literary magazine, but it need not be necessarily devoid of bright remarks. Now, among so many students funny sayings must occur frequently, and if they could be inserted in the *Miscellany*, they would brighten it wonderfully. We are well aware that repeated requests have been made for voluntary contributions, and that the responses have not been very liberal (we print our first one in this month's *De Temp.*). But we do not ask for anything as extensive as an essay, only pithy sayings, jests, etc. We would suggest that a great favor would be conferred if they were to be dropped into the *Miscellany* box, or, better yet, pinned on an editor's door.

We editors, in consequence of exemption from general committee-work as well as deprivation of the privilege of gaining a little recreation as actors in Hall Plays, are supposed to know but little of the trials and tribulations of the poor creatures who are compelled to do all the work, bear all the blame, and get but little praise for their efforts to entertain their critical audiences. However, we were

not born editors, and we have friends who have never possessed a sanctum, therefore, it is with no misgivings that we proceed to speak of what we do know. The life of a committee-woman in Vassar College is scarcely worth living. Instead of such a position's being of value to her, it is a decided hindrance to her physical and moral,—if not her mental welfare. There! we feel better already, although that is but an assertion which has yet to be substantiated. To prove it, we will draw a picture of the trials of Phil-play committees. We will suppose, of course, that the Doctor and Lady Principal have approved of the chairman, which is usually the case, but not of some of the other members. Sometimes it takes the society two or three weeks to procure a committee that will be allowed to go to work, but this injustice, be it said, is due as much to the negligence of the Secretary of Phil. as to the powers that be. All this time, however, the poor chairman, unless she has nerves of steel and an exceedingly careless disposition, is kept constantly on the rack. Finally, she is permitted to summon the committee and begin her search for a play. In making a selection she is compelled to consider the probable ability of numerous indefinite actors, the taste of the College, and especially that of the Lady Principal who has the privilege of casting the deciding vote. Say that the Lady Principal is pleased with the play, then the troubles are but begun. Actor after actor is chosen by the committee and deposed by the authorities, until, at last, driven almost to the verge of distraction the committee is compelled to drill a cast almost wholly unsuited to their roles. Nor is this all. The Lyceum is quite unobtainable during the rehearsal of the first three Phil. plays because of the combination of gymnastic classes and study hours. In fact, the possible times for rehearsal are narrowed down to the day and evening of Saturday, the evening of Friday, and the sixth period on other days, and when we take into

consideration the number of girls (from ten to twenty) for whom the rehearsing hour is to be made convenient, the care-worn, dragged-out expression of the committee is not to be wondered at. Sometimes, in spite of its being the hours for recreation, one or more of the committee or actors will have a recitation during the sixth period and then only Friday and Saturday remain for rehearsals unless the Lady Principal is kind enough to so far ignore rules and precedent as to grant for the purpose, two or at most three study periods during the whole time between the selection of the play and its final performance. The committee, then, are reduced to choosing one of two alternatives if they would present a good play;—they must either prolong the work and worry during weeks and weeks and wear themselves out physically, or else cheat the authorities and get in as many surreptitious rehearsals as possible, thus injuring themselves morally.

Now, in our humble opinion, there is not the least need of all this, and we respectfully beg leave to submit plans and reasons to those who have the matter in charge. If the President of the Philalethean Society would at the beginning of the year, present the Lady Principal with a full list of its members at that time in college; if the Lady Principal together with the Doctor would keep crossed off from that list the names of those students who would not be permitted to serve either as actors or on committees; if the President of Phil would call for that list whenever committees are to be appointed; and if the chairman of the committee would call for it whenever plays and actors are to be chosen, then, it seems to us that it would obviate a great part of the delay now due to the short memory of the Secretary of Phil and the necessary consideration of each student's name when presented to the Lady Principal. Besides, this method would enable the committee to choose a play suited to their actors.

Then, with regard to the times for rehearsal, a new gymnasium would remove every obstacle, or, if this is absolutely impossible, surely the average collegiate student is old enough and wise enough to be allowed to get her lessons (as she usually does) out of study hours, and to lawfully devote a little of the time allotted for study to rehearsal.

This, as we have already said, is our opinion, and if it is a wrong one, we would be glad to know it.



HOME MATTERS.

Of late years, an increasing interest in the subject of physical training has been felt, and also an increasing need of perfect physical development. People are beginning to see that the first essential of success, no matter in what path of life, is perfect health. It is true that men have succeeded in their chosen callings, who have had to contend with weakness and disease. But who shall say that these same men would not have done more, made for themselves greater names, attained to the accomplishment of higher purposes, had they enjoyed health and strength? It must be conceded that much energy is consumed in the mere effort to keep a failing body up to the pitch required in attempting any kind of labor. This must be done, or further effort is absolutely impossible, but what if all vitality and force have been consumed in this preliminary task? What is the mind going to do for support? But all argument comes back to this,—that the mind cannot do its best work, if all the vital forces are used up in the effort to ward off a physical breakdown. We college students, are here, not for slipshod, inefficient mental training, but for the best and highest to which conscientious work can attain. Hence, it is for our interest and welfare, mentally as well as physically, that our minds shall not be developed at the

expense of our bodies, but that our bodies shall be trained up to the point where they will aid each added effort of the mind. To accomplish this result, we need a suitable gymnasium thoroughly equipped, and a carefully trained instructor in gymnastics. As to the instruction that we have received, we have, perhaps, not so much of which to complain. But our gymnasium and apparatus are far from meeting even the modest demands formerly made upon them. The present equipments of the gymnasium are good, as far as they go, but that is not far enough. Besides, they are all adapted to general use, without any reference to the special needs of special cases. If we were to make gymnastics our profession, it might be worth while to adapt ourselves to the apparatus, but we have no such end in view. Nor have we the time to spend in doing what we do not really need. What we do wish and intend to do, if possible, is to strengthen our bodies where they are weak, and to bring about their symmetrical development. To do this we must have special apparatus, and that is just what we do not possess. Some slight advance has been made, this year, in the adoption of a system of measurements, probably with a view to sometime supplying special demands. But this matter of physical development and training is one that will not admit of delay, if we wish to remove from woman's name the stigma of weakness, and to put in its place the badge of health and strength. What can be done about this matter? It is one of great importance, and any movement in its favor would meet with our hearty interest and coöperation.

A CORRECTION.

In an article entitled, "Opportunities for Advanced Study," in the April number of the *Miscellany*, the writer,

in speaking of the advantages offered to women by the Boston Institute of Technology, says: "There are but few medical schools for men that can offer equal advantages for biological research with the Institute, and no woman's medical college has as yet sufficient funds to be able to maintain a biological laboratory with its essential and expensive apparatus." This is a mistake on the part of the writer, for the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania has such a laboratory. Dr. Frances Emily White, who is Professor of Physiology in the college, studied under Dr. Michael Foster, in his laboratory at Cambridge, England, and also in London. Most of the apparatus for the laboratory of the Woman's Medical College, was purchased in England under the direction of Dr. Foster, some of it came from Switzerland, and the rest was bought in America, the whole being worth about \$2,000. The laboratory contains apparatus at present for forty-two students, and is used by them under Dr. White's direction. The text book used is Foster and Langley's Practical Physiology and material is well provided for experimentation.

M. E. A.

On Friday evening, March 28, the collegiate students were entertained in the Art Gallery, by Miss Goodsell and the Seniors. The Art Gallery lights up beautifully, and on this occasion was a fit setting for the bright dresses of the guests. After some time spent in conversation, refreshments were served, and, a little later on, the company was requested to assemble in the Gymnasium. Here they were entertained by a recitation, songs, and music. Dancing filled all the pauses, and the party finally closed with the customary Virginia Reel, and all went home, thanking their hostesses for a most enjoyable evening.

On the Wednesday evening following the collegiate party, Miss Goodsell entertained the Art and Music students in the college parlors. The rooms were brightened by tastefully arranged flowers, and presented a very attractive scene, when the guests began to assemble. Very soon after their arrival, they were entertained with music and singing, and all the intervals were filled with pleasant conversation. Quite a large number of guests from town were present, so that the entertainment seemed scarcely at all like the usual college gathering, which, with the best intentions to the contrary, is apt to become too stiff and formal for enjoyment. The refreshments were served in room J, and after they were cleared away, dancing began, and with this closed a very pleasant evening.

On April 5, an impatient Vassar audience waited for the curtain to rise from our little stage. The play, "One Summer," was a dramatization of the charming little book of that name, and had been written by some of the committee for this third Philaethean entertainment. In consequence of the important part which the umbrella takes in this story, the programmes were printed on the inside of quaint little Japanese umbrellas. These formed quite a topic of conversation, until the attention of the audience was claimed by the opening scenes of the play. The adaptation of the book was skillful, preserving most of the charm of the language while at the same heightening the effect of the dramatic scenes. The character of Jem was as irresistible on the boards of the stage as on paper, and the picnic scene was especially good. In fact, the whole was so successful, that other committees may be led to do likewise and adapt their own plays, when the stage publications prove unavilable, as they often do.

On May 2, the whole college seemed to be pervaded with a suppressed flutter of expectation, excitement, and anticipated pleasure. What could it all mean? Why were parlors and corridors arrayed in such a festive dress? Why, we were to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of Founder's Day. At last, the anxiously awaited evening arrived, and quite early the parlors began to fill with guests. At eight o'clock, the company turned their steps toward the chapel where a very pleasant programme was submitted to their approval. After the opening prayer by Dr. Caldwell, the President of Student's Association delivered a brief address of welcome. She then introduced Mrs. Rice Knox, who delighted the audience by her singing of "O Mio Figlio." Then followed an address delivered by Miss Haldeman. The subject was "The Founder," and a touching tribute was paid to the memory of the man to whom we all owe so much. After the address, Mrs. Knox again sang, this time a little song called "Going to Market." It was so pretty and so beautifully sung that she was enthusiastically encored, and kindly responded with another song of the same style. The Marshal then made a short speech inviting the guests to a collation and lead the way to the dining-room. The collation was followed by square dances, for those who cared to dance, and promenading and conversation for those who did not. The Glee Club sang two very pretty songs, one of which closed the evening, and served to warn the guests that the time for separating for the night was at hand.

A BIT OF SPRINGTIME IN THE WINTER OF LIFE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am not in the habit of crying over my troubles; are you? In fact I very rarely do such a thing. Nor did I

quite do it to-day,—“but let me tell you,” as my little friend Theo. says :

This morning when I went to the door to start my husband on his way to business, I saw under our east windows the most perfect bunch of dandelions that ever grew. Five beautiful blossoms of gold on stems of differing height, and three buds in as many stages of development. They were the first I had seen this year. I made Tom look at them, and then told him for the sixteenth time, (we have been married sixteen springs), that, “For years dear Mr. Mitchell and a friend used to send to each other the first dandelion that he saw in the spring.” Tom looked interested, as much so as he did the first time I told him, (men are so forgetful you know), said good-by, and went his way. I took another drink of loveliness and closed the door.

This noon Tom came in, and said quietly, “There is a lady in your yard picking dandelions.” I threw up the sash, put my head out and looked down upon desolation. I ran down stairs, out at the door, and looking both sides of the house soon found the lady that belonged to the little cart that stood on the sidewalk. I spoke vehement English to her, and she spoke deprecatory German to me. I said, “I would not have taken five dollars for that bunch of dandelions ; you must *never* do such a thing again,” and then led her to the gate, and relaxed my severity and smiled, when with many pathetic gestures, she offered me the double handful of ‘greens,’ and told me her ‘man’ was sick and could eat nothing else.

I came back to Tom, declared I was ready to cry, and said, “And it’s Founder’s Day, too.”

Although, in our opinion, the money raised by the Western Alumnæ Association would be better devoted to the

augmentation of the Endowment Fund, than to the founding of scholarships, yet we thoroughly approve of their plans for raising funds, and would like to call special attention to their methods. They are as follows :

“Two graduates, learning that a young girl of their acquaintance wished to prepare at home for Vassar, offered their services as tutors, asking in return the regular price, for such work, with something added, for charity’s sake. They divide the subjects, one taking mathematics the other Latin and the remaining requirements. Dividing the time also, each gives, during her allotted portions, an hour a day. It would be quite easy for three or four *alumnæ* to share such a task, the burden being thus made lighter for each one.

“One committee has arranged a short course of lectures for the benefit of the Fund : using the auditorium of a school whose principal and teachers are friends of the college.

“One *alumnæ* sent boquets twice a week from her garden to a bookstore, where they were sold.

“One committee planned a successful concert, in which the musicians gave their services, some being friends of Vassar and some *alumnæ*.”

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Collegiates enjoyed the bounty of Miss Goodsell and the Seniors in the Art Gallery, March 28.

The regular meeting of *Qui Vive* was held March 29. The subject for discussion was “Nights of Malta.”

SCENES IN THE LOGIC CLASS.

Prof.—“Give an instance of Enthymeme of the Third Order.”

Student—"Epitaphs or—other witty sayings."

Prof.—"What is the derivation of dilemma?"

Student—"Two Greek words, di meaning two, and lemma, horn."

Mrs. De Saussure has been visiting in the South. Miss Putnam filled her place during her absence.

Miss Goodsell entertained the students in the Schools of Art, in the college parlors, on the evening of April 2.

Miss Walch's name, as Poet for Class Day, was omitted from the last number.

The Easter Vacation closed April 16 this year.

Prof. in Geology—"Miss —— may give a description of the Lithological microscope."

Student—"It consists of a polarizer, an atomizer—"

Prof. gives a desparing look.

About seventy students remained in college during the vacation.

Miss Finch gave an organ concert Easter evening.

Dr. Ward, editor of the N. Y. Independent, addressed the Society of Religious Inquiry, April 20.

Prof.—"Name the seven hills of Rome."

Student—"Capitoline. Alpine, Palatine, Equine—"

Prof.—"That will do!"

The Sophomores and part of the Freshman class have been excused from their fifth series of essays on account of Miss Sheppard's sudden departure. Prof. Drennan is conducting her English classes.

S. V. F.—Apropos of the excursion of the Geology class, April 26, we quote the following from the Kingston Daily Freeman: “A number of solemn-visaged females demurely walked ashore from the steamer Eagle this forenoon at this city and some thought the Salvation Army had certainly come to town to make an onslaught on the bulwarks of Satan, but though they looked like veritable pilgrims journeying from afar, their mission was not the conversion of souls, but the accumulation of useful knowledge, and they came prepared to make an investigation of the rocks among the cement and lime quarries of this city. There is an excellent opportunity afforded by the everlasting hills in this vicinity for such research. There were twelve young ladies in the party, and after filling their receptacles with many and various pieces of country and other rock, they departed on the Martin this afternoon for Poughkeepsie. They were extremely modest in their attire and were dressed suitably for the work in which they were to engage.”

The Sophomores have elected Miss Moir, as Orator, for their Tree exercises.

On April 5, was given the third Philalethean play,—a dramatization of “One Summer.” The literary work was done, and well done, by the Chairman and first member of the committee,—Misses Spafford and Haldeman.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Philip Ogden,	- - - - -	M. A. Cumnock,
Laura Leigh Doane,	- - - - -	Miss Haldeman,
Jimmie Holbrook,	- - - - -	L. A. Mitchell,
Mrs. Otis,	- - - - -	Miss Moir,
Mr. Otis,	- - - - -	E. A. Ferris,
Jane Maria Holbrook,	- - - - -	Miss Blanchard,
Miss Phipps,	- - - - -	Miss Richmond.

The committee and actors merit the heartiest congratulations.

Founder's Day was celebrated May 2.

Attention is called to the fine opportunity for foreign travel under the care of Mrs. DeWitt as it is set forth in her advertisement.

PERSONALS.

'74.

Died, in Brooklyn, March 4, 1884, Lucy W. Desmazes, formerly of '74.

'78.

Married, April 17, 1884, Sarah Gertrude Wilkinson to Marcius Curtis Smith.

'80.

Married, in San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1884, Bessie Marwin Raymond, formerly of '80, to George Frederick Ashton.

'82.

Miss Brittan sailed for Europe, April 30.

'85.

Miss Halliday sailed for Europe, April 17.

'86.

Miss Howland sailed for Europe, April 30.

The following have visited college during the past month : Mlle. See, Miss Haskell, Miss Weed, '73 ; Miss Thurston, '80 ; Miss Sanford, Miss Case, (Art) '82 ; Miss Sarah Gardner, Miss Hankinson, Miss Hawkins, Miss Loveland ; Miss S. F. Swift, '83 ; Miss Dingee ; Miss Slee, '83 ; Miss Easton, '82.

S. F. Swift of '83, and E. S. Leonard of '85, sail for England, May 10.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Yale Record* for April 12th, has a fine editorial on "the habit of telling big stories," which prevails in colleges. We would recommend its perusal to some who are not college students, as well ; and to some students at women's colleges, who might find in it a moral, less obvious, but no less important than that directed at college men. We differ from the writer, however, in his statement that "the best of girls find a man more interesting for a dash of wickedness," though we know it is an accepted theory. The so-called goody-goody type is popular with neither men nor women, but we hope and believe that "the best of girls" do not class all good men under that head. It is not strange, considering the puritanic strictness which we are just leaving behind us, that a sense of humor, and love of fun should sometimes be mistaken for "a dash of wickedness." The *Record* for April 26, is one of the best exchanges we have received.

The *Harvard Advocate* describes in an editorial, "a novel feature," which "has been introduced by the instructor in Junior advanced themes." The work of the course for the rest of the year is to be a journal, written and handed in

every day. This, it is expected, will give a fluency in writing, not to be obtained by the former system of requiring from each student a certain number of themes on given subjects. This seems an excellent idea and one which other colleges would do well to adopt. "Beware, she's fooling thee," in the same number of the *Advocate*, has all the characteristic features of the ordinary college love-story, but is better than the average. In the issue, for April 25, "The Advocate's Brief" rivals the *Lampoon* on its own ground. The Sophomore Class Poem is printed in full in the same number.

The *Harvard Herald-Crimson* and the *Yale News* have spent the greater part of the last month in one of their interminable editorial disputes. The subject this time is the question whether the Harvard and Yale freshmen nines shall play their first game at Cambridge or New Haven. The *News* brings various charges against Harvard and her nines, which seems rather uncalled for, as well as unjust. To our mind, Harvard and her paper have decidedly the best of it. If the editorials express the feelings of the two colleges, the Freshman ball-games will hardly be played in the spirit in which intercollegiate athletics are supposed to be—and ought to be—conducted.

The *Williams Argo* for April 26 is the best number of the paper we have seen. "An Unknown Tongue," is interesting and original, a criticism which applies to few college stories. "A Fatal Error" is good, and there are several good verses. We copy the following from an editorial in the same issue: "The French instructor has inaugurated the excellent system of returning examination papers, after they have been corrected. The advantages of this method are obvious; a student may thus see where he has made his mistakes, and rectify them immediately, which is a potent means of impressing them indelibly on the mind. On

the other hand the instructor is furnished with an additional incentive to mark with the strictest justice, since his corrections may be seen and criticised by those concerned." As further argument in favor of this plan, we would add that students would probably take more interest in their examinations and work harder for them, if they were to know the result. If instructors are not willing to return papers, it is certainly preferable that students should be informed of their marks.

The May *St. Nicholas* has a story by Frank Stockton. "The Philopena." Having mentioned its author, no comment is necessary. There is a charm about all Stockton's writing, whether for young or old, which gives him a rank among the famous story tellers. His frequent contributions to the *St. Nicholas* make one of its chief attractions.

In the May *Century* begins Henry James' novelette, "Lady Barberina." With the exception of the facts that the hero is American and the heroine English, it bids fair to be like James' former novels. Julian Hawthorne's "The Salem of Hawthorne" appears in the same issue. "Rose Madder" is the first of a series of artist's stories by Ivory Black. Readers of "Dr. Sevier" have even more than their usual treat in the chapters published this month.



CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Mr Blaine's address is Me. Mr. Platt's is Me, too.

ACROSTIC.

I'm found in donkey and also in mule,
I'm found in dunce as well as in fool,
I'm found in condemn but not in commend,
I'm not in finis nor in end,

In cadence but never in declination,
 In error but not in aberration,
 I'm found in dude and also in ape,
 I'm not in carpet but am in crape.
 My whole of course is an eight letter word,
 But it's one I guess, you never have heard.

—*Yale Record.*

The Chicago lady who complimented—or did not compliment—Matthew Arnold on his “Light of Asia” is more than paralleled by the London daily, which reviewed “The Law of Love,” by Noah Porter, President of Union College, New York City.—*Yale Record.*

Dean in Chapel, announcing: “The Professor of Chemistry is unable to meet his classes to-day, requests the senior class to take arsenic.”

Scene in Social Science Room.

Prof. Gentlemen will please close their books.

After a lapse of a few moments, observing that his polite command has not been obeyed by certain Juniors on the back row, he adds:

“Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books.”—*Chaff.*



BOOKS RECEIVED.

Poems of Milton: W. E. Russell, N. Y. This is the first of the Russell edition of standard authors. It is appropriately bound, and well printed, and contains all the poems of Milton in convenient compass. It is very cheap at \$1.25.

We have received the programme of the Sauveur College of Languages, for its ninth session, July 7 to August 15 of

this year. It is removed from Amherst to Burlington, Vt., where it will offer greater advantages than ever before.

We also acknowledge the receipt of: Mr. Beecher's sermons (weekly); Bulletins from the Bureau of Education; Report of Woman's Medical College, Baltimore; Weekly Bulletins of Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Acta Columbiana, Adelpian, Amherst Student, Argo, Athenæum, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Beloit Round Table, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, College Argus, Colby Echo, Columbia Spectator, Concordiensis, Cornell Era, Review, Sun, Dartmouth, Foreign Eclectic, Girton Review, Hamilton Lit., Hamilton College Monthly, Harvard Advocate, Herald-Crimson, Lampoon, Harerfordian, Illini, Indiana Student, Kansas Review, Lafayette College Journal, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Michigan Argonaut, Modern Age, Notre Dame Scholastic, Our Magazine, Occident, Princelonian, Stray Shot, St. Nicholas, Richmnod Lit., Misc., Rutger's Targum, Tech, University Herald, Cynic, Magazine, Varsity, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Courant, News, Record.

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CAUSE FOR THE INCREASE OF NOVEL-WRITING.

Travel from New York to San Francisco, novels are thrust upon you at every point: visit the bookstores,—half their shelves are filled with novels: watch the people who draw books at public libraries,—four-fifths of them are asking for novels: examine the private library of any average American,—for every work on politics, philosophy and religion there will be two novels. Solomon said, “In the making of many books there is no end;” and we would add, “and three-fourths of them are novels.” The stream of fiction which is pouring forth from every publishing house is inexhaustible, and gathering force as it progresses it leaves far behind the theater and the drama, and in its headlong course lays bear public crimes and private vices. Yet, wild and impetuous as is this stream, it does not exist

without a cause or ungoverned, follow its own course. There is something higher than chance which rules it. The old law of supply and demand must hold good in the writing of books as in the manufacture of shoes. This vast army of novel-writers did not spring into existence without some need for their work or some object to be accomplished. A great deal has been said about the necessity, almost fatality of an author's life, but their numbers are very rapidly thinned out when there is no demand for their work, and however brightly the fire of genius may burn in prosperity, it soon dies out when fed on a crust in a garret. One of the strongest proofs of the increase of novel-writing is the great number of authors which it supports, if not in opulence, yet in comfort and ease. We are hardly surprised when we learn that Sir Walter Scott paid a debt of one hundred thousand pounds, that Dickens rose from poverty to a comfortable fortune, that Thackeray left an income of seven hundred fifty pounds; for their names stand out prominently in literature, and their novels are universally read, but there are hosts of others, such as Howells, Cable, Crawford Burnett, Trollope, James, Black and even Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth and E. P. Roe, who have made ample fortunes from the product of their pens.

When the first novels were written, the drama was the powerful social force in the world. This was quite natural since learning and refinement were more centralized then than now. All who cared for literary work of any kind, or for anything higher than satisfying their physical needs, were gathered in large cities where play-houses were possible, theater-going an every day amusement, and where a new drama was the important event of the season. It is not to be wondered at then that it formed the center of all the culture of the age, and that it gained a powerful influence in the world. But when the Reformation had awakened

the minds of the common people, and the invention of printing had brought knowledge within their reach, thus increasing the number of thoughtful men and women, the theater became too small to hold all those who craved the instruction and amusement which it had given. Its work was practically over. It was impossible for it to do for the many what it had so successfully accomplished for the few. There were also disadvantages in the very nature of the drama itself. Its restrictions and limitations were too great to admit of the full expansion of the freer thought of the time. The plots which could be represented behind the foot-lights were too narrow and of too little variety to suit popular taste.

The change from the drama to the novel is like the change from the costume of an old time gentleman to that of a business man of to-day. The one is more formal and more imposing, the other more natural, more easy; the one must always have its appropriate environments; the other is not dependent upon its surroundings. As this ruthless, aggressive, modern civilization has banished powdered wigs, elaborate ruffles and bright velvets, and substituted in their places plain linen and dark wool, so it has set aside the more artificial and studied representation of people and actions, for the more natural and thorough sketching of character and developing of plots.

Not only is this form of fiction more consistent with this matter-of-fact age, but the amusement which it offers is better suited to the needs of the people. They want something to quiet rather than arouse, a sedative rather than a stimulant. The rush and push of trade, the schemes of politics, the intrigues of society, keep the world at such a high pressure of excitement that its rest must furnish it with some relaxation from this constant strain, or the whole machinery will fly to pieces. Men want amusement which they can enjoy in their homes, rather than some-

thing to carry them back into the crowd and confusion in which they do their work, a diversion from the worry and toil of daily life.

All this the novel furnishes. It does not require so much labor that it exhausts the already weary brain, or so little, that it fails to arouse interest: it is always ready, always an agreeable companion when wanted, and equally ready to be put aside, furnishing amusement for an hour or a day, and like our grandmothers' medicines, a balm for every wound, a cure for every disease.

The increased importance of the individual and the consequent growth and developement of personal characteristics has had its effect on novel writing. Once a man was only valuable as he helped to form part of the great man, and as such he had no individuality or distinctiveness. But as the principles of freedom and christianity have gained power, the mass has been divided and subdivided until it has become the individual which gives to the mass its dignity and worth. Men no longer build cathedral towers with their centers of glory and pomp in settings of poverty and wretchedness, no longer are hundreds of lives thrown away to satisfy the vain-glory and avarice of nations; for men have learned that self-improvement and higher living are more powerful than great avarice, and that the thrifty, comfortable homes of its working people will do more to advance the glory and honor of a country than all the royal palaces of Rome.

It is not strange then, when men found their own importance magnified that their tastes, their personal likes and dislikes should have grown stronger, and that they should demand that these be satisfied. Hence it is that as the supply has increased to meet the want, the number and variety of novels has been proportionally multiplied. There are stories of travel and adventure, religious novels, political novels, philosophical novels, something for every class from the boot-black on the street to the minister in his study.

Indirectly, too, the inventions and improvements in the art of printing have had their influence on some writing. The whole tendency is to make books cheaper, yet it is not the standard works which men want in these paper-covered forms, but lighter literature, something appropriate for the rail-road train or an afternoon in the woods; and hence it is that most of the works published in "Sea Side" form are novels. Moreover, these are books which the poorer and uneducated classes want to read, and bringing them within the easy reach of these people increases the necessity for popular story-writers.

Society of to-day has issued the edict that, to gain admission to her court, one must not only be able to carry on flippant conversation on the topics of the day, but he must have dabbled enough in literature to be able to criticize books; it makes no difference whether he has gained his ideas from the North American Review and the Atlantic or from Harpers' Bazar and Frank Leslie's Magazine, so long as he *quotes* the right authorities. Naturally when society people found that they must have more knowledge, they sought for the most easy and agreeable method possible and chose to produce the desired result by mild homœopathic doses of novels, rather than by the more powerful allopathic remedies of science and philosophy.

This is one reason which has led authors to put up their social lessons, their cherished opinions and pet-themes, in sugar-coated pills. They are sure at least that they will be swallowed and they may be digested. It is these medicated novels which have had such a potent influence in the world for good and evil, and the possibility of fiction being used for any practical purpose has made the art a most popular one. When the only requisites for a good novel were an intricate plot skillfully developed, and characters which were clearly portrayed and cleverly managed, and its only object that of pleasing, there were but few who

made it a profession, and they were usually those who had great ability for that kind of writing. Men of learning scorned to employ their powers for so trifling and worthless an object, but as soon as they found that these same stories could be used as the instrument and not as the end, hundreds who had before considered them beneath their notice, if not really harmful, were willing to revoke their sentence, and declare the means justified by the end. Ministers saw in the novel a way to teach the truth of the Gospel in their own parables ; philosophers recognized it as a substance with which they could dilute their speculations to suit popular taste ; politicians viewed it as a strong weapon with which they could demolish their enemies and advance their own glory ; philanthropists welcomed it as a means of denouncing wrong and upholding right. Thus it has become the tool of every craft, the mouth piece of every scheme, and the advocate of every reform, and as the uses to which it is put are multiplied, it would seem that it was usurping the power and taking the place of every other form of literature.

J. I. S. '84.

TENNYSON AND LONGFELLOW.

England's laureate has enjoyed almost complete immunity from the obstacles which generally beset the pathway of genius. Even while he was an undergraduate of Cambridge University, his maiden efforts in verse were awarded their rightful share of praise and honor, and though at a later time he was obliged to endure the 'critic's snarl,' he was never compelled to grind out poetry for his daily sustenance. The harsh ills of poverty which have blasted so many budding geniuses or dwarfed the flower of perfect poesy were unknown to him. It is true that for ten years

he perfected his verse in silence, and did not show the result of his labors to the world until the popular taste had changed, and he himself was comparatively sure of a favorable reception. Perhaps, however, those hard knocks which Tennyson sought to avoid would have been beneficial. A few combats with fortune might have broadened his sympathetic nature, sharpened his intellectual insight, and allowed him to rise to still greater heights. During his whole life he has been able to devote himself exclusively to his favorite pursuits, and now in his quiet home at Camberwell, far away from the noisy din of London, he enjoys a scholar's and a poet's ideal life. He has occasional intercourse with a few choice spirits; but, in general, the world of men is not a delight to him. He has lived to find himself on the topmost wave of popularity and has silenced the clamorous critics.

Besides the happy circumstance of a life of elegant leisure which has left its impress on his works, we cannot fail to trace in them his ardent passion for Greek letters. His poetry is tinted with the coloring of classical lore, and his style, enriched by familiar acquaintance with the literary treasures of the most polished nation of antiquity. Perhaps he is pre-eminent among modern poets in his fine ear for correct musical effect. His earlier poems are remarkable for the same melodious rhythm and perfect finish which characterize his best work; but in some cases the underlying thought is hardly perceptible. No doubt, he attempted first to master the technique of his art and thus gain a perfect medium through which to make his ideas known. Yet at his first appearance he was ridiculed as for an affectation. His poetry was so different in style from that of his predecessors that his studied and highly polished verse seemed in the ears of many to have a spurious ring. *Airy Fairy Lilian*, *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, and similar poems were looked upon as meaningless

combinations of euphonious words, and the people who had accustomed themselves to the more rugged styles of Wordsworth and Coleridge hardly cared to take up these audacious trifles.

The *Lotus Eaters* seemed to find a little more favor in the eyes of the critics. Classical in subject, it has a dreamy cadence and mystical undertone, which is suggested by the name of the enchanted flower.

Among later poems *Locksley Hall* and *Maud* are somewhat akin, both in subject and treatment. Each contains a wild passion which we fail to discern to the same degree in other poems. This may be accounted for by the belief, generally entertained, that the poet found his inspiration in some personal experience of his own life. However this may be, as regards the plot, one can find little coherence in either. Bits of description and narration are interspersed with rhapsodical outbursts, connected rather remotely with the heroine in each case. Little gems of poetry appear occasionally, but in conception and finish the poems as a whole hardly compare well with subsequent productions.

In *The Princess* Tennyson probably presents in a mediæval setting his views in regard to the higher education of women, though his opinions may have become modified since the day when he saw in the dim future the advancing wave of civilization. The Princess Ida is a fine ideal of womanhood ; but she advocates theories which are a little too extreme and abandons them too easily, when the traitor, love, enters the charmed precinct of her stronghold. Tennyson has perhaps touched the highest point of his genius in the exquisite little songs, which we find scattered now and then throughout his longer poems. Nothing can be more perfect in melody and depth of feeling than some of those in *The Princess* and *The Idyls of the King*. In the well-known Bugle Song there arise to slow music, as the walls of Troy are fabled to have sprung up, the lordly castles of the

Middle Ages, surrounded by the halo of glory which the mists of the ages have cast about them. Each detail adds a new particular until we have before our eyes the completed picture, a jewel without a single flaw,—a clear cut diamond.

The works of the Laureate upon which his reputation will probably rest are *In Memoriam* and *The Idyls of the King*. The first, perpetuating alike the poet and his friend, will stand as a lasting monument of a noble friendship. We can see in fancy Tennyson and Hallam pacing arm in arm the ivied cloisters of old Cambridge, pulling their oars with steady stroke on the pleasant waters of the Cam or strolling over the green English meadows. The friendship which grew so strong in the classic halls of Trinity continued firm in spite of separation, and the tidings of his friend's early death in a distant land must have been a crushing blow to Tennyson. In the prologue the sorrowing poet expresses his strong and firm faith in Immortal Love, and the far-reaching questionings uttered throughout the poem are not proofs of skepticism, as some infer; but simply the queries which arise in the mind of any thinker abreast of the age. The successful elegies in our language are not many and this must hold its place as one of those few. Tennyson turned away from the ancient models and with laudable discretion decided not to write his elegy in an allegorical form, after the manner of his predecessors.

The *Idyls of the King* portray a phase of legendary history which has never before been adequately presented in poetry. The poet found a rich mine of romantic and fanciful imagery and used it to the best advantage. In delicate and pensive strain he sings the sweet and pathetic story of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat. With a stronger hand he strikes the harsh discords of war and tells how Arthur, the dread Pendragon, terrible in battle, drove the heathen far into the western world. Changing to notes of peace he

reveals the king, the flower of perfect chivalry, surrounded by his noble knights at many-towered Camelot, the mighty Lancelot and the guilty queen Guinevere. The pictures of life in *The Idyls* have a peculiar attraction for the student of the legendary period of English history. Tennyson has stamped his creations with his own imaginative spirit, yet he places before us a clearer picture of those remote times than is to be found in any prose work on the subject.

With the rise and fall of popular favor Tennyson's ascendancy seems now to be slightly ebbing. During his life-time an author is never sure of the permanence of his fame. New fashions succeed each other in literature and only after the lapse of centuries can a writer's true rank be determined.

Among our American poets Longfellow more than others is thought to resemble Tennyson. Like Tennyson, Longfellow enjoyed a life of peaceful devotion to literary pursuits. As a professor of Harvard College, he, of course, mingled more with the world, and his life was unquestionably a more active one than Tennyson's. He was of a more social temperament and was happy in intercourse with human character quite as much as with inanimate nature. Longfellow lacks something of the true poetic fire which belongs to Tennyson. His reputation rests a great deal in his apt and exact translations,—especially of poems from the German. Of this language he was a devoted student and through his long residence abroad he acquired an extensive knowledge of all modern languages. Longfellow is the more objective, Tennyson the more subjective poet. Longfellow's verse has not the perfect finish and melody of Tennyson's. He does not idealize his creations, and in this also he is inferior to the English poet. Tennyson is open to the accusation of giving over-much attention to detail, and there he sometimes loses his true perspective. He is also inclined to use words a little startling in their pecu-

liarity, compound words of his own compounding, or Chaucerian expressions which are not quite current English. Longfellow has no mannerisms of diction.

A popular poet's verses are liable to become somewhat hackneyed by frequent repetition, and this we find true to a greater extent of Longfellow than of the English poet. He shows in some of his verse a strong inclination to moralize on the flight of years, the fading of youth and similar topics. At a certain period of youth's fulness these reflections present themselves quite forcibly to young minds. They long to be heroes in the strife, to leave foot-prints on the sands of time, and are impressed by the mutability of human existence. They label their favorite passages of Longfellow with the legends "How True!" "How Beautiful!" etc., and quote them on all possible occasions. Such frequent repetitions arouse a desire in ordinary human nature for some thing new, but the purest ray of thought could hardly become trite. In his best works, however, Longfellow rises above this tone. *Hiawatha* is a poem which people seldom read through, but, in its many bits of description and its quaintness of style, it must rank among the poet's best productions. It is a queer specimen of literary bric-a-brac and must have been a little difficult to manage as regards metre.

Evangeline has always been pointed out as a notable failure to transplant the Greek hexameter into English verse; but setting aside the objections to the metre it has many excellences to commend it. It is written in a minor key and in the opening lines we seem to hear the wailing of the winds through the primeval forests. Then the poet proceeds to relate the story in a simple, picturesque manner which reminds us much of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*.

Another poem in somewhat the same style is the *Courtship of Miles Standish*, a picture of the old colonial times. Here, amid a back-ground of barren country and dusky

red-skins, the poet paints the bluff Puritan Captain, his less stalwart and more spiritual friend John Alden, and the Puritan Maiden Priscilla whom they both love.

In Longfellow's best vein are the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, modelled on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The landlord's tale, *Paul Revere's Ride*, is a stirring sketch of the exciting times of the Revolution. Longfellow seems as he wrote to have become infused with the fierce spirit of those times.

Longfellow differs from Tennyson just as the New England village with its dazzling white houses and well kept fences differs from the picturesque and ivy-clad beauty of the provincial English town.

It is probable that Tennyson's poetry will endure when Longfellow's has almost ceased to be remembered. Longfellow has given us many pretty little pieces, but Tennyson has concentrated his powers on masterpieces.

E. A. T. '84.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

WE FOUR.

A Story in Two Parts.

PART FIRST.—WHAT WE EXPECT TO DO.

Yes ; there were four of us,—Mat, Frank, Molly, and I.

“Mat” was our abbreviated name for Martha Wentworth Galbraith Peck. Such a mouthful as it was, and then to think that she was but a Peck after all,—we could not stand it, so Mat she became, and Mat she continued to be.

“Frank” stood for Frances LeRoy, a splendid girl but so misnamed. Had she been called Amelia and I Frances, our names would at least have had the beauty of fitness. She was always at work, while I was forever lounging about—apparently doing nothing, but really sponging on other people. Not that I meant to sponge, or even dreamed that I was sponging. Then, such a charge would have been a revelation to me,—and I would not have cared to be answerable for the consequences. But, I see it all plainly now—just how I kept imbibing other people’s ideas without the least effort on my own part, and—

Here I am moralizing instead of introducing Miss Mary Pease (commonly known as Molly), the only one in the club who could be said to at all resemble a dove. To be sure her plumage did get roughed at times, but the operation of

smothing it was so easy and enjoyable, that there was a great temptation to stroke the feathers the wrong way on purpose.

Yes ; it was a club—a whist club limited to four members. That whist club had an object, too,—so do most of the things with which college girls have anything to do.

There ! that is the first intimation of our being students. I always do get the cart before the horse when I am telling a story. Well, then, we *were* students, college students at —pshaw ! it is no matter where. We had entered as full-fledged freshmen in the September of 18—, there I came very near telling too much.

In that first year fate, in the shape of the Lady-Principal, decreed that we four girls, who were total strangers to each other, should room together in a “fire-wall.”

Perhaps it might be interesting to know that a “fire-wall” means the parlor next a fire-wall door, and that it always has four bedrooms opening into it (the parlor, I mean, not the door).

As we were entire strangers, and had never been away from home before for any length of time, it will not be hard to imagine our primordial condition as being rather homesick and generally forlorn. But this state of affairs did not last long—it could not from the very nature of things. The combined characteristics of us four girls was enough to drive away the blues from confirmed hypochondriacs, which we were not by a great deal.

There was Mat bright, quick, brimful of fun and humor, no one could resist her flow of spirits. She was always busy, but never long at one thing, and how she ever accomplished anything seemed almost a miracle to poor, patient, digging Frank.

We were very fond of Frank in spite of her delving propensities. She was our standby on all possible and impossible occasions. No one ever saw her idle. If she chanced

to have but a minute to spare from Greek and Latin, there was always someone who needed her aid, and Frank was never known to refuse it. In fact, I am sure that nothing but college-duties would every have called her away from her lexicons, had she not been fond of helping people. We could not understand how any girl could prefer being shut up with musty old roots, to coming out in the world made bright and fragrant with nineteenth century buds,—especially when she seemed to thoroughly enjoy a good time, as Frank always did when we could persuade her to join in some one of our frequent festivities.

Molly, on the other hand, took life easily. She was never known to worry, and as to work,—she made it a positive rule never to do to-day what she could put off till to-morrow. It would not have worked with everyone, but some way it did with her. She always seemed to feel it in her bones before she was going to recite, consequently she always recited well, and a little extra cramming just before the semester examinations sufficed to make her a bright and shining light among us. The result of it all was that she had plenty of leisure time. This she used up in a little music, less painting, some scribbling, and a good deal of novel-reading.

While I, good-for-nothing I, was the selfish member of the family. Never was I known to do a thing that I could get someone else to do for me,—and, someone was always ready—that was the strangest part of it all.

Here we were, four of us, so very different, and yet not one of us ever failed in obtaining what she wanted. Our methods of getting it, too, were as different as we were. Frank's wants were supplied as a matter of right—she earned all that she got with good, honest, faithful work. Molly's wishes seemed to be answered by angelic messengers, so sure were they of a desirable response, and that, too, with no apparent effort on the part of anyone. She was præmi-

nently a "lucky" girl. My way was to demand either by word or gesture that which I thought I needed and never failed to get, no matter how unjust or unreasonable my requests might be. Then, there was Mat, independent Mat,—Mat who did not 'believe in asking for woman's rights, but in taking them.' She always took her's, just her's and no more—that was the beauty of Mat.

Well, we had a good time that year; bad ones, too, probably, but I have forgotten them. What a blessed thing it is that the good makes a deeper impression than the bad! But all things, even the best in this life have an end, and so did those forty weeks.

Following fast came the beginning of the next year, when Mat and Frank each brought a sister back with them. They, of course, took up their abode together, leaving Molly and me out in the cold. Fortunately we had sense enough to know that we would never be able to get along with each other in a parlor without Mat and Frank, so we parted company and prevailed upon fate to give us each a single room.

That was the reason we formed the whist-club. We could not bear the idea of having no more of those good old "fire-wall" chats, so we hit upon this plan for meeting together once a week behind a big "engaged" which should have served to shut out the rest of the college-world.

Ostensibly, our purpose was to learn to play a good game of whist. That was the only object alleged even among ourselves, and yet the real one would make itself felt although we never gave it expression in words. Frank would not have joined us for the mere fun or practice of playing whist. She did 'hate to waste the time,' when we coaxed her to come to the first meeting, but after that she came without asking. The charm lay in the revival of those old "fire-wall" talks about life's practical and theoretical problems. They were not useless or aimless chats,

either, for we were not chickens by any means. Molly was the youngest and she was twenty-two.

From our very first quiet, earnest talk in that dear old "fire-wall," we had discovered that every question had at least four sides. Mat said that 'Frank always gave the inside, Amelia the outside, Molly the good side, and herself the bad side.' I am inclined to think that Amelia (myself remember) contented herself with pouring cold water on the other three—when the water was handy. However, be that as it may, we were always sure to end by finding a fifth side which was a curious combination of the other four.

But, to proceed with my story. After four years of work more or less hard, we had succeeded in passing our final examinations; in making fully as much noise as any preceding class during the period allotted to senior howling; in auctioning the last pieces of our rather dilapidated furniture; and in posing as gracefully as possible upon the commencement stage. For, we had all taken honors, Mat for scintillating, Frank for steady grubbing, Molly for periodical digging, and Amelia because of her capacity for receiving polish. Our essays would have told—Howells, for instance, how we came to be "honor-girls," and of what sort of stuff we were made. Frank's was just what we had expected,—a paper full of solid thought expressed in good Latin-derived English, and fairly bristling with classical allusions and illustrations; Molly's production was very fine—in spots; Mat's sparkled throughout; and even mine shone somewhat, it had been so thoroughly scoured on other people's brick.

How we groaned over those "beastly" essays! For weeks we talked of scarcely anything else, and when the lay finally came, it seemed as if it never would end. But it did—and *we* "did ourselves proud." if the words of our friends and classmates are to be trusted.

Next came the class-supper with its merriment and tears; and then, in spite of the fact that it was eleven o'clock when we had succeeded in saying a last good-night to the rest of our classmates, we four happened around to Molly's room for our final game of whist.

We played it in almost utter silence. Then Mat, who kept the record, suddenly said, "Girls, this makes us just even, let's stop."

"Yes;" said Frank, "we want to begin life even, the future will make us odd enough."

"Bah!" came from the steamer-chair in which I had snugly ensconced myself with a view to taking life easily while Molly made the lemonade.

We always stopped 'ten minutes for refreshments' on these occasions.

"Why?" demanded Mat, turning quickly toward me.

"Oh, nothing;—only I don't see why we need be odd, when it is so much easier not to be."

"Probably *you* never will be, then, dear," was Mat's retort, at which we all laughed.

Possibly it was a little sharp, that cut at my laziness and selfishness, but it did not hurt me any. Why should it, when I could see my chief faults as plainly as anyone, and lamented them too, sometimes—in words.

"I wonder if we shall ever look like those old *alumnae* who were here to-day?" Molly asked meditatively.

"Dried up, and old-fashioned? I suppose so," sighed Mat.

"I did not mean exactly that," returned Molly with a little laugh, "I was thinking of the expression of their faces. I kept trying to remember that stanza from Lowell—something about shaping ourselves. Can't you quote it Amelia?"

Of course I could—it was never any trouble for me to give other peoples thoughts either in their words or in my own.

“‘ We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.’ ”

“That's just it,” said Molly excitedly, “and they all looked as if they were finding it difficult to shape themselves.”

“Probably they were not graduates of the Art School,” suggested Mat.

“I don't believe in the shaping business,” said I, “life is nothing but an hour-glass anyway,—no matter how you turn it, the same sand keeps pouring out.”

“Yes; but it does not always fall in the same shape,” interposed Molly.

“Perhaps not; but you are sure of having the same result in the end.”

“What!” Molly asked.

“Nothing but smooth, sinking sand.”

Frank was the first to break the silence which followed.

“I like to dream of the future. it seems to me like the wide, the boundless ocean,” she said.

It was hard to imagine busy Frank an idle dreamer. Perhaps that was why we were silent while she continued: “An ocean—so broad that we can sail where we will, without more than ‘speaking’ the passing vessels.”

“Not if I know myself,” interposed Mat. “In the first place, you've got to know where you are going, and then you must have charts and compasses. to say nothing of keeping a sharp lookout for rocks, shoals, and breakers; and even then you'll get into fogs and run foul of some other craft. One of you will be pretty sure to come off second best, and the other one will have to help her.”

“Why not drift?” I asked, pausing in my efforts to hit the lining of the waste-basket with an orange-seed. “You'll find the rocks, and fogs, and things in spite of

all you can do, so what is the use of making a fuss for nothing. Besides, you wont strike them half so hard if you simply float with the tide."

"I guess you were never out in a drifting snow-storm," said Mat sarcastically; "it is pretty apt to result in a mixed up condition of affairs. You see there are other kinds of drifting, not so easy, maybe, as drifting down a river by moonlight. Perhaps though,"—this rather meditatively,—“I would not mind the snow sort very much, if I were sure of being one of the top-flakes in the drift;—But, there's nothing very certain in this world," Mat concluded with a mock sigh.

Presently she went on, "And I am glad of it too. If I knew just what was to come, I think I'd do what that Frenchman did who calculated that if he lived forty years longer, until he had accomplished the allotted period of three score years and ten, he must dress himself forty-five thousand times."

"What was that?" Molly asked.

"He went out and hanged himself," said Mat briefly.

"Ugh!" I shuddered.

"Is it the orange, dear?" How Mat's eyes twinkled.

"Let me find you a sweeter one, Meely;"—Molly's tone was divinely sweet.

"Thank you love, no"—rather sarcastically—"this is very nice, but—if the conversation could be of a little less sanguinary character, I might enjoy it better."

"It,—indefinite, *very*—either orange or conversation, or distributively for both." This from Mat, and then suddenly whirling the desk chair in which she was sitting, until she faced Frank;—"What do you mean to do?"

The answer did not come all at once,—it is only in novels that people always have words at their tongue's end, besides Frank never was in a hurry.

Finally she said in a tone which indicated the firmness of her determination,—“I’m going to the Annex.”

“Annex! what-for?”

“Which?”

“What next? came from Molly, Mat, and myself respectively and simultaneously.

Frank smiled,—“Shall I take them in any particular order?—better in my own, though. I am going to Harvard Annex to take a post course in Latin and Greek, and then I am going to teach.”

“Phew!” said we all of us.

Then quiet reigned for a little. It was Mat who broke the silence,—“Going for a professorship?”

“A mummy-ship, more likely,” I muttered. Frank ignored me. “Not unless that comes along with the knowledge and practice, my friend. I mean to know all that I can possibly learn about those two languages. Whatever comes with the knowledge, as I said before, and the practice of trying to teach in order that I may be sure of what I know, I will accept whether it be good or evil.”

“Make a first-class compressed head,” I murmured, viewing her with my most scientific eye. “Why don’t you confine yourself to the dative case?” asked Molly with just a touch of irony in her tone,—“life is too short to attempt so much in.”

“Perhaps I may,” was the quiet reply.

“If you must ride a hobby, why under the canopy don’t you get a nice new one?” this came from the steamer-chair. I was beginning to get warmed up to the subject.

“It might be too much trouble,” Frank answered with just the least bit of a sparkle in her eye. I subsided.

“Well, Mat, what do you mean to do?”

“Make money!” was the prompt respond. “Hurrah for Mat!” came from my corner.

“And you Molly?” Frank asked. “I haven’t the slight-

est idea. I suppose it is silly, and I ought to know,"—here she sighed gently, "but,—how is one to tell what she can do best until she has tried a lot of things?" and Molly's face looked very sober.

"That's what I'd like to know" added Mat.

Frank turned abruptly. "have you any object in life, Amelia?"

"Yes'em," I meekly answered,—"it's to be provided for." "She's made up her mind not to stay odd long," was Mat's next shot.

"Hadn't thought of it in just that light," I retorted,—
"it only seemed to me to be such a pity that all your efforts should be wasted. You'll want some one to drink your cream after it rises. You will never take time yourselves, you know, so I thought that I might do that much."

"Thank you," said Mat; "I hope that it won't give you the dyspepsia."

"Oh, if there is more bulk needed, I will use some of Molly's essays." We all laughed but Frank, who seemed to be in a brown study.

"I don't believe it is right to dabble!" the abrupt and startling assertion came from Frank.

"Who said you did?" was my lame attempt at wit.

But Frank continued,—
"If you try for but one thing, there is some hope of your getting it—sometime, while if you try everything you don't get much but pieces."

"Mosaics aren't so bad!" Mat suggested. "Not if the pieces fit, but they don't always."

"That's where the shaping comes in," said Molly. "But, you can't do that without a design."

"Many of the good things in this life are happened upon, and if the pieces are as good as we can get, and don't seem to—to—well, *not* harmonize, why shouldn't we believe that the result would be pretty good?"

"Like a crazy quilt, you know," interposed Mat, "all

you have to do is to see that the pieces done together blend well, and the rest will take care of itself."

"But, it's 'crazy', when it is done," Frank remarked. "Well, if you intend to be a *monomaniac*, you might just as well go the whole figure. Then people would know what to do with you."

"Besides," interrupted Molly, "in mosaic and 'crazy quilts' it's harmony in colors, but in our lives and characters, the blending is of thoughts, words and deeds. These, always fit if they are good; it is only the bad that doesn't chime with itself or any thing else. So all that we have to do, is to take the best out of every thing as it comes. Don't you think so, Amelia?"

"Yes, dear; I'm very fond of stews."

"I'd like to see you in one for once," Molly retorted. "But, without joking, Frank, suppose that, after you had set your heart on some one thing, say a professorship of Greek, and had expended all your efforts in fitting yourself for the position, there should not be any such place for you. I am supposing of course that you are not a millionaire, or else that a sudden blast has swept away your 'greenbacks'. What would you do then?"

"I don't know, Mat, but it seems as if one ought to be able to do something else."

"That's just it. One ought to, but one isn't when one has pursued but a single object. Most people can't see it, though. That's the reason why men of all occupations, who are broken down in health or fortune, take to farming. They think that anybody can farm, and yet they wonder why they don't make it pay. It would be a thousand times more wonderful if they did. Not one of those same men would dream of trying to be a carpenter or bricklayer without first serving an apprenticeship,—learning the trade. So I suppose that you will consider yourself just as competent to teach Mathematics or Higher English, if you must

as if you had not spent all your time and strength in digging out Greek and Latin roots."

Mat stopped for want of breath, and Molly took up the discussion,—“I don't think that you are altogether right, Mat, I don't believe there ever was a man or woman thoroughly fitted for a certain position in life but that she or he found it. The trouble with me is that there are so many chances to make mistakes. As I said before, I don't see how one is to tell what one is made to do until one has tried them all—or a good many. I wouldn't want to wake up, like Margaret Regis in ‘Sights and Insights,’ just in time to discover that he was not the man for whom I was intended.”

“Marriage is the chief end of woman!” said I, pointing my sarcasm with the aid of an orange-seed.

“Well, no; I was speaking metaphorically, I thought you would have sense enough to see that. Whether it's a man or a profession, the result would be just the same—a life of disappointment—a forever dreaming of what might have been if I had not been in such a hurry, if I had only —,”

“Taken him on six months probation,” I interrupted. Molly finished it herself emphatically. “if I had only waited with my eyes open wide enough to see whether I was in my own niche or not.”

“But then, Molly, if you were continually running from one thing to another you would dodge a good deal that would otherwise come to you.” This was Frank's view of the case.

“That's just it,” said I. “Why not sit still and wait for the cream to rise, and then dip in and take what you want?”

“You seem to be running to cream to-night, my dear,” was Mat's polite remark, then she added, “but you are partly right. It is certainly a great deal better to have the cream of a dozen pails than the whole contents of one.”

"Not if it dosen't belong to you," interrupted Molly. "If I wasn't in my own place, the good things that came would not be mine honestly."

"You will be a woman of one idea yourself yet, Molly. Honesty may be a good hobby, but it's a mighty inconvenient one. Anyway, I hate dunces whether they are educated or not. I insist that every man or woman who educates himself or herself in any one branch to such an extent as either to leave all others entirely out, or else to forget what was once known of them is an educated dunce. I don't care whether he is a student, a teacher, an artist, a carpenter, or a Doctor of Divinty, he is a dunce."

"One couldn't possibly be a *monomaniac* on the subject of dabbling, *could* she?" murmured Frank. "I should call that going the whole figure," I added. Mat laughed. "Amelia," she said, "you may have the floor if you like — 'you have been keeping up a dreadful thinking'—apparently."

"Thank you," I answered, "I accept the proffered boon with heartfelt gratitude."

"Why don't you begin then?" ejaculated Mat, after some minutes of silence.

"Have patience, please," I answered, "I want to get my ideas in the smallest possible compass."

"Hope you won't have much trouble," was the next remark.

"It seems to me," I said, "to narrow down to this. Some people have but one talent,—let them use it, that is all they can do. Others, and by far the greater number, can do two or more things equally well. If they must work for a living, they will be compelled to take up with what offers first, and work at it with might and main, while keeping their top-eye out for someting better——"

"That is the trouble with women in general," Frank interrupted, "they are always looking for something better,

and so never take pains to rise in their present profession. No wonder they get no better wages."

"The trouble is not with the change of occupation," I retorted, "it is simply this,—the aforesaid women do not work with all their might and main. They simply have a large 'top-eye' very wide open. No more remarks, please, until I have finished."

"All right!" said Frank, "you shall have fair play."

"Well, then, if one has a happy-go-lucky disposition, no matter whether she has money or not, if she would make up her mind to do just what she liked to do, without regard to any but present results, she would not be apt to stick at anything long; but she would have a good time of it, and—"

"That's me!" Mat almost shouted, "I never could stick to one bush,—even in blackberrying, I always picked off the nice big, sweet ones, and then went on to the next.—"

"I beg your pardon, but I have the floor."

"All right, my dear, stand on it as long as you like. I'll subside." And she did.

"Another way out of the difficulty," I continued, "is to try all the things that you or your friends think you capable of doing in the order which circumstances may determine, and learning the lessons which each trial teaches, finally stay in the niche for which nature intended you, only keeping the good things which the other talents bring. I don't believe that the niche will be too small for you to carry everything into it."

"That's what I mean to do," said Molly demurely. "And here is Frank," said I,—“she makes her choice, and sticks to it through thick and thin, with no thought for any thing else. Keeping a horse is pretty expensive business, Frank.—even a hobby-horse. Bicycles cost money to keep in repair. The only hobby that one can ride without money, is the determination to make money."

"There is another class yet, girls," I went on after a little pause,—the one which is not able to do even one thing thoroughly well, and which is obliged to work at what ever turns up. That is where I belong. I expect to be one of those women who are always looking for something better, and have not time to see and enjoy the passing good. I have never trained myself to *work* at anything, and never expect to. I shall probably slide through the rest of my life as I have through college. Mat, please pass the lemonade."

"Good-gracious, girls," exclaimed Molly, "it is *three o'clock* in the *morning*!"

"Nobody supposed it was afternoon," said Mat dryly.

"But, we must go to bed, or we shall never be able to travel all day to-morrow."

"Yes! we must," said Frank with decision." But, first, I have a proposition to make ;—if we are all living say twenty, twenty-five, or thirty years from now, let us meet together somewhere, have a reunion of our whist-club, and compare notes."

"Agreed!" said we all in a chorus.

"And," said Mat, "let's write at least a postal all around every year until that time comes, so that we shall be sure to keep track of one another."

We acquiesced.

As we separated, Mat gave a parting thrust,—“I expect to achieve the most by frequently changing the object of my thoughts.”

Frank retorted,—“You won't change them once;—what you really want is money and a name, and in trying different paths, you will only be looking for a short cut.”

We all laughed at Frank's sally, and then went home and to bed.

E. S. L., '85.



Said Frederick W. Robertson:—"What is ministerial success?—crowded churches—full aisles—attentive congregations—the approval of the religious world—much impression produced? Elijah thought so; and when he found out his mistake, and discovered that the applause of Carmel subsided into hideous stillness, his heart well-nigh broke with disappointment. Ministerial success lies in altered lives and obedient, humble hearts;—unseen work recognized in the judgment-day."

In short, then, the real object of preaching is the culture and development of human character, and, to accomplish the best results, the preacher must deal with the vital, permanent and universal, rather than with the particular, transient, and superficial. The question is—how can it be done?

Sunday after Sunday, multitudes assemble to hear some clergyman give an exposition of a portion of scripture. Possibly the few have come for spiritual nourishment, while the many are there through the force of habit, love of show, or passion for a crowd, or they may even be driven by that sometimes wholesome scourge public opinion,—all this matters but little. They are there, that is the palpable fact. They are there with their worldliness and sin; they are there with some intellect and moral tastes; they are there within the reach of instruction and influence.

Perhaps the mass is spiritually dead, it is alive intellectually and morally; it has ears, hearts, and consciences. Those ears must be made to hear; those hearts must be moved; those consciences must be quickened from their dull and listless state to keener perceptions and deeper sensibilities on the side of truth and righteousness.

This is the preacher's work. A Herculean task it may be, but yet it is the one to which he acknowledges that God has called him. Here are the people, without decided religious convictions, following after their own sweet wills,

pursuing their own selfish ends, accepting—it may be—the religion of Christ, but it is with a cold intellectual acceptance which never penetrates the heart or influences the conduct,—what is to be done?

The Gospel is to be preached. If the minister would make Christianity an instant and living reality, he must carry the good tidings, not of doctrines and creeds, but of the Christ who came on earth to show men how to live and die for the right. It is not the preacher's province to appeal to the abstract faculty of the intellect. Kant, Coleridge, Sir William Hamilton can do that. His work is not to cultivate the æsthetic sense. That task was given to Wordsworth, Longfellow, Tennyson. He does not stand in the pulpit to analyze after the manner of George Eliot or De Quincey, to picture nature's beauties with the eloquence of Thoreau, to furnish quotations of Milton's wonderful epic or magnificent tragedies of Shakespeare,—no; but he is there to speak to the consciousness and consciences of his hearers; to show them the sympathetic, consuming love of God; to give clearness and significance to the language of their better instincts.

To this work he must bring all his powers of observation, reason, imagination, understanding, and memory. He must know the lives of the members of his congregation, he must discover the probable foundation of their habits, he must put himself—so far as is possible—in each one's place, and then he must give ample time and thought to his discourse.

Above all he should remember that the sermon is designed to reach his hearers, and that if he be an honest man, he will prepare it with this end in view. His thoughts may be logical, profound, sublime, and true, but yet fall wide of their mark. Because a train of reflection, a series of argument, a novel mode of illustration, charms and strongly moves the speaker, it is no sign that it will have a like ef-

fect upon his auditors. The first and last thing for the preacher to feel, in the intellectual part of his preparation, is this,—that it is not truth in the form most striking to him which he must present, but truth as best suited to influence the minds, and hearts, and lives of his parishioners. Then appreciating his peculiar position, alive to the trust committed to him, oblivious of self, dead to all motives not connected with his hallowed vocation, he will use God's truth as God's truth—as a divine instrument in his own hands for changing the aspiration and conduct of men.

His sermon will not be a defense of doctrine, an abstract discussion of creeds, an elegant essay, a prose poem, but it will be a *sermon*,—a speaking of one sinning, sorrowing, struggling soul to other souls, a pouring out in heartfelt sympathetic words the feelings of a fellow-thinker and a fellow-sufferer.

The true and complete unity of characteristics which pervades the Parables and the Sermon on the Mount, making them so like and yet so different, is what the time demands. The day of written creeds is fast passing, the faster the better. Let the place of hard-twisted dogmatism be filled with the thorough humanness of the Gospel. There every word comes from the heart and carries the strength of that heart to the listening ear which is not deafened by the winds of doctrine. In Christ's every utterance is heard the voice of familiar life,—of common household scenes and doings in the world of daily sorrows and of daily joys. May not the servant speak, in some humble measure, like his Master? Surely the preacher who acquires the divine art of reaching the conscience and consciousness of his fellow-man, must be he who learns it in the school—not of positive theology—but of Christ.

And it takes years of toil and discipline. The young saint, fresh from a few periods of study in colleges, universities, and libraries, is apt to be more or less one-sided

and intolerant, inclined—if he be narrow-minded—to deny that there can be any truth in views opposed to his own, or—if his opinions have a wider range—to look down upon his “bigoted” brother. Often he talks as if the Almighty had invited him to a seat in the divine council-chamber, and then sent him out to pronounce the sternest judgments on his fellow-men.

He needs to have his self-confidence disturbed. He must outgrow the weak pride of consistency, the cowardice which dares not own itself in the wrong, the false anxiety which bids him be true to his principles rather than to make sure that his principles are true. He must listen to his honest doubts, and if need be, tear up his old beliefs by the roots.

Doubtless it is hard to find the faith of early years rudely shaken. It is not easy to endure the discovery that some who bear the name of Christ are not Christ-like,—that the so-called Christian life is but too often held to consist in certain opinions, expressions, and feelings. It may not be palatable, but it is good medicine for uncharitableness. To find that emotion is very distinct from uprightness and purity of heart; that it is more often allied to the animal nature,—a guide to destruction under the form of an angel of light; that it frequently leads the victim of apparently divine and seraphic feelings into a state of heart and life, at which the very world stands aghast,—to have such cases come frequently under one’s immediate cognizance will probably make him suspicious of his own devotional feelings as well as those of others. It may even disgust him to such a degree as to produce a reaction,—to send him to the other limit. But to be able to see clearly the onesidedness of a view of truth though it be with its whys and wherefores, is to know that there are other conceptions just as crooked, and a standard by which to measure them all!

So let him inspect the props upon which his soul has blindly rested, and knock away the rotten ones. Suppose

that his first glimpse of the nothingness of traditionary opinions, as such, is quickly followed by that horrible insecurity which doubts whether there be anything to believe at all ; suppose that he should even deny the existence of a God and a future state, yet there is something within that tells him it is " better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be a brave man than a coward." This must inevitably lead him back in time to the great Creator who implanted these convictions within him.

Convictions not traditions are his present beliefs. Convinced by temptations overcome and overcoming, by sorrows, by losses, by loneliness of spirit, by disbelief in God and in his fellow men,—persuaded by the very absence of morality of its necessity, he obstinately clings to moral good. Gradually he grows tender, loving and charitable. He has seen the weakness of human-nature,—his own frailty teaches him to expect to find others weak, and he comes back to be more Christlike than he ever could have been without that awful experience.

Now he will be liberal as his Master was liberal. He will accept truth wherever he finds it—in Calvinism or in Romanism. His creed, if he have any, will be very brief. Three things, perhaps he will insist on,—the recognition of a common Father, a common Humanity, and common Example.

His calling is not to make creeds, to evolve doctrines and theories,—it is to fight the sin of the world, that great single world-spirit of which each separate act of sin is but one manifestation,—that spirit which makes us false friends, sceptics, cowardly disciples, formalists, selfish, opposers of good, oppressors, or evil in what degree-so-ever.

What matters it to him whether his fellow-men believe or disbelieve in the atonement, so long as they follow Christ's life in the spirit and in the letter ? Let them but

We have heard that "look out for number one" is a good rule to go by occasionally, but not always. It would give rise to an undesirable amount of selfishness. In all classes of society, we are sorry to say that a superabundance of looking out for self is shown; nor do Vassar girls prove an exception to the general rule as could be easily demonstrated if you should happen on the first corridor some night when Exoteric had called a meeting. You would find such a dense crowd that you would be obliged to elbow your way, or take the alternative of going to the second, and then descending, if you wish to pass along; or, if you are to pass in, it would be next to impossible to reach the door. If this were all, we would not say a word, or at least, only a few; but when we pause to think what a disgraceful scene presents itself as soon as the door is opened, we cannot forbear. A furious crowding and pushing begins. In spite of your utmost endeavors you are crushed against the door-posts, and as soon as you have wrenched yourself free, pushed headlong down the narrow stairs. Then you rush for a seat—in the *mêlée* you have been separated from your friend—and feel as if it were the last straw, when the seat which you are trying to reserve is appropriated without a word. We are sorry to say that as long as the doors are not opened till the entertainment is ready to begin, these exhibitions will probably take place. As a remedy we would suggest that Exoteric follow the example of her older sister, Philalethea, and be a little more expeditious; for we are aware of the folly of trying to persuade fifty girls brimming over with fun and gaiety, to stand quietly in line and then file decorously to their seats.

Every age and country has its fashions, growing from circumstances of time and place,—fashions in dress, in war, in literature,—yes, even in religion. And fashion is not

necessarily evil ; it is its abuse which makes it so ; and like other rulers of the world which make good servants but poor masters, its arbitrary sway does unexpected harm in many ways. A fashion, and a most deplorable fashion of our time is that which rules in conversation. Speech is truly too often given to disguise our thoughts, and is eminently successful in its object,—so successful that the observer way well doubt whether a real honest, original thought ever comes up behind the conversational mask. Even if we do think seriously it would be rather *outré* to express such thoughts in ordinary society, and the man or woman who perseveres in saying things worth the hearing is apt to find that conversation becomes a monologue. Still worse than this is another side of the fashion of conversation. From the same respect for conversationalities, a respect which lasts when every other kind is lost, we listen without a demur not only to opinions we disagree with, but to remarks which we heartily disapprove. You do not want to be called prig ? Probably not, but that is one of the least trials to which reformers are subjected. If you really would like to do your small share of good in the world, there is no surer way to accomplish it than by throwing off this mighty fear of Mrs. Grundy's dictum. "The pen is mightier than the sword"; but the power of conversation, both for good and for evil is no insignificant rivals of that proverbial power of the pen.

"What shall be the subject of our next editorial?" This is the question which forces itself upon us, as soon as our last one is fairly off our hands. At first, we think, "Oh, there's plenty of time to decide that." But the days slip by, and we awake to the dreadful consciousness that our editorial is due, and the subject yet unchosen. What is to

be done about it? We run over our list of grievances, only to find that each and every one of them has been most inconsiderately smoothed away. The Faculty and teachers all seem to be in a most accomodating mood, so that nothing can be said against those long-suffering victims of our sarcasm. Each moment, our predicament becomes more and more distressing, and every means of escape seems to elude us. Finally, we do think of several subjects, only to find that our colleagues have basely appropriated them all. In despair, we take a walk, hoping to find an inspiration in the open air.

Alas, it is no use, and we return to our sanctum, and there we find our subject staring us in the face. Who can spend three or four, or even one year in Vassar, without being impressed by the ugliness of our white walls. Cover them with pictures, embroider them with peacock feathers, do what we will with them, we cannot make them beautiful. The rooms all have to be freshly calsomined, during the long vacation, why could not the walls be tinted? Their effect would be entirely changed and our rooms be more cheerful and homelike. This is an improvement which would be hailed with delight by all the students. The subject has been written upon before, without any result, but it is worth having attention called to it again. Besides, the experiment has been tried in some of the professors' rooms with marked success.



HOME MATTERS.

On Wednesday, May 14, a Soirée Musicale was held in the chapel. This was the first college concert of the year, and was opened by Miss Yates who played Spindler's "Wellenspiel."

The next selection, an Andante, op. 82, Mendelssohn was played by Miss A. E. Lester with strength and execution.

The Sonata in G. op. 14, Beethoven, by Miss Capron showed the best work and most careful study.

The transcription by Loeschorn of Rubinstein's "Sehnsucht," which was played by Miss Goldstine, was a very pleasing selection.

The "Poème d'Amour," by Henselt, was given with appropriate expression by Miss Elmendorf.

Thalberg's "Barcarole," whose intricate passages were difficult to render, was taken in an effective manner by Miss Merrick.

Miss F. A. Lester played an Andante for the organ, by Henry Smart, with even more than her usual ease and style.

The unique part of the programme consisted of four songs, composed by members of the Graduating Class of the School of Music, and sung by debutantes.

The Philalethean Society met on May 17, for their last Hall Play. The piece presented was "A Scrap of Paper." The programmes were in the form of pink-tinted letters sealed with the Society seal. The stage setting of the play was excellent and gave evidence of the good taste of the committee.

Miss Jenckes made her farewell appearance before a Vassar audience in the character of "Prosper Couramont." Her acting was spirited and the whole part was taken with her usual brilliant success. We are sorry to lose so good an actor from our ranks.

Miss Tebbetts made her début as Suzanne De Ruseville. Her acting was a fitting accompaniment of that of Miss Jenckes, and her success deserves the highest praise.

Miss Chubb also made her first appearance upon the same evening, as Louise De La Glaciere. The part was acted in a most pleasing and successful manner. Her dramatic talent will no doubt be called into the service, in the plays of next year.

Miss Wheeler and Miss Skinner also deserve mention for the way in which they rendered their respective parts. In fact, the whole play was a success and made a brilliant close to the dramatic entertainments of the year.

Once in our Senior life we lay aside our weary pens, yield our places as chairmen, and "exemplars" and surrender ourselves unconditionally to others. The occasion was the Junior party, the time May 22. But never were captives more submissive,—more willing to give themselves up to the mercy of their captors, let them do with us what they would. At two o'clock carriages were waiting for us in front of the college. A few moments later we were all comfortably arranged and started,—toward the river, rumor and one driver said. They proved true prophets, for after many windings, in and out of crooked streets, we reached the foot of Po'keepsie at last, where the "Mary Powell" lay, waiting to give to us the first benefit of her new paint and polished floors. Music, furnished by the Po'keepsie band, greeted us as we stepped on board. The day was in perfect harmony with the time and occasion. The lazy, uncertain sunlight gave the banks a distant, dreamy look, the warm air, the music, our ignorance of our destination made it easy to imagine that we were being carried out of the real world of work and study, into an enchanted land of perfect happiness.

After we were well out of sight of Po'keepsie, '85 sang her song of welcome to her guests, to which they replied.

Then for an hour we gave ourselves up to enjoying the beauties of the scenery and the glory of the day, until we were all ready to exclaim;—

“Oh, the wild joy of living!”

At Newburgh the boat stopped and we were told of the charms and interesting feature of Washington's Headquarters; but the project of ascending to that lofty height was soon set aside, when the livelier attractions of West Point were set over against these dead curiosities. Like all true Americans we preferred the descendants of the country's father, to the inanimate relics of that great general. It was here that the telegram, which finally admitted us to that post, was received. We would like to say that even that fortress was obliged to yield to our conquering band, if we were not more anxious to give to Capt. Anderson our thanks for obtaining the permission. We landed in time to see the afternoon drill and the six-o'clock dress parade, both of which were greatly enjoyed. In the interval between the two, those who had friends among the cadets had an opportunity to meet them, while the rest of us, less fortunate, were obliged to content ourselves with looking on. Perhaps,—alas for human selfishness,—we enjoyed the visit more because we were assured that we had been granted a privilege which would not be given again during the summer. At seven o'clock we returned to the boat where a tempting dinner was waiting us. We would have been satisfied with anything, after our climb, but nothing could have been daintier or more prettily arranged, from the flowers and music to the menu itself. After we were seated, '85's class president expressed in fitting words the hearty, cordial welcome and good-will which we had felt around us, since we started. Miss Blanchard responded to this greeting in a few graceful and appropriate words. After the dinner had been

served, Miss Jenckes responded to a toast to '84 in an exceedingly bright and clever manner. Dr. Caldwell represented the faculty in a toast to that honorable body. Then followed others, to the MISCELLANY, to the "Qui Vive Club," to Mr. Van Vliet, and to Capt. Anderson, to all of which happy and fitting responses were made.

Afterwards there was dancing on the lower deck, which was enjoyed, in spite of the stickiness of the floor. But the time was all too short both to carry out the programme and to suit our wishes. Just before the boat landed at Po'keepsie, farewell songs were sung. The words of parting, the dismal "thud, thud" of the engine produced a peculiarly solemn sound, and made us feel more keenly than ever before that the time was drawing very near when we must in truth say good-bye to our Vassar life and Vassar pleasure: but among all the memories which we will carry with us there will be none pleasanter than that of the afternoon spent with '85 on the Hudson.

As many of the Shakespearonians and Dickensites as could be beguiled from the varied delights of early slumber or essay writing, started for Lake Mohunk, Saturday May 24, at 7 A. M. The day was beautiful and the prospect of a fifteen-miles drive through picturesque mountain scenery was delightful. For little did we then suspect that the gay steeds prancing expectantly at our college portals, were constitutionally fragile, or that it was really the candid opinion of our thoughtful Jehu, that the geological structure of the steepest hills, could be better investigated on foot.

To make a break and, in our case, almost a breakdown in the monotony of the ride, there were about half a dozen curves, perhaps I would better say acute angles, which had

to be passed. It was highly interesting to see "Chaarley" and "Old George," the two leaders, stand pensively on the brink of a precipice, while the driver and his assistant picked up our massive equipage and carried it around the curve. We eventually reached the Mohunk House and were amply rewarded by the beautiful views on every side. The lake was of a clear emerald color, and the rambling character of the house, and the pagodas scattered here and there, seemed in keeping with the picturesque beauty of the place. Apropos of Pagodas, who was the young lady who wanted to know what kind of a tree a pagoda was? Some kind friend will surely furnish her with an architectural catalogue.

After lunch, the party dispersed to follow their different inclinations. Some sought remote summer-houses, where they read and enjoyed the beautiful surroundings. Some rowed on the lake and explored caves and paths unknown. Some sought Sky-top and Eagle's Nest, while others discovered "original paths." Four adventurous maidens investigated the perilous depths of the Labyrinth, after which exploit, one of them laconically remarked that she no longer believed in the saying,—*"descensus Averno facilis est."*

At four o'clock we started home, after a most charming day. The ride back was delightful, as it had become much cooler, and as we were kindly permitted to ride the whole way. We reached college at about eight o'clock after an ideal day, for whose delights, we can only thank the kind committee whose foresight made the excursion such a success.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The students in the School of Music gave a concert, May 14.

The fourth Phil. play came off May 17, under Miss Story's management.

Scene in Class Elections: Student loquitur—"Let us put up some one who is of no account, and keep our best girls till later."

Said student is unanimously elected.

Miss Brace delivered an essay on the Théâtre Français and the Conservatoire, in the Madison Square Theatre, May 13. By request, it was delivered afterwards.

The elections of studies for the first semester of next year have been handed in.

Vail took '84's group-picture, May 19.

Prof. in Chemistry—"Miss—— may give the characteristics of Group II B."

Student—"The members of this group are precipitated by H_2S in acid solutions, and the sulphides are distinguished from those of Group II A, by being soluble in Am_2S ."

Prof—"Right. Now name the group reagent."

Student—"I can't."

Rev. Mr. Haynes, of Brooklyn, preached in the chapel, May 18.

The elections for class officers are as follows:

FOR '85.

President.....	Miss Hening.
Vice-President.....	Miss Wheeler.
Secretary.....	Miss Loving.
Treasurer.....	Miss Heyer.

FOR '86.

President.....	Miss Buck.
Vice-President.....	Miss Morrill.
Secretary.....	Miss Botsford.
Treasurer.....	Miss Newell.

Surprised query of a Boston lady recently visiting the gymnasium: "Where are the appointments?"

Evening Prayers are now held at quarter past seven.

Each chapter had a "spread" on the evening of May 16.

Translation in Juvenal.

"Curramus praecipites et Dum jacet in ripa calcemus caesaris hostem." "Let us hasten quickly and put on our shoes while he is hurling the enemy of Caesar over the bank."

Prof.—"I think you misconstrued 'jacet in ripa'; it means 'lying on the banks.'"

Student—"Oh, I see! 'Let us hasten quickly and shoe the enemy of Caesar, while he is lying on the bank.'"

Junior party, May 22.

The Shakespeare and Dickens clubs went on an excursion to Lake Mohunk, May 24.

PERSONALS.

'80.

Married, May 8, 1884, at New Haven, Conn., Mary Seymour Morris to Charles Millard Pratt.

'81.

Died, May 11, 1884, in Chillicothe, O., Mrs. Helen Bartlett Bates, formerly of '81.

'82.

Married, May 28, 1884, at La Porte, Ind., Julia B. King, formerly of '82, to Edward Vail, Jr.

Miss Jones recently delivered a lecture before the People's Club of Lowell, Mass., on the subject of "Ventilation."

Miss Peck, '72; Miss Scott, '76; Miss Stanton, '82; Miss Evans, Miss Sherman, '83, and Miss Reeves, have visited college during the past month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Our exchanges! As we grow better acquainted with them and with the various colleges from which they come, our interest in them increases, but our surprise keeps pace with our interest. For while many of their articles are well written, interesting, perhaps even powerful to some degree, there is rarely one, with the exception of editorials, which seems to be written because the author had something to say to his readers. Adventures with the inevitable chum's sister; encounters with unknown maidens which lead to remarkable cases of "true love"; summer flirtations to which the previous engagement of one of the couple adds even greater charm; tales of the mysterious student, who at last confides his mournful story to the writer, horrible dilemmas of undergraduates, from which the Senior always comes off with flying colors, and the unlucky Freshman with no colors at all;—every one knows the stock-subjects for college stories. And very entertaining they

may be made by a skillful hand, when the time-worn framework of the plot is gracefully draped ; but even then we like them in moderate quantities. As we look through paper after paper, laugh at the newest of the jokes, enjoy the editorials, and read with real pleasure an occasional column which is both interesting and original, we cannot help wondering where are the men who will in the future bring great thoughts before the whole world, and whose names will do honor to their Alma Mater.

Under these circumstances it is pleasant to find the article on " Another Side of the 15th Amendment," in the *Nassau Lit.* Looking for the author's name, we find that he is a South Carolina man, and we begin the reading with a general idea of the thought and arguments we shall meet ; we are mistaken. The article is written from a liberal view of the question, and shows quite a different spirit from that which the North habitually expects. justly or unjustly, from the South. The style is forcible and its greatest fault, a slight lack of unity, is not a serious one.

Of a different kind is " A Summer Episode " in the same magazine. It is not badly written, in some respects, but its general tone is, to say the least, disagreeable. One might forgive the remark of one of the heroes, " Well, Seton, ain't you dead gone on that pretty Miss Talbott, if I ain't grandly mistaken ? " But when one of the girls, who, by the way, are supposed to be young ladies, says, " I am engaged, and shall have to be awfully prim," one begins to wonder what the writer's idea of an engagement may be. One more sentence : " The young ladies considered it capital sport to snub him as cruelly as possible." Though the term " lady " is much abused, it still has a meaning which the author of " a Summer Episode " evidently misunderstands.

The *Daily Crimson*—*Herald-Crimson* no longer—and the *Yale News* will be in the reading room in future. The daily reports of intercollegiate athletics make them more than usually interesting during the spring; but at any time of year, the two leading college journals are well worth reading.

The Tech is a bright and attractive paper. Its articles relative to the work of the Institute are interesting, and the only thing of the kind which we have seen in such a publication. Its clippings are particularly well chosen.

The American Queen is the most delightful of Society papers, and offers its reading matter in an attractive form. Its Editorial Rooms and Offices have been removed to the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth St., Union Sq., South.

The May *Century* has the conclusion of "An Average Man;" we are sorry if such a man as Woodbury Stoughton is fairly to be considered a typical character in New York society. President Eliot contributes an article on "What is a Liberal Education?" and Washington Gladden writes on "The use and abuse of Parties." Some of the poems are exceptionally good.



CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Hostess.—Mayn't I present you to Miss Burton, Mr. Fullalove?

Fullalove—'87. (Disconsolately.) Thank you very, very much, but it's no use. She told me positively she would not have me.

—*Lampoon*.

I've clipped your wings ; you cannot fly
 It's not the slightest use to try
 All of your own and mother's art ;
 I hold you here within my heart,
 And lull you with a light drawn sigh
 What scorn and rage doth hold you ? fle !
 You long to see the sunny sky
 And make men targets for your dart.
 I've clipped your wings.
 I crave your aid to win a shy
 Sweet maid ; if granted by and bye
 I'll let you from my bosom start.
 Now of my life you are a part.
 For Oh ! you cunning deity,
 I've clipped your wings.

—*Lampoon*

Prof. in History. We have now come to a point in our history which it were well had it been forgotten.

Mr. —, you may tell us about it.

Mr. — : I have forgotten it.

—*Athenaeum.*

Junior (translating). “Die Bäumen flüstern wie mit tausend Mädchenzungen * * * * es wird heimlicher und heimlicher.” “The trees whisper as with a thousand Maiden-tongues and it becomes all the time *more and more like home.*”

—*Athenaeum.*

THE MEETING.

Down in the meadow's flowers,
 Close by the purling rill,
 Keeping his tryst for hours
 Stands he and listens still.
 Tripping over the daises
 Borne on the softest wind,
 Comes she, through meadow's mazes,
 Only a tick behind.

Quick ! in his ear love's prating
Quick ! kiss his cheek so brown,

* * * * *

He was a tall reed, waiting,
She was a thistle down.

—*R. A. F. in Athenaeum.*

Solitude would be a good place for a man to go to, if he
could leave himself behind and take only his virtues with
him.

—*Century.*



We are obliged to omit the list of exchanges received,
for want of time.

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EGYPT FOR ENGLAND.

Like old Marley, in Dicken's Christmas Carol, Egypt was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of its burial was signed by the Turk. England signed it. And England's name is good upon 'Change for anything she chooses to put her hand to. But what gave England the right, or forced upon her the necessity, of interference in a Turkish province? Briefly this: French capitalists built the Suez canal in 1859 by permission of the Egyptian Khedive Ismail. England has acquired possession of half the shares of the canal, whose importance to her is great as it is the highway between England and her Indian empire. This forms the first link between England and Egypt. Ismail's extravagance lead

him to bond Egypt to foreign merchants. The national debt thus contracted was enormous; and yet the resources of the country were so vast that merchants were willing and anxious to become bondholders. This disastrous financial condition was concealed until Egypt was nearly bankrupt, when Ismail was obliged to seek a foreign power to extricate him from his embarrassment. This led to his deposition, and to Tewfik's elevation to the position of ruler,—subject, however, to the so-called *Dual Finance Control* of England and France. But more recently, Arabi Bey's insurrection, involving the massacre of English residents in Alexandria, compelled England to take energetic measures for the protection of her subjects. Her position, consequently, became one of greater and greater prominence, until gradually the dual control ceased, and England virtually established a protectorate over Egypt. Tewfik's inability to suppress, single-handed, the present Soudan rebellion, is the last link in the chain of events which binds together these two dissimilar countries.

Not within historic times has Egypt had a national individuality. The reasons for its dependant state are three: the richness and fertility of the soil render Egypt an object of cupidity to many nations. Its accessibility, and the character of its inhabitants further tempt man's greed. The population of Egypt is agricultural chiefly, without aspiration toward self-government, very docile, industrious, plodding, contented. They know nothing of representation. There is, to be sure, a body of eighty men called the *Assembly of Notables*, which—misrepresents the people. Its members are chosen exclusively from the moneyed men, are for the most part Turks, whose sole aim is to plunder the fellahs. The only government of which these poor peasants have any knowledge is one of arbitrary commands enforced by corporal punishments, and the blows of the kurbuck are constantly heard with a dismal accom-

paniment of unavailing groans. The despotic power of the Khedive has for centuries kept the fellahem in a helpless and almost unendurable bondage. For the past eight years Egypt has been propped up by European diplomacy. Through this outside help, Egypt has been saved from bankruptcy, her credit kept from collapse, and a possible future opened. The evils of forced labor, military conscription and oppressive taxation have been lightened. Do all Americans know that when a poor fellah was proved to be penniless—made so, it may be, by months of forced labor on a Khedive's palace—he was forced to borrow money of the village usurer at 20, 30, or 40 per cent? And yet the cry is "Leave Egypt to the Egyptians!" The cry sounds patriotic, but Egypt for the Egyptians means Egypt for the beys, pashas, plunderers. It means misery for the fellahs, the poor peasants, whose very weakness and gentleness of disposition render deliverance less hopeful. It is said that Arabi Bey is a patriot, and that his recent insurrection was a noble effort worthy of Garibaldi. But the most that can be said for him, is, to quote Mr. Dicey, that "in a country where courage and resolutions are extremely rare, Arabi was a sort of one-eyed King among the blind." It is a significant fact that not one volunteer presented himself until the war was regarded as religious. It is another significant fact that zeal for constitutional liberty had to be encouraged by a liberal application of the bastinado. Immediately upon the surrender at Tel-el-Kebir, "the soldiers ran home, put on their long blue skirts and felt skull-caps, resumed their ordinary occupations, and were ready to swear that for months past they had never quitted their native villages." Are those the actions of patriots? And are these the words of a leader of patriots? When in prison, Arabi frankly said that the welfare of his country was to be found—not in the national independence which he had

attempted to secure, but in the loyal acceptance of English rule.

This duty has not been assumed by England through philanthropic motives. Avowedly, the British aims are the protection of the Suez canal and the cotton trade. Let us, for a moment view, as a whole, the policy of England, and the probable effects of this policy upon the governed people. All governments are selfish. Every citizen takes pride in his nation's glory, and strives to increase it. And this is a law of nature. With selfishness, then, as the basis of English policy, so the results. A quiet, prosperous Egypt is of the greatest importance to the commercial world in which England is foremost. The disastrous effects of a turbulent, ill governed people in command of that highway of Oriental and Western commerce cannot be overestimated. Through selfishness, therefore, England must prevent oppression; through selfishness, England must make Egypt prosperous for it is decidedly against British interests to drain Egypt for a few years, only to exhaust her fruitfulness forever.

There exists the right of self-government. But how can self-government exist in a country where one class of people is born with the idea that its highest duty is to be a beast of burden to another class? Let England's presence destroy that bondage, and inculcate a more democratic spirit. Since after five hundred years of working out her own salvation, Egypt is still a dependancy, which plan is wiser, to allow her to continue indefinitely the exhausting struggle, or to take her by the hand and lead her to her former honorable place among nations?

As long ago as the first settlement of America, and for hundreds of years previous to that time, Egypt was the Egypt of to-day. And shall England now leave a ruined Egypt, with no plan of reconstruction? That would be great disinterest-

edness which "consists in smashing another man's crockery and then running off without paying the bill, on the plea that our further presence in his house might be personally disagreeable to him." England has accomplished a good work thus far in overthrowing Turkish despotism. The Turk has no divine right to a certain portion of this globe. The only divine right is the right of civilization to impose itself upon more barbarous nations. Why not America for the Indians if civilization is not of supreme importance? Depotism, paganism, ill-government should be swept out of existence. It is right; and, in the interest of the highest justice it is inevitable that England should rule Egypt, not through a senseless ambition to usurp the position of Atlas, but that Egypt may be more truly an Egypt for the Egyptians.


A. B., '84.

EGYPT FOR THE EGYPTIANS.

What argument can convince one against conviction? And what conviction is stronger with us liberty-loving Americans, than that men have a God-given right of self-government? Egypt's warmest friend is united with her bitterest enemy in the opinion that she is in need of radical reform,—her officials are either incompetent or unprincipled, and her government, despotic. Alas! the present, indeed, is lamentable, but compare it with her brilliant past. A striking contrast truly! For where we now find ignorance, was the greatest learning of antiquity. Hers is oppression, theirs was freedom. Where now is only impotency, was then power. Her present wretched poverty was preceded by enormous wealth. That the tide has ebbed for Egypt, we may consider an indication that it will return.

In our own observations a fallen country has gathered together its forces, and has again taken its stand among nations. We can let a reunited Italy speak for Egypt's future. If the pendulum of Egyptian affairs beat more slowly, will it not as surely swing back? Granting the need of reform, the question is what is the best method of bringing it about. Shall Egypt be seized and governed by foreigners, or shall her own people work out her reformation? The dual control expressed the view of the French and English government, the view of the Egyptian people was embodied in the fruitless struggle of Arabi Bey. To-day, the Dual Control has ceased to exist, and Arabi, the champion of his downfallen people, is an exile. The Egyptian question has practically narrowed itself to a discussion of the justice of English interference in Egypt.

The public, however, is accustomed to see England making additions to her domain. Ireland has for more than seven centuries groaned under the burden of her hand. India, Canada, and Australia, have in turn been grasped by the mistress of the sea. It seems as if in lawless Ireland, barbarous Australia, and polytheistic India, there would be sufficient missionary work to fill her hands. In those countries, she has already more reforming to do than she does well. There is a possibility, perhaps, of too much broth spoiling a cook. Besides, it would not be well for her to overlook the fact that the other nations pledged to maintain a balance of power, especially offended France, might resent a too wide-spread British rule. A war incited by this feeling and involving a useless loss of life, would certainly be detrimental to England's financial prosperity. Her wars have already weighted her citizens with a debt of four billions of dollars. Let England remember the sad fate of the frog which wished to make itself as large as an ox. Like Rome, England may fall.



It is very questionable whether the best results can grow out of evil. Where a country has established the reputation of an anaconda-like voracity, its motives must of necessity be questioned. We have seen England's eye roll about, and at last settle upon Egypt and the Suez Canal,—meet food indeed for avarice to feed upon. There is no doubt that the Dual Control grew out of a care for the interests of British bondholders. At the same time, the English government felt the importance of the Egyptian product, and of the canal; for the canal opens a short route to India by which may be carried on the opium trade forced by England upon that unfortunate country, and through which the idols manufactured in England may find a more expeditious pathway to their destination. These considerations were irresistibly tempting to her political cupidity. She has a purely selfish motive, and can have only the good of England at heart. But what, pray, is to become of the Egyptians? For presumably there are Egyptians in that Egypt through whose territory runs the Suez canal. Shall their burdens be lightened only that they may work the longer for the English? Shall a mere lay figure be set upon the throne of Egypt in order that England may throw around it the drapery of laws and institutions that may best suit herself? In a word, shall the interest of their country be in every way subservient to those of a foreign nation? Nature and reason unite in a protest.

The present government of England exhibits a pitiable vacillation, and let the brave man sent to fight its battles get out of his trouble as best he may. But what monkey ever took the trouble to bind up a wounded cat's paw? Since the English government has no sympathy for its own people, it cannot be expected to understand those so different from itself as are the Egyptians. In order to work for Egypt's best good, a foreigner must become for the time an

Egyptian. But no Englishman would even for a moment forego his nationality. Between the Egyptian and the Englishman is a radical difference,—that of religion. The spread of the Christian religion would elevate Egypt, but Christianity should be spread in a Christian spirit, not by the use of the sword. It is impossible to open the doors of Egypt more widely than they have been for years to Christian missionaries. Though there are also climatic differences that cannot be overcome, yet civilization and good government are not by an immutable law in a ratio to the distance of a country from the equator.

Growth must be an internal process. Though nobody bids a child grow in order that he may become a man, each child grows by a law of its own nature. If England raise Egypt to an unnatural height, and at a stated time remove her support, that fated country risks a fall! And the momentum gained thus, ah! who can count its effects? Better, indeed, to grow by degrees. What can give her independence and the power of self-government, but the freedom to gain those virtues for herself by practice? If Egypt's own wish were to the contrary, the case would not be altered. Our own country has played Jonah to the English whale, and when once we were free from the tyrant, an oppressed people asserted itself, and developed something which demonstrated its own grandeur. There is no incentive to improvement in a country whose people, ruled by aliens, must send their earnings to be expended by a distant nation.

But if magnanimous England should force a premature growth upon Egypt, could it be permanent? A surface prosperity would be like the rose which the gardener has made gorgeous by changing its stamens and pistils into petals. Large and fair to look upon, it has not the least power to reproduce itself, but nature produces a hardy plant with no gardener's assistance. Arguments from analogy

e not of the surest, but how can we tell what may be, except by what is? The Pyramids have seen the rise, progress, and dying agonies of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. When other nations, great and mighty, shall have left this scene of strife, the national life of Egypt will still exist. That right has an aggressive little island to appropriate this land of the Nile, so far removed, and so different from itself? Who can dispute the right which God has given man to govern himself, a right the knowledge of which is implanted in each breast? Not England, not Egypt. Therefore let Egypt be for the Egyptians. M. A. C., '84.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

FAILURE OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Down in the lower corner of Manhattan Island lies Castle Garden, the most completely typical of all the phases of our American life. Neither the broad grain-fields of the West, nor the busy factories of the East; neither the complicated political machine at Washington, or the culture of Boston, have put such a distinctive mark upon our nation, have done so much to mould its character, to color its life and to shape its laws, as the vast army of immigrants, which in ceaseless line is marching over our land; men and women from every quarter of the globe, whose religion, whose habits of life, whose very modes of thought and feeling, are wholly different, alike only in helplessness and ignorance yet bound together by their common object. And there are added to our number every year, more than seven millions of these people, who, with their children, are to become citizens of our free land,—a chaotic mass of human life, equally ready to be made promoters of freedom and progress, or tools of slavery.

How is harmony to be brought out of this discord, how is this incalculable store of wild, ungoverned powers to be subjected to control, and made of use to their possessors and to the land? These are questions which are asked on every side, and to each comes back the answer,—“Education,” “Education.” Education, in truth, has done many

wonderful things for us, and may with justice be called the glory and pride of our land and her strong hope for the future. It is the weapon before which mobs shall quail, which shall drive fraud from the government, protect honest industry, and establish peace and contentment. But in our confidence in its strength, have we been watchful that its edge has not grown dull or its point blunt with use?

The basis of the present system of education was laid in New England more than two hundred years ago, by our great-grandfathers, practical men with their inheritance of generations of intelligent, industrious living. It was a generous impulse which prompted the founding of free schools, and the idea born of a spirit of freedom and good will toward all men, is no mean part of our legacy. But these early settlers, in providing for the future, never dreamed but that their successors would be sturdy, honest Englishmen, like themselves. As the system has been improved it has been with this same object in view, to better meet the needs of children of educated people. Every where there has been a persistent disregard for the fourteen millions of negroes and foreigners among us, the classes which stand in the greatest need of assistance. This selfish policy has not only succeeded in depriving these dependent masses of their lawful rights as members of a free state, but has also failed to secure the highest good for the children of the ruling classes.

As the system has been refined, all life and force have been killed in it, and we have left a machine, theoretically perfect, practically ineffective. A boy who has finished the course laid down in Grammar and High Schools is a prodigy. He has studied more books and dabbled in more subjects than his grand-fathers ever dreamed of, and has facts enough in his brain to furnish an ensaclopedia. But while he has been so busy with his Latin rules, and Geometrical theorems, he has gained nothing which will help him to a

better knowledge of himself, or which will increase his powers of usefulness in the world. His eyes have been so long fastened upon books, that they have lost their power of adjusting themselves to the outside world ; in consequence, he is totally ignorant of the commonest facts and forces of daily life.

And farther, he has never been taught to think, to go beyond the mere surface meaning of his lessons. He has gained a remarkable facility in reasoning about words. He can analyze complicated sentences, perform all sorts of feats with nouns and verbs, subjunctive moods and ablative absolutes ; but these tricks of memory and powers of verbal destruction will help him very little in educating his judgment, the faculty with which he must in after years, solve the problem of life.

This one-sided, machine-like education is bad enough for those who leave behind them generations of culture and refinement, and the greater part of whose education is gained at home but to the children of the poor, whose narrow life is bounded by the four walls of a tenement house, whose only knowledge of the world is gained from the columns of a sensational paper, and whose only chance for improvement is in the school-room, the result is disastrous. They go forth into the world with nothing to help them to lives of industry, and with everything to make them a dangerous element in a free state.

The system has had its legitimate results. All the so-called intellectual professions are overcrowded, while on the other hand there is an unsatisfied demand for good carpenters and mechanics. There are plenty of teachers and book-keepers, but it is almost impossible to find technical, mechanical skill combined with intelligence. The truth is, that while theoretically the dignity of all labor is taught, practically manual employment is scorned and avoided. There are a thousand Maud Matchins in the world, who

would rather starve than enter a respectable family as cook or waiting-maid.

This false standard would soon be broken down, and these foolish notions dispelled if mechanical arts were introduced into our public school, and rich and poor together were taught to handle tools.

But it is urged in objection to this plan, that the state cannot afford to supply teachers and methods to carry out such a system. In reply, we would say that the state can make no more profitable investment than in the education of her people. But it would be repaid a thousand fold in the impetus given to the industries of the land. The state which can bring technical skill to the highest degree of perfection will outstrip all her competitors in the markets of the world.

But the opponents of this system will tell you that you have no right to give technical education to one class of workmen to the exclusion of all others ; that if you teach the mechanic his trade you must do the same for professional men. We admit the force of the argument, provided the only gain from such methods would be in a race of more skilful artisans. But this is far from truth. It is with an entirely different end in view that the advocates of this system use the term "industrial education." "Not that education shall be made subservient to industrial success, but that the acquisition of mechanical skill shall be a means of promoting the general education of the pupil. That the education of the hand shall be a means of more completely and more efficaciously educating the brain."

It is not meant, as is so often represented, to narrow still more the meaning of the term, but rather to restore it to its full significance, to supplement the training of the intellect by the training of the senses. And these methods, instead of being unjust to the future doctor or lawyer, would be of positive benefit to him. For who, may I ask,

is in need of keener powers of observation than minister or lawyer; and to whom is dexterity of hand and delicacy of touch more absolutely essential than to the surgeon.

On the other hand, those who so vehemently oppose the adoption of such methods are probably not aware that they themselves have been practicing the same acts of selfishness, which now they are so ready to condemn in others. It probably never occurred to those people that while the exclusive, intellectual training of the present system may be of use to professional men, it is wholly lacking in studies which will help the manual laborer in his particular calling.

It is hardly possible to see how this plan if carried out would alienate men in professional life from those who are engaged in mechanical employment. On the contrary it would unite them in closer sympathy. For to-day the lawyers and ministers who, by right of their higher callings, are leaders and instructors, know very little of the lives of the day-laborers.


There may be other and better ways of preventing the disastrous failure of our common schools. But whatever plans are devised, they must secure to us a more perfect development of mind and character, a broader and nobler humanity, unless we wish fraud to increase, our free government threatened, and the peace and happiness of the nation destroyed.

J. I. S. '84.

WE FOUR.

PART SECOND. --WHAT WE REALLY DID.

That was thirty years ago. During twenty-five of those years we never saw and scarcely heard of one another save through the newspaper columns and the annual postal-card.



These chronicled all outward changes such as alterations in name and occupation. Beyond this we knew nothing. I never could endure letter-writing, Frank was too busy, Mat hated it worse than I did, and Molly had not the time,—so our letters, very infrequent at first, became fewer and farther between until they finally ceased altogether leaving only the much-abused postal for a connecting link.

We had planned to meet each other often—in vacations, but vacations come seldom outside of college-life, and when you do manage to obtain a short furlough you are likely to be so far removed from your friends that visiting them is out of the question—even if the inclination is still there. Sometimes one gets so tired and blue that she does not care to see her best friends.

But we often thought of each other. I, at least, often thought of the rest, and I have a pet theory about the invisible connection between the mind of one person and that of another about whom she may be wondering and thinking. I am not much of a psychologist (if that be the right term), and will not pretend to offer an explanation, but certain it is that our postals were sure to pass one another in the mail, no matter at what time in the year they were written.

Yes twenty-five years had flown away—where I could scarcely tell. With them had gone the hopes and longings of youth—hopes and longings which I had never exerted myself to satisfy.

When I read of Molly's rise in journalism, of Frank's appointment to a Greek and Latin chair; of Mat as a doctor,—I wanted to do and be something myself—really wanted to for about a minute, and then I was content to go on in my old easy, slipshod way. It was so much easier to drift—so I kept on.

Right on until I found myself living all alone in a handsome cottage in the suburbs of Utica. Near enough to city

life to gain all its benefits, and far enough away to be rid of its disagreeable features. With plenty of money, a convenient and well-furnished house fully manned and womaned with tried and skilful servants, what had I to wish for?

Now I answer, something to do,—then I thought myself lonely and in need of company.

If ever you need diversion it is when you are just crossing to the shady side of life. Then it is that you feel oppressed by the “might have beens” provided—that you have nothing to do, and no one near to love. Then, too, you think of the happy days of youth—once so distasteful to you in your haste to try the world,—of the friends whom you long to see once again. If you are wise you will do just as I did, invite them to come and see you, and after you have enjoyed this little oasis in the midst of life’s desert, you will find some work to do—work helpful to yourselves because it is to others. I mean that I did the first, and am trying to do the latter—as well as I can considering the lack of practice.

Yes ; it was a day in May—a beautiful spring day—whose morning mail carried with it three postal-cards addressed respectively to Professor Frances LeRoy, 30 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. ; Dr. M. W. G. Peck, 500 Henry street, St. Louis, Mo., and Miss Mary Pease, office of the *Galaxy*, 495 Broadway, New York.

The postals ran as follows :—“ My friend, time warns me that nearly twenty-six years have passed since last we met. I am keeping house all by myself here in my little Paradise. Come and see if it be not rightly named. Come to me ; one month from to-day, and let us talk of by-gone days,—and play at whist, if we have not forgotten how. Make me a little less lonely, —surely you will be able to spare a day or two—more if you can. I have written to

the others likewise,—on postals, because it seemed more natural. I shall expect you.

As ever your friend,

MRS. AMELIA VAN ARSDALE,

875 State Street,

Utica, N. Y.

May 15, —.

A few days brought an answer from Frank ;—“ Your generous invitation has brought vividly before my mind the scene of our final conference. Like yourself, I have recourse to the most familiar medium of communication in conveying, to you in your suburban abode, my grateful thanks and pleased acceptance. I shall cherish the fond expectation of intruding myself within the precincts of your Elysium on the fifteenth of June next. Until then farewell.—F. LEROY.”

Mat's reply came next ;—“ You dear old thing,—of course I'll come, and you needn't expect to see the least improvement in me—twenty-six years haven't made a mite of difference, I feel just as young as I ever did. I don't believe that a few gray hairs and the added weight of a score of years need make one look, feel and act like Methuselah. That is one of the theories I live up to—so you may be shocked. I will certainly come. Good bye,—MAT.”

Molly's was a little longer in coming. “ My dear,” it began, “ I shall be only too happy to come. I, too, long for a sight of the old, familiar faces and scenes. If it might only be in the old ‘ fire-wall,’ or the pleasant corner-room. But that is too much to ask. Perhaps it is better so—the changes might be more apparent. We will come to you where all is strange, and we shall not be haunted by the vain desire to patch the old and new together. Farewell, then, till the fifteenth. As ever, MOLLY PEASE.”

“ As ever !” Yes ; the same, yet not the same,—how different, time will tell.

To me each day seemed longer than the last, until the fifteenth came and with it my friends and guests.

How dignified Frank looked with her professor-like air, and her silvered locks; how independently Mat talked and acted; and how sweet and gentle little Molly was, I need not stop to tell. All this has doubtless been anticipated.

Every minute of the time was taken up with reminiscences of our good old college-days,—with tidings of common friends whom we had chanced to meet during these years of separation.

It was over the after-dinner coffee that Mat proposed the promised game of whist, but when the cards had been brought, shuffled, cut, and dealt, we discovered that Frank had forgotten even the names of the cards. Mat tried to refresh her memory; but it seemed utterly useless. Hearts and diamonds she could tell, but to distinguish between spades and clubs seemed for her an utter impossibility. Mat grew nervous, and I rang for a copy of Cavendish. But it was of no avail. She invariably trumped when she should have followed suit, and *vice versa*, not to mention the promiscuous interchange of clubs, and spades, while the “returning her partner’s lead” was utterly beyond her comprehension.

We were too polite, of course, to make fun of her as we would have done in our youthful days,—too courteous to do anything but try to teach her to play. All but Mat, who could not brook stupidity—especially in whist. She sat still and looked bored, venting her feelings at times by impatiently tapping the table.

Finally even Molly grew desperate, and at the close of the second attempt at a game, proposed that we should give it up for the present. “Would it not be pleasanter to compare our happenings?” she asked. “I have often wondered just how each of you came to be doing those different things of which the postals told me.”

Mat threw down her cards with a sigh of relief and the hope that "Frank could talk better than she played."

Mat did not seem to be changed very much—not so much as the rest of us. It was well, too, for her free and easy way of talking and acting made it impossible for us to be formal and constrained. I had rather dreaded the meeting as the time drew near. Such comings-together are often so unnatural and stiff, because one does not know exactly how the others expect to be treated,—whether they prefer to be honored with their hardly won titles or the old nicknames once so full of meaning. These are the times when we persistently refuse to judge others by ourselves—but then perhaps we have no titles and so value them more highly.

Mat, however, seemed to have no doubts on the subject. We were Molly, Frank, and Amelia to her, and the rest of us naturally followed in the footsteps of the one who had apparently decided the matter.

"It shall be as you desire," was Frank's answer, "but I fear that my narrative will be manifestly insignificant in comparison with those of my friends. I simply pursued the method of procedure described at our final interview;—I matriculated at the Annex, I devoted myself exclusively to acquiring knowledge of the wonderful Latin and Greek languages, and am still continuing my researches while trying to make the results visible to others. Those are the facts, if you think that further information will be desirable, question me, please, and I will respond to the extent of my ability."

Molly started to ask a question, but Mat interrupted her,—“Let us have all the stories first, the questions afterwards. Amelia, will you favor us next?”

“Certainly,” I answered. “Perhaps my tale may be longer than Frank's, but there are fewer results of the many happenings, I fear. In some way, I have always been pro-

vided for. Let me see, I began with teaching. You will probably recall those numerous letters from the 'teacher's agencies',—well, I finally succeeded in obtaining the boon which every weary graduate craves,—an easy position with a good salary. I only staid one year, however. Teaching was not my *forte*. Not that I left for that reason wholly. I would probably have kept on cheating school-boards, and Principals, for a year, at least, had not something better offered. Telegraph operators were scarce and wages high, so I gathered up the fragments of my theoretical knowledge of telegraphy, went to the Cooper Institute and literally "crammed" on the practical part. I found a situation almost immediately. It was much easier than teaching, because there was more money and far more excitement in it. But, after a time, the supply exceeded the demand, and wages fell accordingly. Then I turned my attention once more to 'teacher's agencies'. The first thing that offered was a position as governess out in San Jose, California. The salary was good, and the field entirely new, so I accepted immediately. When I reached my new abode, I found that I was expected to teach my employer's children,—two small girls, the gentleman himself was a wealthy widower,—I had to teach them everything, including music and drawing. I had only a smattering of each of the necessary branches, and was too lazy to study, so I simply gave them the little that I did know,—gave it to them gladly, for I had learned to love them even before their father asked me to be the mistress of his mansion, a mother to his children. Again I was nothing loth to be provided for,—especially by a man whom I had learned to respect and love. He was man, higher praise I cannot give. I miss him yet more than I ever dreamed that I could miss any one, although for eight long years the grass has been growing over his grave,—pardon that tear, my friends, it would come. Two years ago his girls,—*my* girls,—married and came East to

live, the one in Rome, the other in Syracuse, and I,—well, I loved them well enough to want to be near them,—too well to inflict myself upon them in the beginning of their married life. So I came East, too, and *here* because I have a fondness for this city of my birth. I do not think that my life has been wholly wasted, and yet,—A look from Mat stopped me. “Not now, please,” she said, gently, “we will point the morals all at once. Molly, may we have yours, next?”

“No; Mat, I would rather wait.”

“As you choose,” said Mat. “I did not teach first, nor at all. In the first place I turned reporter. A hack reporter, I mean, not a “regular.” I rather enjoyed getting ahead of the “regulars” and sending off bits of news dressed up to suit the tastes of the different papers. I tried that in Chicago,—my home was in Kansas you remember. After a while I came east and spent a winter in Washington and a summer at Long Branch as a “regular correspondent” for the *Star*. That was fun while it was new—especially the seaside part of it. It was pleasant to lie at your ease on the sand under the shade of an umbrella which served to hide your note-book and pencil without obstructing your eyes or ears. Some unsuspecting ‘big gun’ was sure to be near you, breathing his secrets into the ear of a confidential friend. He never knew how they came to get in the next day’s paper. What you did not hear, you could easily make up. Yes; it was pleasant, so long as you did not stop to think of the meanness, the dishonesty of the thing—then you felt like ‘cutting your own acquaintance.’ Only the funny and exciting side of it struck me at first, but when I saw how contemptible it was, I left.

“I was always fond of mathematics, so I applied for the position of cashier in a bank in my native town. That was

too monotonous altogether. The idea of doing nothing all day but add, subtract, multiply, and divide, to say nothing of being shut in behind a board fence until you were almost suffocated.

"I would have been a fit subject for a lunatic asylum in about two months—if I had staid, but I did not stay. Now, please, do not be shocked when I tell you what I did do. You know that I was always fond of acting, and that I was in nearly everything of the sort that we had at college. Well, "The Lady of Lyons" was playing in the city Opera-house. It was advertised for a two-week's run, but on the third night *Pauline*, when she fainted in the cottage scene, struck her head against the railing of the stair-case. The force of the blow knocked her senseless, so there was an end to the play for that night. And for the next too, it would seem, since the concussion brought on brain fever. The manager was in despair. He could not hope to get another *Pauline* at once, and every day of waiting meant a loss almost irreparable. Of course it was in all the papers, and the talk of the town. Everybody wondered what would be done. The thought came to me that this was my opportunity. I had never dreamed myself capable of being a great artist—not after the charm of the novelty to myself and to the audience had vanished, but I might do well for a time—while I enjoyed it. I knew *Pauline* thoroughly, and had always wanted to try the rôle. Well, I never was known to lose anything through lack of 'cheek.' I presented myself before the astonished manager, who consented to listen to my rendering of *Pauline*, in about the same spirit that a drowning man catches at a straw. He seemed to be even more astonished as he listened, and when the rehearsal was over, hired me on the spot to fill out his two week's engagement, and after that for a six month's tour. I really think that I did the part well for the first week—while it was something new. I liked to exert

my powers to the utmost, to feel the audience swayed by my every word and act. But then it grew tiresome. To keep exciting the same passions in the same people night after night by means of the same acts was too monotonous. I thought the people geese for wanting to see me. Still I kept on, varying my interpretation of the character for the purpose of arousing other feelings in the breasts of my auditors. When I failed, I was angry with myself; when I succeeded, I despised my hearers and myself. Why were they weak enough to be imposed upon, to be moved to tears, by the mere semblance of a love and woe at which in real life they would have deigned only to sneer or sigh? Why would I feign those passions for which I had the strongest reverence? It was demoralizing, and I felt it. I began to look upon life's happiness and grief as only so many good incidents for a novel or a drama. This was after I had had months of that kind of life. Then I broke loose from the thralldom which fascinated while it galled me.

"I came on to New York and entered a broker's office,—only fairly entered when I had a windfall.

"Do you remember the Uncle Joe of whom I use'd to tell you? Well he died a bachelor, rich as Croesus, and left all his property to me. But there was this curious *proviso* in the will—I must choose a profession, of course I did,—who would not under the same circumstances. I studied law. It was not bad, either—but after my admission to the bar, cases did not come in very fast, and the life of a briefless lawyer—even if she be rich, is not marvelously exciting. One day while going down street the word Europe chanced to strike my eye. That was one thing that I had not tried—had not thought of in fact—not since I had been able to 'do' it if I wanted to.

"I determined to go, but how? in what capacity? I was a little too old to want a chaperone, even if my hitherto in-

dependent life had not unfitted me for the contemplation of such appendages with any degree of pleasure ; and I was not quite staid enough to play the duenna to some one else, —if anyone could be hired to have me. A bright idea struck me,—why not go as a medical student ? I did, and after five years of continental life returned six months ago and hung out my shingle in St. Louis. In addition to the M. D. I have learned much of places and people, to say nothing about music and painting. There, you have it. Proceed, Molly, if you please.”

Molly began very slowly.

“I haunted the teacher’s agencies. Teacher of Mathematics in Oakland Seminary was my first position. I was always fond of it and supposed that, of course, I could teach the thing that I liked and in the study of which I had been comparatively successful. But, girls,”—in her earnestness Molly forgot our silvering locks and returned to the speech of yore. “Girls, you would have laughed until you cried, at my efforts to drum Algebra and Geometry into the heads of my girls. Not that they were stupid, but I simply could not teach the stuff. I knew why a quantity with an exponent zero was equal to one, but make them see the reason I could not. Before the year was up I resigned for lack of ability. I did not want to do it, for I did not know what I should do next, or even where I should spend the next night, but it would have been dishonest to stay, so I went. The Principal was kind enough to urge me not to leave—he said that ‘I did as well as twenty others who had filled the same position,’ but it seemed to me that they must have been far from filling it. He did more. When, a few weeks later, the English teacher was compelled to leave because of ill-health, he offered me that place. I accepted and went to work,—with some misgiving, I admit ; for my previous failure had made me both self-distrustful and self-reliant. I no longer felt sure of being able to do

everything thoroughly well, but I did feel sure of knowing when and why I failed. I liked to teach Rhetoric, and I liked to criticise the essays,—but I could not keep the girls in the Rhetoric-class awake. They were kind enough to assist me by sticking pins into each other, otherwise they might have supplemented yawns with nods. I lacked personal magnetism, and did not have enough brilliancy to atone for its absence. Then, when I criticised the essays,—such times as I had. I usually knew just what the difficulty was, but I was always obliged to write out the correction in plain English. I found myself utterly unable to give any of those delicate little hints which give one an inkling of the trouble, and yet make her feel as if she had made the discovery for herself,—it helps her so much more.

“Well, to make a long story short, I took pity on the girls and left at the end of the year. I was almost discouraged. To think that you can teach Mathematics and find that you cannot is bad enough; but to be taught by bitter experience that you cannot teach English, the branch in which you were supposed to excel,—to find that you cannot teach your favorite study any better, not so well, in fact, as fifty other people can is too humiliating. Possibly I might have kept on dotting i's and crossing t's as a means of subsistence, but I could not bear to earn my bread in doing that which nothing but carelessness prevented my pupils doing for themselves. If their sentences were grammatically correct and properly punctuated, all cut and dried according to the rule of Rhetorics, I was powerless to help them, although I knew that they needed it. I wanted to be of use really not nominally, so I left them.

“Somewhat burdened by my sense of failure, I buried myself in my loved pursuits—music and painting. I had not thought to teach them,—I had a selfish love for the Arts, a desire to keep my little knowledge all for my own pleas-

ure and amusement. But hunger drove me to it. It proved to be a comparatively profitable occupation, and I enjoyed it very much. Indeed, I was so much interested in the work, that it was some time before I awoke to the overwhelming realization of the fact that my music-students did not put a particle of soul into their music; that my drawing and painting-pupils were mere copyists and not any too accurate at that. My classes were, uncerimoniously dismissed at the end of that quarter. I moved to cheaper lodgings and meditated—all this took place in San Francisco, you must know. Meanwhile I expended my spare cash in taking lessons in stenography. It was a difficult and slow task, but I finally accomplished it, and was fortunate enough to find a situation as court stenographer,—that is I would have been fortunate had I possessed a nature and nerves of a coarser fibre. As it was, I soon threw up the place—lucrative as it was—and found another after a time, in a lawyer's office. The salary was smaller, but I felt more respectable. Board on the other hand was just as high, so I tried to eke out my slender purse by writing short sketches for the newspapers. They were generally accepted, but without comment, so that I never knew whether they were good or bad, until I sent one, a little more pretentious than the average, to the Editor of the *Eclectic Magazine*. He accepted it, and asked me to send him another. I worked nights until it was finished. Soon after he engaged me to write a series of biographical sketches and then I left the lawyer's office.

“After I had been a regular contributor to the *Eclectic* for more than a year, I received a letter from a gentleman in New York, in which he offered me a position on the staff of a new magazine which he was about to start. That was the *Galaxy*,—the rest you know.”

We were silent for a time,—it was Mat who spoke first. “Amelia,” she said, “have you had a good time?”

I thought for a moment before replying,—“Yes; on the whole, I think that I have. There have been times when I might have been happier,—if I had accomplished more and better work,—that is it seems so now; but I am not sure that I really could. I was born a dabbler, and even yet I find my greatest pleasure in doing odds and ends.”

“So do I,” exclaimed Mat, “I could not endure life with only one end in view. Bah! now, just see what a good time I may have. I can take care of my own health and that of my friends; I do not need to have recourse to lawyer’s aid in handling my property; I can amuse myself and my friends with strains of music and daubs of paint; I can appreciate fine art when I hear and see it, just because I have dabbled in it enough to know the difference between the high and the low. Besides you can have so many more pleasant acquaintances, take so much more interest in the world’s doings, and read the latest books and reviews to so much better advantage if you know all these things.

“Now, I will venture to say that Frank, here, does not know when or how the question of ‘Free Trade’ and ‘Protection’ was finally settled, or why we cut the canal through the Isthmus of Panama. How is it, Frank?”

“I cannot say that I do,” was the candid reply.

“And if any one should ask you where Panama was, would you not be apt to answer that it was made in the nominative case, feminine?”

Frank laughed,—“No, I think not.”

Molly turned to Frank,—“Are you very fond of teaching?”

“Very,” was the reply.

“Then you are successful, I suppose?”

“Why, yes; I think so,” was the hesitating answer, “at least, I give them what I know and find myself growing more certain of my knowledge after each recitation.”

"How I envy you," said Molly, "It was the desire of my life, after I awoke to the stern realization of a life to be lived, to be lived well straight through and not by fits and starts as I did in college. I did so want to keep the next generation from making mistakes similar to mine, it seemed as if I could do it; and when I found that I could not, at least not in the ways that I had hoped, I was terribly disappointed. You must have so much influence, does not the thought of it weigh upon you, at times, Frank?—the responsibility of forming the character of those young people?"

"What do you mean?" Frank asked with an astonished look on her face, "I am a professor, you know, and only teach Greek and Latin."

"And never see your students except in the class-room," Mat added.

Molly gave a little gasp, "Oh Frank! when you might do so much good."

"But, I do not see how," said puzzled Frank, "I give them all the points as fast as I see them myself."

"But, outside,—in your own house, one can help young men and women so much by personal influence,—not by preaching, you know, but by showing them little kindnesses, taking an interest in them."

"I scarcely see how I could," Frank replied. "They would not care to visit me and if they did, I should not know what to do with them." "That is it," interrupted Molly, "if you only did. What do you do with them in the class-room?"

"I give them the knowledge which I have acquired by hard work, to the best of my ability," was the reply.

"That is you spend all the time outside of class hours in gaining all the knowledge that you possibly can,—and then pour it out in a sort of heterogeneous mass from which

your students must select for themselves—if they care enough about the result to do that thing. Yes; I fully believe you,—you do teach to the best of your ability, but did you ever think that some of those hours of study might be better expended in increasing your ability?"

"Increasing one's ability!" said Frank, "that borders upon purchasing a capacity."

"Hardly," Molly replied. "You certainly believe that almost everything grows by use?"

"Yes;" she answered, "but not always larger." "That depends upon the use," Molly retorted, "I will admit that the value of a candle is not increased materially by burn-it at both ends. But, you can increase your teaching ability by the study of human-nature,—not the psychology of books but of practical life,—then you would know what your pupils individually need and be able to give it to them?"

Frank said nothing.

Presently Mat broke the silence,—“You must find the society in Boston very enjoyable.”

“Not very,” was the ready reply. “The uneducated and half-educated people are lamentably ignorant; and the educated people can talk of nothing but science, and philosophy. I would rather be a woman of one idea than have none.”

“Ah! I see,” said Mat sarcastically, “people are uneducated and lamentably ignorant because they converse only upon topics of general interest; and they are educated but minus ideas because they prefer Emerson to Homer. You are hardly fair, my friend; in this free country everyone should have the same liberty with yourself—if the good people of Boston prefer to make a hobby of Emerson, you should be the last to complain.”

“Yet, Frank is not wholly wrong,” said Molly gently. “It is best to have one definite purpose in life,—the pur-

pose to do the best that you can in the place where you are put. If you put yourself in the wrong place, I think that you will find it out sooner or later. But, the time will not be lost. The knowledge of myself that I gained through my failures in teaching has helped me always to a clear and certain perception of truth, honesty, and duty. I could not do without music and drawing; stenography is useful to me. In fact, nothing ever comes amiss,—either in work or recreation, I find room and use for it all. A little of everything, and all that I can of the one thing which seems to be my life-work, is my motto now. Would that it had been so always.

She stopped, and Mat continued,—“Molly is right and we are all wrong. Perhaps it might have been better if we had believed it twenty-six years ago—but yet this world has to be made up of all sorts. If we all did the right thing just as Molly has, life would be too monotonous. “What do you say Frank?”

“That I am too old to change,—crystallized in all my habits, and one of them is that of retiring at ten o’clock,—with the permission of our hostess,” Frank added with a professor-like bow.

“We will all go to-gether,” said Mat decisively.

Whereupon we departed to our several rooms.

It was but a few days and then we took up our old tasks,—all but myself. I had none, so I dabbled in charity. No; those are both wrong terms. I tried to do good,—I am trying still to lovingly help my fellow women in every possible way, and in the doing of it I find that nothing gained by study or experience ever comes amiss. E. S. L., '85.



Editors' Table.

Comfort and discomfort are largely matters of imagination. The people who make up their minds to be contented, are almost sure to be ; and most of the chronic dissatisfaction which is so unpleasant to beholders, comes merely from the lack of the right resolution or training at the beginning of life. The application of this principle is practical. July is at hand and August not far away and already we hear the groans of the complainers over the hot weather, mingling with the less monotonous sound of the crickets. If only you would make up your mind now to keep cool, in more senses than one you have no idea how much pleasanter a summer you would spend. And there's another point suggested by the season. We have learnt from Whittier what are the saddest words of tongue or pen, but no poet considers it within his province to announce what are the most exasperating. That is left to the editorial pen, and we have no difficulty in deciding upon these three: "Isn't it hot?" Of course it is hot ; if it weren't, you would not ask ; and your weary and despairing friend, who has hitherto resisted every attack upon his temper, gives up at this. If you are determined to be uncomfortable yourself, at least give him a chance to escape. You will reap the usual reward of generosity, and more—for you'll be cooler in spite of yourself.

Problems for ingenious minds to work out during the summer. Any solutions may be offered, barring only those which require the use of pins, tacks, nails and screws.

I. Will peacock feathers be more effective standing upon the floor, or hanging on individual wires from the moulding? Or would you suggest gluing them to the wall?

II. Is there sufficient adhesion between the molecules of plaster and those of a splasher to hold the splasher close against the wall, when hung from a moulding?

III. Will it be more advisable to hang placques and brackets from the moulding, or to fasten their wires to the backs of pictures?

IV. Will an ordinary moulding be strong enough to support well-filled book-shelves?

V. How best can cabinets be kept back against the wall?

VI. Can you suggest a better method of disposing of all Japanese fans, scrolls and umbrellas than selling them, the proceeds to be devoted to an Old Ladies' Home?

Time could not be more profitably employed than in seeking answers to these questions, as all will plainly see when the time comes for decorating our rooms next year. And if anyone wishes to become a philanthropist, she might accomplish her heart's desire by imparting her solutions to her less fortunate friends.

The year is drawing to a close, and we are rejoicing at our emancipation from study. We would be positively happy if it were not for one solemn thought which comes to us o'er and o'er. We must write our editorial. But upon what subject? We feel too much at peace with all the world to write in a sarcastic strain, and almost too lazy to write at all, these days of inactivity are so charming. But a thought comes to us and we would catch it before it flies.

We would like to give a little advice, and we will try to do it in our gentlest manner. In following years, when Sophomores hold their Tree Exercises, we are sure that they would feel grateful if they might be allowed to carry them on without the assistance of an admiring circle of—shall we say friends? As the exercises are designed only for the members of the class, we think that they would be perfectly willing and even pleased to be left to their own sweet wills. We do not appeal to the upper classes—for it was noticeable that none of the members were present this year—but to the lower classes who have not yet had a chance to find out how disagreeable is a crowd of girls standing around where they are not wanted. We have no doubt but that it was entirely through carelessness on the part of many, and we make our appeal to them and to others who may be likewise inclined, to refrain in the future. It will not take an extraordinary amount of self-denial.

According to some unwritten law, college editorials seem to have become an escape valve for editorial spleen. It is so convenient, when one has a personal grievance, to be able to paint it in the blackest colors, under cover of that impenetrable editorial "we." In the present case, however, we do not wish to use the plural number as a disguise for one person's opinion, but as an indication of the opinions of a goodly number of college students. We wish to bespeak, for next year, a greater interest in the study of elocution. Because this study is an elective and an extra, we have no right to suppose that it is not worthy of as much attention as any other study in the college curriculum. There are few things, which, when seriously undertaken, demand more conscientious study, but, on the other hand, it makes ample returns for all demands made by it, as some

of us have proved. Let us hope that, next year, the handful of students interested in elocution will be increased to a majority.

HOME MATTERS.

The evening of May 30th is to be remembered by every Sophomore as the time when they chose their tree. Immediately after chapel the class assembled in the Gymnasium where they were presented with dainty programmes painted on the class color. They then formed in procession led by the class President and the chairman of the committee. After following for nearly half an hour the mysterious wanderings of their leaders, they halted in front of one of the trees on the lake path. The exercises were opened by an unusually well-rendered song from the Glee Club, after which the symbol was locked upon the tree. Then followed a short but exceedingly bright and well-delivered oration by Miss Moir. According to the programme they returned to the Gymnasium, where toasting and light refreshments were indulged in. At nine they returned to the college feeling proud that they now had one thing that would always stand up for '86.

Saturday, May 31, found the Seniors too busy even to speak to their best friends. It was their auction day, and of course they had no time for unprofitable conversation. Soon after breakfast, the 3rd South was thrown open, disclosing a scene which would have delighted the soul of a dealer in second-hand clothing, furniture, and *bric-a-brac*. The visitors on the corridor were besieged by maidens sell-

ing yellow auction bills and imploring the unwary to buy all sorts of impossible things. Later in the morning, Mother Goose and her family held a reception to which all possessors of stray dimes were cordially invited. Most of the articles for sale had disappeared by evening, and the Seniors say that their auction was a success, so we fear that some of our number left that fatal corridor with woefully empty pockets.

DOME PARTY.

When May blooms to June roses change,
When Senior work is done,
And Juniors too at will do range,
Ere yet the morning sun
From rosy cups has quaffed the dew,
Then Astronomy calls,
To a feast within her high walls,
All her devotees true.

There in verses witty and bright
Tales are told of the way
In which sun, moon, and stars unite
Students' brains to dismay.
But all jesting is laid aside
When, with voices high,
All rises to sing their love and pride
To one who's been their guide
Through the labyrinths of the sky.

◆ ◆ ◆

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

For one Sunday at least of every year do all our Professors gather in our Chapel, and then it is to listen to the Baccalaureate Sermon—to meet for the last time in religious service with the Seniors as such, and the thought in

every heart and the wish on every lip is for the happiness and success of our graduating class. The last Sunday of this year was characterized by excellent music and by a carefully prepared and polished sermon whose text was, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing : but the honor of kings is to search out the matter."

"This happy antithesis," said President Caldwell, "covers the profound purpose and connection there is between God's hiding and man's seeking. God's glory and man's are in the same place, the same realm of darkness, the one in concealment, the other in discovery. Many things have come out of their hiding, but some of them are only half known, and all of them suggest what remains behind." He next spoke of the things which are shrouded in mystery,—man's own personality, life and God, and of the reason for this concealment. It is simply this—for God's glory, from a necessity in the nature of things, and in the nature of man.

Out of this method of concealing truth grow two qualities, humility and trust, and with humility is begotten hope.

In his address to the Graduating Class the President affectionately urged them to act in the spirit of their motto, *In limine*. "Advance," said he, "to your kingship by continued study, by more knowledge, by ampler culture, by faithfully following your advancing ideas. Whatever you lose, never lose your ideal, and let it be one, not of mere knowledge, not of womanly culture ; not of earthly success, but rather such as you find in Christ Jesus, Ideal and Master of your souls. We are glad and yet sorry to let you go. A thousand blessings, our hopes, our prayers, our pride, our love, our benediction, all go with you. You go in a large sense to represent the education this college gives you. Then persons now so familiar will disappear,

but the dear old college will remain for you to honor and cherish. May your memory of her be always too dear to be lost, too sweet to spoil with time or distance."

The closing Concert of the year was given in the College Chapel, Monday evening, June 9, by the Graduating Class in the School of Music, and members of the Class of 1884. The first number on the programme was a bright and graceful Rondo by Field, easily rendered by Miss Chatterton. Miss Wellman, whose name was next, from the School of Music, played with clearness and vigor, a Polonaise by Chopin, op. 71, No. 2. She showed marked improvement in ease and quietness of style. Miss Halstead's rendering of Wagner-Liszt, was marked by much feeling. Miss Sarony's execution was clear and graceful; perhaps less assured than at other times, but especially adapted to the character of her solo, *Elfenspiel*, by Heymann. Miss Lane was particularly pleasing in her interpretation of *Adelaide*, —Beethoven-Liszt, by her warmth and sympathy of touch, although lacking somewhat her usual correctness. The *Concerto* in G minor, Mendelssohn, was played by Miss Neill, accompanied by Miss Griffith. Miss Neill's touch is particularly sympathetic, and her playing is always enjoyable; not less so on this occasion than usual, though we could have wished to hear her in solo, on her last appearance before a Vassar audience. She played with freedom and expression, and we missed only a little of her accustomed clearness of execution. The entire class showed the result of faithful work, in their good technique, and intelligent interpretation. The remainder of the programme was given by members of the class of 1884. Miss Mitchell played Chopin's *Valse* in E minor, with delicacy and clear-

ness. Miss Shoecraft sang *The Echo*, by Abt. Her voice is clear, but it lacks fulness, and had not been sufficiently long under cultivation to show what it might be made. Miss Griffith played smoothly Moszkowski's *Tarantelle*, followed by Miss Miller in vocal solo. Miss Miller's voice is not strong, but has a pleasing, sympathetic quality. Miss Walrath's voice has gained greatly in power and flexibility, and was heard to advantage in Haydn's beautiful solo, *With Verdure Clad*. In the duet given by Miss Walrath and Miss Miller, both voices lost their effect, not being adapted to each other. Miss McMillan gave, with even more than her usual finish, Weber's *Concertstück*. We regret that we shall have her no more at our concerts; her technique, style and expression are such as to lead us to hope she will go on in what she has begun; and, making her present attainments a foundation, will build thereon towards the unattainable,—artistic perfection.

Weather prophets found themselves at a premium Class-day morning. The possibility that a succession of showers would necessitate that the exercises usually held at the tree would take place under an oleander bush in the chapel cast a shadow over the faces of '84. The other classes were hardly less concerned, but were comforted when a Senior was heard to declare that 'the class would go to the tree if they went in gossamer water-proofs and carried umbrellas.' However, no such measures were necessary, and the weather deserves approval for resisting its evident inclination to be a wet blanket.

At three o'clock the chapel was opened; and, soon after, the procession moved up the south aisle. After music the exercises were opened by the oration on the class motto,

by Miss Townsend. She clearly defined the position "*In limine*" as held by the class of '84, and spoke of its appropriateness for both Freshman and Senior. Miss Townsend spoke gracefully and clearly, and the oration could be heard in the most distant part of the chapel. Miss Hussey then wittily told '84's history for the last four years, touching lightly their woes and their pleasures, and making both full of interests. The history was further enlivened by a typical class meeting, an ode of Horace, and unmistakable allusions to current college events. When Miss Hussey had finished, Miss Cumnock began her difficult task of prophesying the future of '84, not collectively, but individually. To each she threw with precision a bunch of roses, at the same time revealing her destiny in so charming a light that the Fates themselves will be hardly able to improve upon it.

The President of the class now invited the audience to the tree for the remainder of the exercises. The Spade oration was delivered by Miss Smith, who transferred the useful implement, wreathed with daisies, to Miss Craig, the representative of the Junior class. Both orators alluded to the intercourse between the two classes, not forgetting the practical jokes which had cemented their friendship so firmly. The records were buried, the class song, written by Miss Walch, was sung, and the exercises at the tree were over. The students returned to the college to make preparations for the evening, when a Promenade concert was given in the second corridor. The music for this, as for the other exercises, was furnished by the Seventh Regiment Band, which added much to '84's already charming class-day exercises.

At 10.30, on June 11th, the procession composed of the trustees and officers of the College, followed by the alumnae and the graduating class, passed into the chapel. The exercises opened with a prayer by President Caldwell. The following is the programme in full :

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

PRAYER.

The Theolgy of George Eliot,	- - - -	Kittie Antionette Acer.
Egypt for England,	- - - -	Alice Blanchard.
Egypt for the Egyptians,	- - - -	Mary Amanda Chapman.
Rondo, op. 1. <i>Chopin</i> ,	- - - -	Miss McMillian.
Imagination in Mathematics,	- - - -	Catharine Louise Patterson.
Two Great Queens,	- - - -	Ella Maria Freeman.
A Study of Nihilism,	- - - -	Mary Elizabeth Adams.
Novelette, op. 21, No. 1, <i>Schumann</i> ,	- - - -	Miss Barker.
Our Public School System a Success,	- - - -	Justina Hall Merrick.
Our Public School System a Failure,	- - - -	Jessie Isadore Spafford.
Christmas Song, <i>Adam</i> ,	- - - -	Miss Walrath.
Are Physical and Vital Forces Correlative?	- - - -	Martha Clement Hubbard.
The Irish in America,	- - - -	Mary Jeannette Gardner.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DOXOLOGY.

The opening essay, delivered by Miss Acer, gave evidence of the speaker's intense love and admiration for the gifted author of whom she spoke. The debate between Miss Blanchard and Miss Chapman was received and listened to with great interest. The arguments upon both sides were clearly stated and well sustained. Miss McMillan's appearance at the piano was hailed with applause. She played in her usual finished style, and all were reluctant to have her selection come to a close. The music was followed by Miss Patterson's essay. Though we may not take her view of it, we must accord to her the praise due to her brilliant conception of her subject.

Miss Freeman's essay showed a careful study of the history of the two Queens, Elizabeth and Isabella. Miss Adams' "Study of Nihilism" was received with well-merited interest. Miss Barker's playing was excellent,—her selection being rendered with unusual expression. The debate which followed, was received with interest. Miss Merrick ably sustained the existing Public school system, and Miss Spafford made an eloquent appeal for its reform. The Christmas Song, as sung by Miss Walrath, was highly appreciated by the audience. Following the song, came Miss Hubbard's essay which showed careful attention to the subject chosen. Miss Gardner's was the last essay on the programme, but not by any means the least. It was clear, forcible, eloquent and admirably delivered. The exercises closed with the singing of the Doxology, after which the audience dispersed, leaving the chapel to its long-vacation loneliness.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The elections of class and society officers not published in the June MISCELLANY, are as follows :

Philalethean Society : President, Miss Chubb ; Vice-President, Miss Durfee ; Secretary, Miss Wickham ; Treasurer, Miss Skinner.

Students' Association : President, Miss Deming ; Vice-President, Miss Clinton ; Secretary, Miss Buck ; Chairman of the Song Book Committee, Miss A. E. Lester.

Society of Religious Inquiry : President, Miss Shattuck ; Vice-President, Miss Stevens ; Recording Secretary, Miss Chase ; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Acer ; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Miss Leonard.

Alpha : President, Miss J. E. Ricker ; Vice-President, Miss Craig ; Secretary, Miss Brown ; Treasurer, Miss Acer.

Beta: President, Miss Hancock; Vice-President, Miss Ewing; Secretary, Miss Foster; Treasurer, Miss Cleveland.

Delta: President, Miss Bryant; Vice-President, Miss Richmond; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Chase.

Class of '87: Vice-President, Miss Halleck; Secretary, Miss A. K. Green; Treasurer, Miss Guion.

The class has not been able to agree sufficiently to elect a president.

Dickens Club: President, Miss Richmond; Vice-President, Miss Gould; Secretary, Miss Brayton.

Shakespeare Club: President, Miss Stevens; Vice-President, Miss Vosburgh; Secretary, Miss Foster.

T. and M. Club: Manager, Miss M. A. Ricker; Secretary, Miss Craig.

Qui Vive Club: Manager, Miss Witkowsky; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Botsford.

Art Club: President, Miss C. F. Jones; Vice-President, Miss Edith Embody; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss M. E. Lester.

Exoteric: President, Miss H. W. Patterson; Vice-President, Miss Marshall; Secretary, Miss M. B. Baker; Treasurer, Miss Rabe.

Lawn Tennis Club: President, Miss Gould; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Tompkins.

Thekla Society: President, Miss Farnham; Vice-President, Miss Johnson; Secretary, Miss R. G. Goldstine; Treasurer, Miss Shaw.

Miss J. E. Ricker has been appointed chairman of the committee for Philalethean Day; Miss Lowry, for the first Philalethean play; Miss Deming, for the Senior parlor.

Rev. Mr. Haynes addressed the Society of Religious Inquiry, May 25.

Prof. Dwight entertained the members of the Geology class, May 30.

In one of the recent meetings of the Freshman class, it was moved that Cushing's manual be amended.

The Sophomore Tree Exercises were held May 30, followed by refreshments and informal dancing in the Gym.

The Qui Vive Club was invited by T. and M. to listen to readings by Miss Brace, on the evening of May 30.

Chapel service was omitted on the morning of June 1. A praise service was held in the evening.

The Seniors bequeathed the Qui Vive Club to the Class of '86 with fitting ceremonies, June 5.

The Senior Auction was carried on May 31, under the most favorable auspices.

A Prep. was recently heard to remark that she never could understand why we spell "Alumnæ" in a manner so different from other colleges.

There was no class reunion this year. All the Alumnæ were invited to visit the College.

The Alumnæ tell laughable stories of their experiences in teaching. On questioning her Geology class in regard to the diamond, one of them received the information that it was a hard substance which made beautiful gems, and excellent stove-polish. In the Physiology class of another, a girl was giving the facts about the death of a dog if fed on bread and water *ad libitum*, when a boy interrupted with, "She hasn't given that right. The book says it was the poison in the bread which killed him." On being asked what poison he replied, "*ad libitum*."

Prof. Van Ingen and family, with eleven of the Art students started, June 13, for Lanesville, among the Catskills. It was their intention to remain two weeks, devoting six hours a day to sketching.

PERSONALS.

'76.

Married, April 30, 1884, at Newton, N. J., Harriet La Fetra Moore, formerly of '76, to Mr. Cornelius Cuyler Gregory.

'80.

Married, May 28, 1884, at Boston, Mass., Jennie Cushing to Mr. Harry Underwood.

Married, June 18, 1884, at Dunkirk, N. Y., Jessie Carlisle Williams, formerly of '80, to Mr. Charles Watson Hinkley.

Married, June 12, 1884, at San Francisco, Cal., Helen Kenyon Benchley to Mr. Arthur Monroe Keith.

Married, June 4, 1884, at New York, Helen Wardwell to Mr. Willam Brown Glover.

Miss Pratt, '76, and Miss Jordan, '79, are sojourning in Alaska.

The following alumnæ and students intend to spend the summer in Europe: Miss Finch, '72; Miss Fisher, '74; Miss Clark, Miss White, '75; Miss Jordan, '76; Miss Stockwell, '81; Miss Cooley, Miss Foos, '83; Miss Cumnock, Miss Patterson, '84; Miss Southworth, '86; Miss Cooley, Miss E. Dean, Miss F. Stockwell

The following alumnæ have visited college during the past month:

'69.

Mrs. C. Lacy, Miss J. C. White.

'70.

Miss E. R. Coffin, Miss Denton.

'71.

Miss Glover, Miss S. P. Monks, Miss A. E. Rowe, Mrs. Ida Adams-Shephard.

'72.

Miss Folger, Miss Foster, Miss S. O. Peck, Miss Seelye.

'73.

Miss Gerrish, Mrs. C. Knowles-Fitch, Miss A. Skeel, Miss Weed.

'74.

Miss H. Arnold, Miss F. M. Cushing, Miss A. G. Howes, Miss E. Hamlin.

'75.

Dr. M. Taylor-Bissell, Miss E. Rice.

'76.

Miss E. Dodge, Miss Hersey, Miss Roe.

'77.

Mrs. S. Bryan-Tyttle, Miss Grant, Miss A. H. Johnson, Miss I. Wood.

'78.

Miss Bernard, Miss L. H. Brown, Miss Ives, Miss Rollins.

'79.

Miss E. P. Clarke, Miss Hazard, Miss B. V. Merrick, Miss Nichols, Miss Palmer.

'80.

Miss Thurston.

'81.

Miss Barnum, Miss J. F. Darling, Miss Lloyd, Miss J. Meeker, Miss E. S. Smith.

'82.

Miss Howgate, Miss M. E. Jones, Miss Sanford, Miss J. Wheeler.

'84.

Miss I. Cushing, Mrs. Carrie Curtiss-Johnson, Miss J. Dewell, Miss Foos, Miss Ransom.

**EXCHANGE NOTES.**

After looking through a half-dozen uninteresting exchanges, we come to the *Athenæum*, and a hasty glance over its sheets, shows a large amount of light matter, which at once attracts us, as suited to the weather. We begin with the editorials, and find several good ones. Those on the study of English literature, the needless buying of text books, and the abolition of annuals, attract our particular attention.

"His Best Game," the first story, has many good points, and in a state of growing satisfaction, we turn to "A Dramatic Idyl." After reading a column, we charitably resolve to finish it, in the hope of finding some redeeming point ;—but in vain. We might fairly expect it to have either wit, originality, or metre, but it has neither. At the top of the next page, we find the title "Vassallesley Journalism." We suppose,—are we wrong?—that it is meant to be funny. Evidently the author has had little experience with journalism at woman's colleges. We had never suspected our brother editors of such proceedings in the sanctum, and think it rather unfair for the writer to reveal them to the college world, as well as slightly ungentlemanly for him to attribute them to ladies.

The *Dartmouth* is very successful in its "Memorabilia Alumnorum," which must require quite an amount of work from its manager. There seems to be no new plot for a college story, but "A Pleasant Evening" is a good treatment of an old one. Miss Helen Pierce is a rarity among heroines, being neither a blue stocking nor a flirt.

The *Stray Shot* improves with each issue, and in some respects already equals the established monthlies of the colleges. From "*An African Duel*," we have learned several facts which we trust are reliable. We presume "The Cincinnati Riot" was not written by an undergraduate from the way in which its author speaks of a "gloomy April morning in 1861."

The *Lampoon* is as good as usual this month, —rather better than usual in the matter of editorials. The article on "The Distribution of the Races" marks a step in scientific knowledge and gives an explanation of the legend that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua. "Lampy's

"Automatic College Base-ball Game" would be but little more professional, if adopted, than some of the Western college-nines to whom it is recommended. Lampy forgot, however, to provide for the shouting, the most arduous part of a college ball-game; and we would suggest some change by which the batting-machine could do a little running. It would add to the interest of the game. We give some of the points in this newly invented nine, among our clippings.

There has been of late, a great improvement in the editorial department of the *Crimson*. We notice particularly this month editorials on the abolition of compulsory studies during the freshman year, and the more careful choice of electives throughout the course. The idea that a student cannot think too carefully in deciding upon his optionals is one which should be brought clearly before those who have the power to choose. The amount of care taken in this matter makes a vast difference to the value of the course, and the real, practical worth of a college education.

The *Yale Record* is interesting throughout. "My Stylograph" appeals to us more than anything we have read for a long time. The editorial on "Quot homines, tot sententiae," might be more widely applied.

The *Brunonian*, like the other college papers, complains of the annuals. Its editors seem to love antiquities. We find the programme for the Deflagratory Exercises of the class of '40 at the beginning of its pages, and at the end, the lines headed "Left"! which we remember seeing two or three years ago in the *Advocate*. Few verses bear their age so well.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES.

Impoverished Aristocrat—What dish, waitah, combines the greatest, ah, luxury with the least expense?

Waiter—Codfish and cream,—fifteen cents.

I. A.—And how much for the codfish, ah, plain?

Waiter—Same price, sir.

I. A.—Waiter, bring me some, ah, cream.—*Lampoon.*

Our automatic base-ball nine is made up as follows: For basemen we use three large panes of glass which readily permit all balls to go through them, and can be easily rattled. A shadow fills the position of shortstop, being recommended to our notice by its power of seeming to do a good deal without accomplishing anything. Any small inconspicuous object which will not stand in the way of the backstop serves admirably for a catcher. Our pitcher consists of a rotary motion glass-ball trap with a forty foot rise; and for outfielders we employ skylights neatly pasted over with tissue paper.

Owing to the inability of the fielding nine to bat, it was found necessary to provide one extra machine for the position of batsman. * * It consists of an ingenious arrangement by which a barrel hoop is fastened at one end to the periphery of an eccentric propelled by a crank.—*Lampoon.*

Student (two days before examination).—Professor, when will we review all the remainder of this subject?

Professor.—Next year, probably.

Miss Buddie Blossom (regretfully):—I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Trayverd; my card's completely full.

Trayverd, '87 (his first Ivy Ball):—Oh, that don't matter. Here I have a fresh one in my pocket; allow me. Shall I say the fifth waltz?—*Chaff.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

English as She is Spoke.—This little book comes to us in the most attractive form in which we have yet seen it. The introduction by James Millington throws light on some of the incomprehensible absurdities, and is a great addition to the interest of the book. We advise any one who has not yet enjoyed this “monstrous joke” to do so at once from this edition. Published by G. P. Putnam’s Sons, and for sale by Hiram Wiltsie, Po’keepsie.

The Woman Question in Europe, is “a series of original essays, edited by Theodore Stanton, and with an introduction by Frances Power Cobbe.” All the countries of Europe are represented by native writers, all but two being women. Mr. Stanton has carefully translated the different essays, and added to them numerous explanatory or additional notes. Published by G. P. Putnam’s Sons. For sale by H. Wiltsie.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Acta Columbiana, Adelpian, Amherst Student, Argo, Arkansas Student, Athenæum, Atlantic, Bates' Student, Beloit Round Table, Berkeleyan, Bowdoin Orient, Brunonian, Century, Chaff, Chronicle, Columbia Spectator, Cornell Era, Review, Sun, Dartmouth, Foreign Eclectic, Harverfordian, Harvard Advocate, Crimson, Lampoon, Illini, Indiana Student, Lantern, Lasell Leaves, Lehigh Burr, Notre Dame Scholastic, Princetonian, Nassau Lit., Occident, St. Nicholas, Richmond Lit., Mis., Stray Shot, Rutgers' Targum, Rockford Seminary Magazine, University Herald, Cynic, Magazine, Quarterly, Varsity, Woman's Journal, Yale Lit., Courant, News, Record, Willistonian. Weekly Bulletins of Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., Mr. Beecher's Sermons, Bureau of Education Bulletin.



REPORT OF THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held in Room D, at nine o'clock A. M., June 10, 1884. As no class had appointed its reunion for this year, it was feared that a representative number of the Alumnae would not be present. Therefore a special invitation had been sent, calling for a general attendance. Over seventy-five Alumnae were present embracing several who reside at a distance, and a large representation from the older members. Miss Arnold of '74 presided. Miss Peck of '72 was elected Secretary. After the reading of the minutes and by-laws, an invitation was extended to the class of '84 to be present. Miss Hillard of '78, Treasurer of the Vassar Alumnae Endowment Fund, submitted the following report :

Amount of the Endowment Fund at the Close of the College Year, ending June 11, 1884.

Whole amount of the Endowment Fund at the close of College		
year, ending June 13, 1883.....		\$5,689 24
Interest on deposits.....		236 98
Am't contributed during the past year by class of '67....		\$10 00
" " " " " class of '68....		13 00
" " " " " class of '69....		21 00
" " " " " class of '70....		2 00
" " " " " class of '71....		10 00
" " " " " class of '72....		55 00
" " " " " class of '73....		22 00
" " " " " class of '74....		10 00
" " " " " class of '75....		39 00
" " " " " class of '76....		33 00
" " " " " class of '77....		45 00
" " " " " class of '78....		59 00
" " " " " class of '79....		135 00
" " " " " class of '80....		6 00
" " " " " class of '81....		81 00
" " " " " class of '82....		131 00

Whole amount of collections for '83-'84..... \$672 00

Present amount of Endowment Fund..... \$6,598 22

This report as a whole was accepted.

Miss Wood of '77, Chairman of the Committee for Endowment, submitted the following report : The decrease in the annual amount of contributions as compared with that of the preceding years was due to the general scarcity of money ; the diversion of contributions by the creation of a different fund by the Alumnae Association of Chicago and the West ; unfavorable rumors in regard to the condition of the College ; and the indefiniteness in regard to the disposition of the money collected.

The Committee recommended that the money be kept in the hands of the Association until it attain the sum of \$10,000; that it be then devoted to the foundation of an Alumnae Endowment Fund, the interest to be appropriated toward the support of the Chair of Natural History. They stated that a legacy had been left by Mr. Giraud, which would eventually revert to the college and would partially endow this chair. This report was accepted and later reconsidered in order not to bind the Association to the acceptance of the Committee's suggestion to unite the Alumnae Fund with the Giraud Natural History Fund.

Remarks followed from different members of the Association with regard to the disposition of the money collected. There was a strong sentiment against merging the funds into those donated from any other source. It was suggested that the contributions from the Alumnae form a Library Fund, the income to be used annually for the purchase of books. The diversion of the funds collected from the original purpose, "Endowment for educational purposes," was considered inadvisable. The question was raised as to whether the money already collected could consistently be used for a department of Physical Culture. The great advantage which would accrue to the College by strengthening the department of Physical Training was emphasized. In this connection Miss Howes of '74 said that she would make one more plea for the filling-out of the Health-statistic circulars. She stated that although the results were already very gratifying, the Committee were still hampered in the accomplishment of their object by negligence to reply on the part of the Alumnae.

Miss Hersey of '76 read a letter from Mrs. Thaw-Thompson, '77, to the effect that \$5000, to be devoted to the department of Physical Culture, was at the disposal of the Alumnae, provided that \$15,000 additional were raised.

As there seemed to be a general opinion that the Association was not ready to take action with regard to the disposition of the Alumnae funds, a motion was made to postpone the consideration of the Committee's report until the next general meeting of the Alumnae. *Carried.*

Miss Weed of '73 moved that a committee be appointed by the Chair to confer with the Trustees as to the best method of establishing a means of communication between the Board of Trustees and the Alumnae Association; committee to report at the next meeting. *Carried.* Miss Foster, '72, Miss Whitney, '68, and Miss Hazard, '79, were appointed to constitute this committee. It was later moved and carried that this committee should immediately confer with the Trustees and report to the Association if possible before the close of the meeting. The committee withdrew.

The President then called for reports from the delegates from the Local Alumnae Associations. In response the following credentials were read from the Boston Alumnae Association:

We, a committee appointed by the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnae to draw up instructions for the delegate, Miss Alla W. Foster, appointed by said Association to represent them at the meeting of the General Alumnae Association to be held at Vassar College, June 10, 1884, do hereby instruct her to inform the General Alumnae Association that at the meeting of the Boston Association held June 7, 1884, the letter signed by ten Alumnae of Boston and vicinity and sent in April last to each member of the Board of Trustees was read, at the request of this Association and was approved by a unanimous vote; and we do hereby empower her to read this letter to the General Alumnae Association, if so requested.

S. E. WENTWORTH, '79.

E. M. HOWE, '82

These instructions have been unanimously endorsed by the Boston Association.

L. E. SHANNON, Pres.

At the request of the General Association, Miss Foster read the letter signed by ten Alumnae of Boston and vicinity, and sent in April last to each member of the Board of Trustees and afterwards endorsed by the Boston Alumnae Association.

There being no immediate expression with regard to the letter read, Miss Seelye of '72, as a delegate from the Cleveland Alumnae Association, recommended that some statement of opinion be sent from this meeting to the Board of Trustees urging the abolition of the Preparatory Department. Remarks followed, but no action was taken in this direction, the general sentiment of the meeting appearing to be that such a step would be unnecessary, since the attitude of the Alumnae regarding this subject was already well known to the Trustees; and since the present was no time to reiterate the opinion that the Preparatory Department should be abolished, but rather to give all active aid possible to the accomplishment of that end.

A letter was read from Miss Poppleton of '76, regretting the inability of the Alumnae of Chicago and the West to be present on account of the distance and asking in behalf of that Association that a full printed report of the proceedings of the meeting on June 10 be mailed to each Alumna not present.

The nominations of officers for the ensuing year were presented by the Committee on Election of Officers and approved by the Association. Mrs. Taylor-Bissell, '75, President; Misses Pruden, '75, Dodge, '76, Gerrish, '78, Vice-Presidents; Miss A. M. Abbott, '81, Secretary; Miss Bernard, '78, Treasurer.

Miss Weed moved that the General Alumnae Association ask of the New York Association the privilege of meeting at the time and place appointed for their next regular meeting. *Carried.*

Mrs. Knowles-Fitch, '73, moved to tender a vote of thanks from the Association to the College authorities for the hospitality offered to the Alumnae during the week. *Carried.*

Miss Weed moved that a vote of thanks from the Alumnae Association be tendered to Mrs. Thompson. *Carried.*

On motion the meeting adjourned.

The second session of the Alumnae Association was called at two o'clock. On motion the reading of the minutes was omitted. Miss Whitney moved that as the meeting was called for a particular purpose, the special business take precedence of the postponed business. *Carried.* The special business of the meeting was set forth in the following resolution offered by Miss Hazard: By request of the General Association of Alumnae, the letter which was signed by ten Alumnae of Boston and vicinity and sent to each member of the Board of Trustees in April last and later endorsed by the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnae, has been read to the General Association at its annual meeting. They desire to add their plea to that of the signers of the letter that your Honorable Body will carefully consider the questions they have raised and the evidence on which their conclusions have been based.

A motion that this resolution, as the expression of the meeting, be sent to the Trustees was carried.

Miss Foster, as chairman of the committee appointed in the A. M. session to confer with the Trustees, stated that Messrs. Butler, Bright and Hague had been sent as a committee from the Trustees to confer with the committee from the Alumnae; and that a communication from the Trustees to the Alumnae might be expected at a later hour.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned until five o'clock.

The third session of the Alumnae Association was called to order at five o'clock. On motion the reading of the minutes was omitted. Miss Finch moved that the report of the Committee to Confer with the Trustees take precedence of the postponed business. *Carried.*

The Committee on Conference with the Committee from the Trustees brought the following report:

The Committee appointed to meet the Committee of the Alumnae Association report that the Association propose the appointment by that body of a committee to act as a medium of communication between the Alumnae and the Board of Trustees, in respect to all matters affecting the interests of the College, and the Alumnae request the Board to designate one of its standing committees or to appoint a special committee to receive

all communications from the Alumnae Association through such Alumnae Committee and to reply thereto, in order to establish a means of official communication, to prevent irresponsible and irregular action and to promote the best coöperation of the Alumnae with the Board of Trustees, in aid of the best interests of the College.

The Committee recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved : That the request of the Alumnae Association as above stated be acceded to and that the Executive Committee be designated as the Committee of this Board to receive, consider and respond to all communications which may be addressed to the Board of Trustees on behalf of the Alumnae Association through such Committee as the Association may appoint, and that this resolution be communicated to the Alumnae Association.

WM. ALLEN BUTLER,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
EDWARD BRIGHT,		
WM. HAGUE,		

VASSAR COLLEGE, JUNE 10, 1884.

To the Alumnae Association.

The foregoing is a copy of the report of the Committee of the Board of Trustees appointed to meet the Committee of the Alumnae Association, and of the Resolution which was recommended by such Committee and adopted by the Board of Trustees

Yours truly,

S. M. BUCKINGHAM,

Secretary of the Board of Trustees,

Miss Foster moved that a committee to be composed of five members be appointed for a term of three years; the duty of this committee to be to confer with the Executive Committee of the Trustees in matters concerning the interest of the College and to act as a medium of communication between the Alumnae and the Trustees. *Carried.*

Miss Cushing, '74, moved that the President, Vice-President and Secretary be empowered to appoint said committee. *Carried.*

The committee as afterwards announced were Miss Cushing, '74, Mrs. Ladd-Franklin, '69, Miss Catlin, '72, Miss Perkins, '75, Miss Hazard, '79.

A motion was made by Miss Hersey that the committees appointed by the Boston and New York Associations for the consideration of the subject of Physical Culture in Vassar College and for the securing of an endowment for the improvement of the same, should be authorized to act as a committee for this Association with the same ends in view. *Carried.*

On motion the meeting adjourned until seven o'clock P. M.

At a fourth session of the Association called at seven o'clock, a motion was carried that the incoming Secretary be instructed to write a report representing the action of the Association of Alumnae at its meeting, June 10; that this report be printed in the MISCELLANY and that copies be struck off to be circulated among the Alumnae.

There being no further business, on motion the meeting adjourned.

A. M. ABBOTT, '81.
Secretary.

119069

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BY THE

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POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

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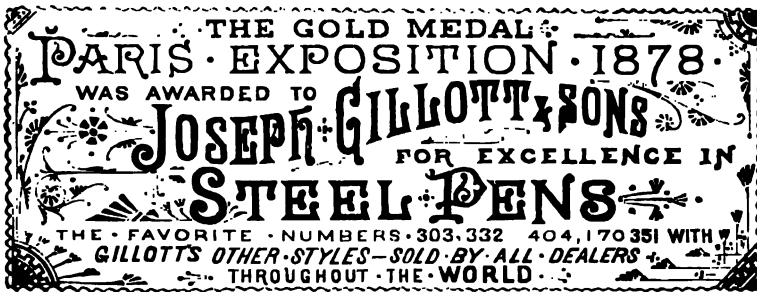
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